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Anthologia Davidica;

OR,

A METRICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE WHOLE

BOOK OF PSALMS,

SELECTED FROM OUR PUBLISHED VERSIONS,

WITH ALTERATIONS:

BEING AN ESSAY TOWARDS THE COMPILATION OF

A NATIONAL PSALM BOOK.

BY PRESBYTER CICESTRENSIS.

[Henry Latham]

" Mea fuit semper hæc in hâc re voluntas et sententia: quemvis ut hoc mallem de iis qui essent idonei suscipere quàm me; me ut mallem, quàm neminem."—Cic. *Divinatio in Verrem*, iv.

LONDON:

FRANCIS & JOHN RIVINGTON,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AND WATERLOO PLACE.

1846.

LONDON:
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

TO THE

MOST REVEREND AND RIGHT REVEREND

THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS

OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND,

This Selection

IS RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED,

IN THE BELIEF THAT IT WILL AFFORD PROOF OF THE

EXISTENCE OF MATERIALS FOR THE COMPILATION,

BY MORE ABLE HANDS,

OF SUCH AN ENTIRE VERSION OF THE PSALMS AS,

IF SENT FORTH UNDER EPISCOPAL SANCTION AND AUTHORITY,

MIGHT BE GENERALLY ACCEPTABLE TO THE

MEMBERS OF OUR CHURCH,

AND NOT UNWORTHY OF BEING DEDICATED TO THE WORSHIP

OF THE ALMIGHTY.

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PREFACE.

More than ten years ago, a general wish appeared to be prevailing in our Church, to possess a good metrical version of the Psalter. There had long existed a strong feeling, that the two which we call "authorized translations," were unfit for the public worship of Almighty God, as the pure taste, and sound religious temper of the present age, require it to be conducted. And the frequent discussion of the subject, about the period above mentioned, in various theological publications, was both occasioned by, and increased the prevalence of this conviction.

An old opinion was at that time revived, that, although we have no English version, among the many extant, possessing all the varied excellence to entitle it to the adoption of the Church, such an one might possibly be compiled from our published translations; and, if issued with the "Imprimatur" of Episcopal approbation, might be allowed in the Establishment. There seemed indeed good reason to hope, that a fit person might be induced to undertake the work. Other matters, however, of momentous interest occurred to occupy the mind of every Churchman. For in 1833 the great movement took its rise in the English Church, which has ever since absorbed the public attention, almost to the exclusion of every other subject. And so, like many good impressions, which are at the moment acquiesced in, and are then forgotten, the strong conviction of the necessity of an improvement of our metrical Psalmody, (though for a time revived, and zealously reiterated,) in the lapse of ten years

more, has not yet obtained the deliberate attention which it claims, and which is justly due to it.

It was from a feeling of the importance of the above suggestion, often made, but never (as he conceives) yet fairly acted on, and from some curiosity to try the possibility of its ever being carried out successfully, that the compiler of this volume was led to make the experiment, how far he might be able to complete, from the resources within his reach, a good selected version of the Book of Psalms; or what might be at least considered a fair contribution towards such a version. It may surprise those, whose attention never has been given to the subject, to learn how many published metrical translations of the Psalms are extant in the English language. From the æra of the Reformation, when the novel use of congregational Psalmody first, and at once, made them popular, down to the present time, there have appeared no fewer than sixty-five versions of the whole Psalter; and of translations of

selected parts of it, from a single Psalm, to a very considerable portion of the entire Book, it is hardly possible to ascertain the number. A list which might probably be enlarged in both its parts, is subjoined to these remarks. And when this fact is known, the difficulty of selecting one hundred and fifty good and perfect specimens of translation from amongst so many, may not at first sight be intelligible. But from this aggregate there is a very large amount to be at once deducted, as entirely valueless for the object which we have in view; the furnishing a full and faithful, and at the same time poetical version, fitted, with the exception of some few Psalms, which, from their subject matter, obviously are not adapted to the joint worship of a congregation, for parochial use. For, in the first place, the earliest translations are all but useless for the purpose; being rendered, not only in a diction which is become uncouth and often obsolete, but in a rugged and discordant flow of metre. Such, with but few exceptions, is the

character of our "Old Version:" for which the fullest measure of praise that has been justly claimed, is that it is equal to the best poems of those times. The joint version of Sir Philip Sidney, and his sister Lady Pembroke, was the first that went beyond this humble standard. Again, the versions are almost as useless, which have an opposite and worse defect, of being executed in the diffuse, and cumbrously ornamented style, which perhaps the least of all resembles the Divine original. Brady and Tate's translation is overloaded with this wretched finery, so offensive to our more chastened taste, and is always cited as its great example. Take from amongst a thousand other instances, their rendering of that fine passage in the 18th Psalm, *v.* 9. "He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet."

"He left the beauteous realms of light,
While heaven bowed down its awful head;
Beneath his feet substantial night
Was, like a sable carpet, spread."

> " Demens ! qui nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen
> Ære, et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum."

And yet, unaccountably, there are parts of Psalms, and even whole Psalms in their translation, (such as the 57th, the 93rd, and the 130th) the occasional excellence of which makes the surrounding mediocrity more visible. It might almost seem, that the same hand, which improved the poverty of the second part of Absalom and Achitophel, supplied by Tate when the great Poet found it inconvenient immediately to respond to the public call upon him, had in return sometimes been Tate's powerful auxiliary in the execution of his Psalms. There are again some versions which have been composed upon the principle of being as scrupulously verbal, as the necessities of rhyme and metre will allow : a method of translation, which (although we know that the mere words of the authorized version, or the older one of the Prayer Book, are always rhythmical, and often poetry itself) is so very difficult to

manage with success, that even the power of Milton cannot always make it tolerable. Nor can we call it an improvement on this plan, to make each stanza correspond with a verse of the original: and, if the words cannot be expanded to four lines, then to eke out the rest with extraneous matter, perhaps accommodated to the preceding rhymes: as the enlargement of "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, and walketh in his ways [1]," into—

> "Blest is the man who fears the Lord,
> Who walks in all his ways;
> Who daily reads his Holy Word,
> And to his Father prays."

Sometimes, again, translators have, as they term it, spiritualized the Psalms; that is, adapted them to the Christian state and worship; and for this end,

[1] Psalm cxxviii. 1.

have altered at their pleasure the plain meaning of the original text, by either adding to it, or omitting from it. Christopher Smart begins his 1st Psalm, thus :—

> "The man is blest of God through Christ,
> Who is not by the world enticed,
> Where broader ruin lies ;
> Nor has descended to a seat,
> Where scoffers at the Gospel meet
> Their Saviour to despise."

Dr. Watts's Version is of this kind, and of very high poetical merit. There are also many so-called versions, which are unavailable, because, whatever poetical excellence they possess, they are in truth only paraphrases, like Addison's beautiful imitations of the 19th, and 23rd. There are translations too in what are called Pindaric metres, as Cowley's 114th, and Woodfall's entire version. Some are in Heroic measure, as Wheatland and Sylvester's; others in blank verse, and executed with consider-

able power. All which must be equally excluded. For, if a translation is to be adapted to congregational singing, nothing can be more incompatible with that object, than such kinds of verse: while the chief poetical characteristic of the Psalms, their parallelism, seems to require that they should not be rendered in the very measures in which this peculiarity can be least preserved. There are also several compressed translations; being selections of no more than such parts of every Psalm, as seemed to the translators best fitted for the public worship of the Church. The Rev. Basil Woodd's, the Rev. Mr. Lyte's, and Mr. Judkin's translations, and Archdeacon Hare's excellent "Portions of the Psalms in English verse," (principally reconstructed from the old version used by the Scottish kirk,) are of this class. And to all these may be added, not only many versions of all dates which never rise above a feeble mediocrity, but many positively bad; whose poetical demerits are so very glaring, that after read-

ing them we hardly can allow the possibility of any pretender to the art of poetry being included in the class of those, "who rhyme below e'en David's Psalms translated."

"By proud Babylon's waters we sat down and wept,
When we remembered, O Sion, thy glory:
As our harps hanging up on the trees there we kept,
They asked us a song 'mid our heart-rending story.
They captive that led us a melody wanted:
Come, sing us a song which in Sion ye chanted."

All these various exclusions materially contract the resources which seem open to us in the numerous published versions. But much of sterling value is still left, and much more perhaps might be collected from translations which have not been seen by the Editor of this volume. There are three of these, which he especially regrets that he has not been able to consult; Goodridge's, and Sir John Denham's versions, and the entire "New England Psalm Book." But besides these, so far as a right judgment may be formed merely from the specimens

exhibited by Mr. Holland in his valuable and highly interesting volumes[2], he is inclined to think, that but few of the translations, to which he has not had access, would have furnished such materials as he desired.

In the arrangement of the present compilation, the following have been assumed to be essential characteristics of a good translation of the Psalms. It is, above all, demanded by the very term, as a condition of all true translation, that no fewer and no more ideas be exhibited by it, than are contained in the translated text. It ought not to omit a single image, scarcely that conveyed by an expressive

[2] "The Psalmists of Great Britain," published in 1843. The main object of this work is to present biographical and literary notices of the authors of our metrical versions of the Psalms, with a single specimen of the author's work annexed to the memorial of each, in illustration of the progress of this species of our sacred Poetry. The list of partial versions subjoined to these prefatory remarks has been enlarged and made more perfect than it would otherwise have been, by collating it with Mr. Holland's book.

metaphor: and it should not admit any new image, but such (if it be then rightly called so), as is simply an expansion, and a necessary explanation of the sense. It should be what the well drawn portrait is to its living subject; where all arbitrary exaggerations or omissions tend alike to prevent our recognizing what it professes to represent, and cause a stranger to the original to form the most unjust notions of it. But if this rule be so essential, that without it no version whatsoever can express a faithful copy, it surely must be altogether indispensable, where we are professing to translate the words of inspiration; in order that we may not add to, nor subtract aught from the pure oracles of God. And next, but still subordinate, to this faithfulness, is required poetical expression, which will assume a variety of language, or of metre, as its vehicle, according to the diversity of the subject matter; whether (for instance) it be jubilant, or plaintive, narrative, didactic, or pathetic. It is a nice quality,

which at once is felt and recognized, but cannot be described; of which we can pronounce in any instance with unerring certainty, that it is, or is not *here*, but which we find it very difficult indeed to analyze. Nor is a perspicuous uninvolved simplicity of expression, a neglect of which has been the great offence of some of the most highly-gifted poets of our own age, less essential. The caution given us by a great master of the art, the admirable Cowper, is, "Remember, that in writing, perspicuity is always more than half the battle. The want of it is the ruin of more than half the poetry that is published. A meaning that does not stare you in the face, is as bad as no meaning, because nobody will take the pains to poke for it." It may be added, that we ought not to lose sight of what, in our ignorance of the vowel sounds, and consequently of the quantity or true modulation of the Hebrew language, is become to us almost the only characteristic of its poetry; namely, the parallelism,

pointed out by Bishop Lowth, and more particularly examined and elucidated by the late Bishop Jebb[3]; in other words, the nearly uniform responsion of member to member, and of clause to clause, by the repetition, or the contrast of the words or sentiment; a peculiarity, which is capable of being transferred to an English version.

But, whatever be the necessary canons of correct translation, it is most certain, that no entire version has hitherto appeared of that surpassing undisputed excellence, which could at once challenge its acceptance and acknowledgment, as the great desideratum of the Church. The prize, as yet, has been adjudged to no competitor, though some of the most powerful have put forth their strength. There was one likely to have been successful where all the rest had failed, the accomplished Bishop Heber. Unfor-

[3] "Sacred Literature," 1820.

tunately, he has not left a single published specimen of such a work. But in his version of some Odes of Pindar (first published in the "Quarterly Review" for 1811[4]), he has given us a model of translation, so perfect both in its poetical spirit, and in strict fidelity to the original, that we may believe a metrical Psalter from his pen would have been an invaluable inheritance to our Church. We know that he was employed in the arrangement of a collection of Hymns for its adoption; and, had his valuable life been spared, perhaps some interval of leisure from the duties of his arduous station might have been given by him to this congenial labour. Of all translations extant of the entire Psalter, for fidelity, and harmony, and simplicity of expression, the palm seems due to that of Wither. It is very far from being free from all the harshness of its age; but, on the whole, it is so excellent, that if it

[4] Vol. v. p. 437. The odes of Pindar, translated by the Rev. Francis Lee, and by the Rev. J. L. Girdlestone.

were judiciously revised, it might perhaps, in every quality of a good translation, be made more perfect than the best that has hitherto been offered to the Church. The extracts given in the present Volume will, it is conceived, fully justify the expression of this opinion. Reference may be made especially to the 24th, 93rd, 150th, and the unequalled 137th. The translation of Wither seems never to have been properly appreciated. "But," says he in his Preface, "if I have so endeavoured, that it manifestly appeareth to be better than what the partiality of this age will accept, then this work shall become the judge of those partial judges, and to their disgrace, gain esteem hereafter in despight of their envy[5]."

[5] Bishop Percy, in the Notice of Wither prefixed to his beautiful song, "Shall I wasting in despair, dye because a woman's fair," in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," says, "Dryden and Wither are coupled by Swift, (Battle of the Books, p. 231. 242. edit. 1711.) like the Bavius and Mævius of Virgil: Dryden however has had justice done him

It was the original intention of the Compiler simply to have brought together, without any alteration, what he judged to be the best extant specimens of our metrical translations. But, after a short experiment, the execution of the work, strictly upon this plan, was found impracticable. It was soon found that the responsibility of making, or he would rather say, suggesting, alterations must be incurred. And the reasons for assuming such a licence (though it may have been exercised sometimes perhaps in error, or with too much fastidiousness), will, it is hoped, be generally obvious. He meant to mark the places, where, in his judgment, the change of a few words might make compositions already excellent more perfect; where, for example, in the older versions, words or expressions, which by mere lapse of time have changed their meaning, or their accen-

by posterity." Percy states, that Wither was one of the twelve "Major Generals," appointed under the Commonwealth. Reliques, vol. iii. 241, 5th edit.

tuation, or have become quaint or obsolete, or even ludicrous, might be easily replaced by others at present more in honour; or where on the contrary the translator, with whatever felicity of expression, appears to have departed from his lawful province, and introduced a new idea not warranted by the original. But in every instance, where a Psalm is headed simply with the name, and printed as the composition of a particular author, the rejected text is also given in the Appendix; the remonstrance of good John Wesley being borne in mind, addressed to those, who, he said, had done his brother and him the honour to reprint many of their Hymns; "I must beg of them one of these two favours, either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better, for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense, or for the doggrel of other men[6]." If, indeed, the

[5] Preface to the Methodist Hymn Book, 1779.

alterations of some Psalms in this Volume (such, for instance, as those of Bishop Mant, or J. Montgomery,) were suggested with the object of improving them as literary compositions, the presumption would be no less bold, than that of an attempt to improve Charles Wesley's Hymns, which rank amongst the finest specimens of religious poetry in our language. They are not, however, offered as actual improvements of the poetry, but merely to point out what seem, with reference to an assumed canon of correct translation, to be weak places, and what kind and degree of alteration seems necessary to adapt them to it. Sometimes, however, after having chosen the best extant form in which a particular psalm appeared to have been cast, the compiler has allowed himself so large an exercise of this liberty, that the alterations amount almost to a re-construction; and in these cases, the words displaced from the original version have not been given. It seemed enough to state distinctly, that

the psalm is not inserted as the work of its original translator, but as an *alteration* from it.

In a very few instances, where the excellence of two versions appeared so nearly balanced, that it was difficult to adjudge the preference to either, duplicates have been given of the same psalm. The second versions of the 23rd, 39th, 97th, 103rd, and 146th, are hitherto unpublished. But they were deemed admissible, as proceeding from the pen of one, whose published psalms have furnished some of the specimens selected for this work. The Editor is permitted to make use of them; and he more gladly does so, in the confidence, that being thus once given to the public, they must hereafter form a part of any future selection of the best poetical translations of the Psalms.

What opinion may be formed by others of the merits of the present volume, the writer can hardly presume to judge; yet one object, the delight anticipated to himself from following up the experiment,

he feels that he has abundantly realized. For, in the progress of it, he has not failed continually to experience the truth of what has been so generally, and often beautifully[7] expressed by those, who have engaged in any similar task, involving a more intimate study of the Book of God; that in the very execution of it there is great reward. He must, however, with regret confess the disadvantage under which he labours, in the want of a familiar knowledge of the Hebrew language. And without a thorough acquaintance with the original, it is cer-

[6] We may refer to Bishop Horne's well known description of his happiness, and entire detachment from the cares of life, while he was engaged in the composition of his Commentary; to Henry Martyn's words, expressing the delight he took in prosecuting his labour of love, the translation of the Scriptures into Hindostanee; or to Claudius Buchanan's interesting detail of the extraordinary task which he imposed upon Himself in the revision of the Syriac Testament, and the fresh light, and joy, and comfort which he drew from each perusal.—Horne's Preface, lxv. 5th edit. 1794. Sargent's Life of Martyn, pp. 256, 257, 6th edit. 1821. Pearson's Life of Buchanan, pp. 363, 364, 3rd edit. 1819.

tain that, in ordinary cases, no true judgment can be exercised on the relative merit of translations: but yet he ventured to believe, that he was not hereby precluded from engaging in the present Work; considering this to be a case excepted from the general rule. Because the most accomplished Hebraist would surely say, that no metrical translation of the Psalms can widely err, which will bear the test of a comparison with our English authorized version, and it is only where real difficulties occur, that the liberty of departing from that authority has been assumed. In which cases, the received translation has been occasionally modified, by selecting what appeared to be the most probable interpretation of the best commentators; recourse being had especially to the new translation of the Psalms, made in 1830, by Dr. Trench and Mr. Skinner. Thus much, upon the whole, the writer thinks he boldly may assert; that he has at least brought together many sterling specimens, and ascertained

the probability, that if this endeavour were but followed up by others, we might eventually possess, what we have so long required, a good metrical version of the entire Book of Psalms. If such a Psalter ever were set forth by competent authority, it is likely that the clergy generally would avail themselves of it, as a means whereby the union and communion of Churchmen might be drawn more close; and that unauthorized collections of all sorts, as they have often been introduced reluctantly, would be gladly discontinued. That psalmody might become once more the powerful accessory, which it was designed to be, of our joint devotions, has been the wish and prayer of many a faithful member of our Church; and that, knit together as we are, into one body by faith in one Lord, and by the baptism of one Spirit, when we come into the presence of the God and Father of us all, it might be to join together, not only in the same confession of sin, and the same prayers for grace and mercy,

but also in the intelligent expression of a glad and grateful heart, by singing the same Psalms of Praise.

In 1837, when the arrangement of this Collection was in progress, appeared "The Harp of Judah, or Songs of Sion, by the late Nathan Drake, M.D., being a metrical translation of the Psalms, constructed from the most beautiful parts of the best English versions." The work is a valuable contribution towards the same object which the present has in view; but its plan has not been so wrought out, as to supersede a similar attempt. More than half the selection, for example, is from Merrick and from Cottle[8]; who, with whatever occasional powers of versification, are in general very far from exhibiting the characteristics, which we have assumed to be essential to a true translation. Some good versions also have

[7] Merrick 41. Cottle 44.

been published since the compilation of Dr. Drake's work; and there are several of our very best, of which he has not availed himself; for instance, there is but one specimen from Withe, and one only from George Sandys.

Daniel, Poet Laureate to Queen Elizabeth, wrote these lines on the Version of the Psalms compiled by the Countess of Pembroke —

Those hymns which then did but endeavour to hear
Which Israel's singers to his God did frame,
Unto thy voyage, eternity hath given,
And made thee dear to Him from whence they came.

A LIST OF METRICAL VERSIONS

OF THE

ENTIRE BOOK OF PSALMS.

1549. Robert Crowley, Vicar of St. Giles', Cripplegate.
1561. Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury.
1562. [a] Thomas Sternehold, John Hopkins, and others.

[a] Then first printed collectively at the end of the Book of Common Prayer. The contributors, as originally indicated by their initials prefixed to the several Psalms, were nine in number; but two Psalms, the 148th and 149th, versified by John Pullain, Archdeacon of Colchester, are to be found only in the earliest editions; and the 131st and 132nd, at first attributed to John Mardly, were afterwards ascribed to Norton. The Psalms are thus distributed amongst the seven remaining authors, viz.: to

T. S. Thomas Sternehold, Groom of the Chamber to Henry VIII.	40
J. H. John Hopkins, a Clergyman of Suffolk . . .	68
N. Thomas Norton, Barrister.	26
	134

1575. Anonymous, Edinburgh. (Robert Pont, son-in-law of John Knox.)

(1586.) [b] Sir Philip Sidney, and Mary Countess of Pembroke, his sister.

1612. Henry Ainsworth, Minister of the English Presbyterian congregation at Antwerp.

1620. Henry Dod.

1631. King James I. "The Psalms of King David, translated by King James."

1632. George Wither.

1634. Richard Goodridge.

1636. George Sandys, the Eastern traveller, son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York from 1560 to 1588.

1638. R. B. (Burnaby.)

1640. Anonymous, in the Bodleian Library. A specimen is in Cotton's Appendix, p. 148.

	134
W. W. William Whytingham, Dean of Durham . .	15
W. K. William Keith.	5
R. W. Robert Wisdom, Archdeacon of Ely. . . .	1
T. C. Thomas Churchyard.	1
	156
Duplicates.	6
	150

[b] The year of Sir P. Sidney's death at Zutphen. The translation was first printed in 1823. The first forty-three Psalms are supposed to be by Sir P. S.

1640. New England Psalm Book. The first book printed in America, at Cambridge in N. E. Revised in 1755.

1643. Anonymous. (Francis Rouse, Provost of Eton under the Commonwealth.)

1644. William Barton, Minister of St. Martin's in Leicester.

(1646.) Zachary Boyde, Minister of the Scottish kirk.

1648. Rev. Francis Roberts, Pastor of St. Augustine's, London. (in his "Clavis Bibliorum," 8vo.)

1650. Allowed by the kirk of Scotland, (formed upon Rouse's version.)

1651. H. K. B. C. (Henry King, Bishop of Chichester.)

1655. Rev. John White, (of Dorchester.)

1667. Rev. Samuel Woodford, D. D. Prebendary of Winchester.

1668. Miles Smyth.

1688. Rev. Simon Ford, D. D. Rector of Old Swinford, Worcestershire.

1692. Rev. Richard Baxter.

1696. Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D. Vicar of Stratford on Avon, and Nahum Tate, Poet Laureat.

1698. Rev. Luke Milbourne, Rector of St. Ethelburga, Shoreditch.

1715. Rev. John Patrick, Preacher of the Charter House: brother to Bishop Patrick.

1715. Sir John Denham, K.B.

1718. (Cotton Mather.) Psalterium Americanum, blank verse.

1719. Isaac Watts, D.D.

1721. Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt.

1751. Henry Pike, lyric measure without rhyme.

1754. Rev. J. Cradock, Rector of St. Thomas's, Baltimore, Maryland, from Buchanan's Latin version.

1754. Stephen Wheatland, and Tipping Sylvester, heroic verse.

1765. Rev. James Merrick, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

1765. Christopher Smart, M.A. Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

1773. James Maxwell, S.D.P. (Glasgow.)

1776. John Barclay, M.A. Presbyterian Minister [c], "paraphrazed, according to the New Testament interpretation."

1784. "British Psalmist," (Robert Boswell,) the Scottish version altered.

1785. Joel Barlow, of Hartford, Connecticut. (Watts's version revised.)

1800. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, Connecticut. (Watts's version revised and completed.)

1805. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol.

1808. Rev. Thomas Dennis, Curate of Haslemere, Surrey, blank verse.

1811. William Samuel Towers, Esq.

1811. Rev. William Goode, M.A. Rector of St. Ann's, Blackfriars.

1824. Richard Mant, D.D. Bishop of Down and Connor.

1824. Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, M.A. Rector of Denton, Lincolnshire [d].

[c] Founder of the sect of Bereans, or Barclayans.

[d] "The long Psalms being compressed."

1825. Matthew Sankey, Esq.
1826. "Senex, a Clergyman."
1828. Margaret Patullo.
1829. William Wrangham, of Louth, Lincolnshire.
1832. Henry Gahagan, M.A. Barrister at Law.
1832. Rev. Edward Garrard Marsh, M.A. Minister of Hampstead chapel.
1833. Rev. George Musgrave, M.A. of B. N. C. Oxford, blank verse.
1833. P. J. Ducarel, blank verse.
1833. Joseph P. Bartrum.
1836. E. Farr.
1838. C. F. and E. C. (Catherine Foster, and Elizabeth Colling.)
1839. "A member of the University of Oxford." (Rev. John Keble.)
1839. Rev. George Burgess, of Hartford, Connecticut.
1842. Rev. John Eden, B.D. Vicar of St. Nicholas and St. Leonard's, Bristol.
1843. Rev. Francis Skurray, B.D. Rector of Winterbourne, Stapleton, Dorset.
1844. Anonymous. "A Cambridge Master of Arts; for the inmates of the cottage."
1846. Anonymous. "A metrical version of the Hebrew Psalter."

PARTIAL VERSIONS.

(1547.) Earl of Surrey ; the 55th, 73rd, and 88th.

1549. Sir Thomas Wyatt; the seven penitential, 6. 32. 38. 51. 102. 130. 143.

(1549) Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter ; thirteen Psalms.

1550. William Hunnis ; "Certayne Psalms," and 1585, the seven penitential Psalms, "Seven sighs of a sorrowful soul for sin."

1553. Francis Seagar ; nineteen "certayne Psalms select out of the Psalter of David."

1563. Thomas Becon, Prebendary of Canterbury ; 103rd and 112th, annexed to his "Comfortable Epistle to the afflicted People of God."

() Queen Elizabeth ; the 14th at the end of "A godly Meditation of the Christian soul, compiled in French by Lady Margaret, Queen of Navarre."

1565. John Hall, M.D. of Maidstone ; twelve, in "The Court of Virtue."

1574. Lady Elizabeth Tyrwhitt ; "Psalms, Hymns, &c."

1575. George Gascoigne; the 130th.

1582. Richard Stanyhurst ; the first four, at the end of his Virgil.

1590. Anonymous, twelve ; in "Gude and Godly Ballates."

1581. Abraham Fraunce, eight ; English Hexameters.

1597. H. Lok ; "Sundry Psalms in metre."

1601. R. V. (Richard Verstegan) ; the seven penitential Psalms.

1605. Anonymous, (Alexander Montgomery,) fourteen; in "Mind's Melody."

1615. Anonymous, (Sir Edwin Sandys[e],) fifty; "Sacred Hymns, consisting of fifti select Psalms of David."

1624. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, the first ten, "Some few of David's Psalms metaphrazed in metre."

1625. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, 1st, 12th, 90th, 104th, 126th, 137th, 149th.

1631. John Vicars, nineteen; in "England's Hallelujah."

(1632.) Rev. George Herbert, Rector of Bemerton, Wilts, seven; in "Playford's Music-book."

1633. Rev. John Donne, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, the 137th.

1633. Phineas Fletcher, 1st, 42nd, 63rd, 127th, 130th, 137th, in poetical Miscellanies, appended to the "Purple Island."

1643. W. S. (William Slatyer, D.D., Fellow of Brazenose Coll., Oxford), the first twenty-two; in four languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English.

1646. Richard Crashaw, 23rd and 137th; in "Steps to the Temple."

1651. Sir Henry Wotton, the 104th; "Relliquiæ Wottonianæ.)

1655. (Henry Lawes) 20th, 104th, 137th, part of 66th, and 111th; in "Select Psalms of a new Translation."

1661. Samuel Leigh, "Essay towards a Metrical Version of the Psalms."

[e] Brother of George Sandys, the author of an entire version published in 1636.

1667. Mary Beale, four (13th, 52nd, 70th, and 130th); in Woodford's Translation.

1669. Abraham Cowley, the 114th; in the 1st Book of the Davideis.

1673. John Milton, nineteen; 1st to 8th, composed in 1653; 80th to 89th, composed in 1648; 114th and 136th, composed in 1623.

1680. John Chamberlayne, eighteen, annexed to "A Sacred poem on the Birth, &c. of Jesus."

1681. Henry Hare, Lord Coleraine, "La scala santa;" the fifteen Psalms of Degrees, 120th to 135th.

1689. Charles Cotton[f], the 8th.

1691. Benjamin Keach, Baptist Minister, seventeen; in "Spiritual Melody."

1691. Robert Fleming, Jun., V.D.M., ten; in "The Mirrour of Divine Love."

1694. Daniel Warner, a Selection altered from Sternehold.

(1694.) Rev. John Mason, in his "Spiritual Songs."

1698. John Phillips, twenty-three; "Daveidos; or, a Specimen of some of David's Psalms in metre."

1699. Rev. John Norris, four; in his "Miscellanies."

1700. Joseph Stennett, the 45th, annexed to his "Version of Solomon's Song."

1700. Rev. Samuel Wesley[g], six (113th to 118th); in the "Pious Communicant;" and the 135th, and parts of the 24th and 91st; in his "Life of Christ."

[f] The friend of Isaac Walton, and continuator of the "Complete Angler."

[g] Father of John Wesley.

1701. Rev. James Gibbs; "The first fifteen Psalms of David."
1706. Basil Kennett, Fellow of C. C. Oxford, twenty-eight; "Essay towards a Paraphraze."
1707. Samuel Cobb, M.A., Master of Christ's Hospital, 103rd, 130th, and 148th; in "Poems on several occasions."
1712. Joseph Addison, 19th and 23rd; in "The Spectator."
1714. Rev. Daniel Burgess, several; in "Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs."
1720. Simon Brown, Dissenting Minister, twenty; in "Hymns and Spiritual Songs."
1722. Rev. Thomas Coney, D.D., Prebendary of Wells, eighteen; in "The Devout Soul."
1722. Rev. Richard Daniel, D.D., Dean of Armagh, twenty-two; in "A Paraphraze on some select Psalms;" and 1727, "The seven Penitential Psalms."
1727. Rev. Walter Harte, Canon of Windsor, 104th and 107th; in his "Poems."
1730. George Atwood, B.D., "Psalm 119, paraphrased in verse."
1738. Anonymous, in the Moravian Collection, nineteen.
1738. William Tansur, 1st and 22nd; in "Heaven on Earth; or, the Beauty of Holiness."
1739. Elizabeth Rowe, several in her "Miscellaneous Works."
(1740.) Samuel Boyse, 4th and 42nd.
1745. Samuel Saye, 97th; in "Poems."
1748. William Hamilton, of Bangour, the 65th.
(1748.) Christopher Pitt.
1751. Philip Doddridge, some paraphrases amongst his Hymns.

1755. Rev. Charles Wesley, great part of the Psalter in Dell's "Select Collection," also several Psalms and parts of Psalms in the "Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists," and in the Methodists' Magazine.

1755. Elizabeth Tollet, the 96th; in "Poems on several occasions."

1758. Mary Masters, several; in "Letters and Poems."

1761. Rev. John Robson, first forty—"The 1st Book of David's Psalms, in heroic verse."

1763. C. Bradbury; "Psalms and Hymns in Metre[h]."

(1765.) Anonymous (Anne Steele), forty-seven; in "Poems by Theodosia."

1771. John Ogilvie, the 148th; in Bishop Horne's Commentary.

1775. William Julius Mickle, the 68th.

1780. Rev. Moses Browne, 130th and 139th; in "Sunday Thoughts."

1782. William Cowper, the 137th.

1787. George Gregory, 29th, 42nd, 133rd, and 139th (and parts of 96th and 98th); in his Translation of Bishop Lowth's "Prælectiones Hebraicæ."

1787. George Colman, 39th; in "Prose on several occasions, with some pieces in verse."

1788. Nathaniel Cotton, M.D., 13th and 42nd; in "Various Pieces in Prose and Verse."

(1796.) Robert Burns, the 1st and part of the 90th.

1790. Thomas May, 33rd, 39th, and 97th.

[h] On the authority of Cotton's List.

(1797.) Rev. William Mason, twenty-five Psalms, revised and altered from the old version ; and a metrical version of fifteen, first published in 1811.

1801. Richard Cumberland, fifty ; " A Poetical Version of certain Psalms."

1806. Erasmus Middleton, A.B. ; " Versions and Imitations of the Psalms."

1811. Robert Wolseley, twenty-seven ; " A poetical paraphrase of a select portion of the book of Psalms."

1815. Robert Donald, " The Psalms of David on Christian Experience."

1818. John Bowdler, Esq., Barrister at law, the 24th, 42nd, 121st, and 123rd ; in " Select pieces in prose and verse."

1819. Edward H. Thurlow (Lord Thurlow), the 148th.

1820. Henry Lowe, twenty ; " Psalms and Hymns."

1821. Rev. Basil Woodd, M.A., Rector of Drayton Beauchamp, Bucks[i].

1821. Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A. of C. C. Cambridge ; " Specimens of a new translation of the Psalms."

1821. William Coldwell, Dissenting Minister, Psalms 1 to 41 ; in blank verse.

1822 and 1841. James Montgomery, fifty-nine ; in " Songs of Zion."

1827. James Usher, the first thirty ; " a new version of the Psalms of David." Part I.

[i] This volume, which is entitled " A Metrical translation of the Book of Psalms," comprises in fact only selected portions of each Psalm.

1828. Anonymous, 43rd, 70th, 100th, 121st ; in "a Collection of Prayers for household use."

1829. Rev. C. H. Terrot, 114th ; in "the Casket."

1831. Rev. W. L. Bathurst, "Psalms and Hymns for public and private use."

1832, &c. British Magazine, ten ; 1st, 2nd, 4th, 43rd, 47th, 51st, 103rd, 130th, and two versions of 137th.

1833. Anonymous, Saturday Magazine, Vol. ii. p. 71. Psalm 80th.

1834. John Beaumont ; "Original Psalms ; or, Sacred Songs."

1834. Rev. H. F. Lyte, M.A., Minister of Lower Brixham, Devon ; "The Spirit of the Psalms."

1834. Thomas Dickson, fourteen ; in "Paraphrases and hymns."

1834. Rev. Thomas James Judkin, M.A., Minister of Somerstown Chapel ; "New version of the more devotional parts of the Psalms."

1835. Elizabeth Blackall, twelve ; in "Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs."

1836. Anonymous, 80th, 96th, and 139th ; in "Poems original and translated."

1837. Josiah Conder, sixty ; in "the Choir and Oratory."

1837. Rev. Robert Bouce Boswell, fifty ; in "Psalms and Hymns."

1839. Sir Robert Grant, seven ; in "Sacred Poems."

1839. Anonymous, 137th ; in "the Cottager's Monthly Visitor."

1839. Ven. Julius Charles Hare, M.A., Archdeacon of Lewes ; "Portions of the Psalms in English verse."

1839. Rev. Robert Allan Scott, M.A., Curate of Sheriff-hales and Woodcote, Salop; "Metrical paraphrases of select portions of the Psalms."

1844. M. Montagu; "The seven Penitential Psalms, being specimens of a new version."

Deliciis Florum collatis undiquè, cœpi
Sedulus indoctâ nectere serta manu.
Parva fuêre, sed hæc mea quantulacunque volebam
Non dedignanti parva sacrare Deo.
At mihi, quod dulci studio proreptus amavi,
Tenue recensenti singula sordet opus.
Nondum partis adest cujusque ea culta venustas,
Qualem votivi muneris esse decet;
Et, si dulce aliquid, si quid speciosius insit,
Huic, quam quæsivi, Gratia summa deest.
Manca ego non ausim Templo dare dona;—sed olìm
Et suus hæc etiam serta sequetur honos.
Namque, pari captus studio, meliore retexet
Si quis idem posthac arte Magister opus;
Quos miscere suæ non respuet ille corollæ
Fortè vel ex his Flos unus et alter erit,
Quique (Bonus cum rore suo si Spiritus adsit)
In nostri poterunt æde virere Dei.

PSALM I.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

Supposed to have been prefixed by Ezra to the Book of Psalms, when he collected the Hebrew Scriptures, after the Captivity. It contrasts the Blessedness of the observer of God's law, with the Misery of the ungodly.

Blest is he, who never strays,
Where the godless man misguideth;
Neither stands in sinners' ways,
Nor in scorner's chair abideth:
But in God's pure law delights,
Thereon musing days and nights.

Like a tree set near the springs,
[1 a] Which its vigour freshly cherish,
Still his fruit he timely brings,
And his leaf shall never perish:

[1] See the Appendix.

Every thing shall prosper too,
Which he undertakes to do.

Thus the wicked shall not fare;
But be like such [b]empty matter,
As the whirlwind here and there
On the spacious earth doth scatter;
Nor shall they withstand their dooms,
When the Day of Judgment comes.

Neither have they place or stay
In the righteous congregation;
For God[c] marks the just man's way,
With a gracious approbation;
But those paths which sinners tread,
To assured ruin lead.

PSALM II.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

Upon David's first establishment on the throne of Israel; and prophetic of the Messiah's kingdom.

SUCH uproars mad why do the Gentiles make?
What follies do the people doat upon?
Earth's kings conspire, and rulers counsel take
Against the Lord and His Anointed One.
O! come, and let us break their bonds, they say:
Come! let us cast from us their cords away.

But God in Heaven, deriding their design,
[a] Shall vex them, and His will in wrath declare;
Yet, saith Jehovah, yet this King of mine
On Sion sits; 'twas I, that placed Him there.
And what the Lord Himself to me hath told
Concerning Him, [b] that law I will unfold.

Thou art my Son, [c] I have begotten Thee
To-day;—demand of Me and I will give
The Gentiles Thine inheritance to be;
The rule of all the world Thou shalt receive.

An iron [d] rod Thou shalt upon them lay,
And break them, like a sherd of potter's clay.

Therefore, ye kings and rulers, be more wise:
Come, serve the Lord your God, with [e] reverend joy:
And kiss the Son; lest, if His wrath arise,
You be destroyed, and perish from the way.
For when inflamed, His burning anger glows,
Right blest are they, who trust on Him repose.

PSALM III.

[2] ALTERED FROM RICHARD GOODRIDGE, 1685.

Entitled, "A Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son." 2 Sam. xv. 13.

How, O my God, do they increase,
Who seek to rob me of my peace!
And of my soul how many say,
"Of God he hath been cast away."

[2] See Preface pp. 19 and 20.

But, Lord, Thou art my shield, my praise;
Thou my dejected head dost raise.
Unto the Lord I cried, and still
He heard me from His holy hill.

I laid me down to sleep; again
I rose, for God did me sustain;
Thus guarded, though ten thousand were
About me set, I will not fear.

Rise, Lord, and shield me from their power;
Thou break'st the jaws that would devour.
Salvation is of God alone:
Thy blessing rests upon Thine own.

PSALM IV.

ALTERED FROM H. F. LYTE. 1834.

Probably of the same date with the preceding Psalm.

God of all my righteousness!
Guide through every past distress;
Show Thy mercy, hear my prayer!—
Worldlings, how long will ye dare

Vanity and lies to choose,
And my glory to abuse?
Godly men to God are dear;
When I call, the Lord will hear.

Stand in awe, nor dare to sin,
Commune with yourself within;
Search and try your heart and will
In your chamber, and be still.
Righteousness unto Him bring
For the choicest offering,
And your full assurance place
Only in Jehovah's grace.

Many cry, in faithless mood,
Who will show us any good?
Lord, Thy face lift up on me;
For I have more joy in Thee,
[3] Than their gladdened heart hath found
When their corn and wine abound.

[3] "Thou hast put into my heart greater gladness than theirs, at the time when their corn and wine abound." French and Skinner's version.

I will sink in peace to sleep,
Lord, with Thee my soul to keep.

PSALM V.

SCOTTISH VERSION, 1650.

When David was under the persecution of Saul or Absalom.

GIVE ear unto my words, O Lord,
My meditation weigh;
Hear my loud cry, my King, my God,
For I to Thee will pray.
Lord, Thou shalt early hear my voice;
I early will direct
My prayer to Thee, and looking up,
An answer will expect.

For Thou art not a God, that doth
In wickedness delight;
[a] No evil thing shall dwell with Thee,
Nor fools stand in Thy sight.

[b] For all ill-doers Thou dost hate,
The liars feel Thy rod;
The righteous Lord abhors the man
Of treachery and blood.

But I into Thy house will come
In Thine abundant grace;
And I will worship in Thy fear
Towards Thy holy place.
[c] Lord, lead me in Thy righteousness:
And, to confound my foes,
Do Thou the way that I should walk
Before my face disclose.

For in their mouth there is no truth,
[d] Their heart is set on wrong;
Their throat's an open sepulchre,
[e] They flatter with their tongue.
O God destroy them; let them be
By their own counsel quelled;
Them for their many sins cast out,
For they 'gainst Thee rebelled.

But let all them that trust in Thee,
Exulting raise their voice;
For them Thou sav'st; let all that love
Thy name in Thee rejoice.
For, Lord, unto the righteous man
Thou wilt Thy blessing yield;
With favour Thou wilt compass him
About, as with a shield.

PSALM VI.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

The first of the seven [4] Penitential Psalms, under bodily and mental suffering.

Lord, in Thy rage correct me not;
[a] O! do not to me roughly speak;
Nor chide me, when Thy wrath is hot,
But pity me, for I am weak.

[4] The 6th, 32nd, 38th, 51st, 102nd, 130th, and 143rd.

O Lord, vouchsafe to cure my pains,
For through my bones the torments go;
My heart is vext, and much complains:
[b] Great God, how long shall this be so?

Return and help my soul, O Lord;
Me let Thy mere compassion save;
For who in death shall Thee record,
Or give Thee praises in the grave?

With groans I tire; and in the night
My bed in streaming tears doth swim;
[c] Through griefs, and through my foes' despite,
Mine eyes decay, my sight grows dim.

[d] Workers of ill, depart from me;
God hears my suit, my plaint, my cry:
[e] This let my foes ashamed see,
And vext, and grieved my presence fly.

PSALM VII.

ALTERED FROM JOSEPH HALL, BISHOP OF NORWICH, 1624.

Entitled, "Concerning the words of Cush [5] the Benjamite."

My trust, the only hope I have,
On Thee, O Lord my God, relies;
Me let Thy loving mercy save
From all my raging enemies;
Lest they, like greedy lions, rend
My soul, while none shall it defend.

O Lord, if I this thing have wrought;
If in my hands be found such ill;
If I with mischief ever sought
To pay good deeds, or did not still

[5] Not mentioned in Scripture. The Psalm was probably written at a time when David had been maliciously calumniated.

Do good unto my causeless foe,
That thirsted for my overthrow;

Then let my foe, in eager chase,
O'ertake my soul, and trampling thrust
My life to earth with foul disgrace,
And lay mine honour in the dust:
Rise up, O Lord, in anger rise,
Against my wrathful enemies!

And wake for me, till Thou make known
My promised right; and so shall throngs
Of people flock unto Thy throne:
For their sake, then, avenge my wrongs;
Thy judgment-seat on high resume,
O Lord, and give the world their doom!

As truth and honest innocence
In me Thou find'st, Lord, judge Thou me.
Be Thou the just man's sure defence;
But let the sinner's malice be
Brought to an end; for Thy just eye
The very heart and reins doth try.

My safety stands in God, who shields
The sound in heart, whose doom each day
To just men, and contemners yields
Their due: except they change their way,
He whets His sword, nor will relent;
The avenging bow is ready bent.

His deadly weapons God hath brought,
And arrows keen to pierce the foe.
They teem with sin in every thought;
And, after travailing in woe,
Bring forth a lie:—their own hand delves
The pit, in which they fall themselves.

Back to his own head shall rebound
His plotted mischief, and his wrongs
Himself shall crush. But I will sound
Jehovah's praise, with thankful songs,
And will His glorious name express,
And tell of all His righteousness.

PSALM VIII.

ALTERED FROM CHARLES COTTON, 1689.

The glory of God in His works, and in His love to man.

O Lord our Governor, whose sway
All powers in heaven and earth obey,
Throughout the earth's extended frame,
How great is Thy adored Name!
 Thy glory Thou hast set on high,
 Above the empyrean sky.

From infant mouths, and babes that rest,
Still sucklings, on the mother's breast,
Thou hast ordained truth to rise,
To baffle all Thine enemies;
 That Thou the rage might'st calm again
 Of vengeful and rebellious men.

When on Thy heavens I reflect,
Thy work, Almighty Architect;
The moon and stars that Thou hast made,
And in their order hast arrayed;

Lord, what is man, that Heaven's high King
Should mind so poor, so vain a thing?

What is the son of man, that God
Should stoop to visit his abode?
For Thou didst make him a degree
Beneath the heavenly hierarchy
Of blessed angels, and didst crown
Frail dust with glory and renown.

Thou, Lord, didst make him to command
The works of Thine Almighty hand,
And every creature Thou hast made
Beneath his feet hast subject laid;
All sheep and oxen, and the kind
That range the field their prey to find;

The air's inhabitants, the brood
That live beneath the ocean flood,
And whatsoever else may keep
The paths of the unfathomed deep.
Lord, through the earth's extended frame,
How great is Thy adored Name!

PSALM IX.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

A Hymn of Thanksgiving for God's judgments on the enemies of David.

My heart, Great God, shall raise
To Thee the Hymn of Praise,
 My [a] tongue shall all Thy wond'rous works proclaim;
Thou all my joy shalt be,
I will exult in Thee,
 And, O Most Highest, chaunt Thy sov'reign Name.
For lo! my foes, compell'd to flight,
Before Thy face are fallen, and perish from Thy sight.

To Thee my cause was known,
By Thee my right was shown;
 Thy throne supreme, Thy judgment, Lord, was just:
Thy stern rebuking word
Abash'd the heathen heard;
 Thy force the impious felt, and sank in dust;

[b] For evermore to be forgot,
Thou, Lord, their very name away from earth didst blot.

[6] Destruction, sent from Thee
To work Thy high decree,
Pour'd on the foe its desolating flood;
[c] And with resistless sway
Their cities swept away;
No memory tells the place where once they stood.
But with Jehovah age is none,
His judgment-seat is set, and who shall shake His throne?

Their sentence all mankind
Shall hear by Him assign'd,
The world shall bow and own his judgment right;
And still, in misery's hour,
Is He the poor man's tower,
The outcast's refuge in affliction's night.

[6] The beginning of the 6th verse rendered in the authorized translation, "O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end," is rendered by Bishop Lowth "Desolations have consumed the enemy for ever."

Who know Thy name, to Thee will cleave,
For them who seek the Lord, the Lord will never leave.

Sing praises, praises sing
To Heaven's Eternal King,
Who deigns his seat to fix on Zion's hill:
To all the nations round
His righteous acts resound;
He marks the harmless blood which tyrants spill;
In mind He bears the sufferer's cry,
Nor on His servants' woes looks with unpitying eye.

On me Thy mercy show,
Regard, O Lord, my woe,
View me the object of relentless hate;
Hard by the gates of death
I lie; do Thou my breath
Revive, that I may stand in Zion's gate,
And Zion's daughter hear my voice;
While I Thy praises chaunt, and in Thy strength rejoice.

And see! the toils they wound
The heathens' feet surround;
The pit they digg'd, behold, their feet hath caught.
By acts of justice done
Jehovah's arm is shown;
Snared is the wicked by the work he wrought.
To Hell's sepulchral gloom they go,
Rebels, who God despise, nor choose His will to know.

For misery's meek lament
Shall not in vain be spent,
Nor patience still in fruitless hope consume.
Rise, Lord; thy power display;
On man's presumption lay
Thy hand: pronounce aloud the heathen's doom.
Plant in them dread of Thee, and then
They shall their weakness feel, and know themselves but men.

PSALM X.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

A prayer and profession of confidence in God's protection, against the outrages of the wicked.

LORD, why standest Thou so far?
Why at need am I forsaken?
Poor men wronged by tyrants are;
Let them in those guiles be taken,
Which by them contrived were.

For in boast the sinner says,
That his longings he possesseth;
He the covetous doth praise,
And their practices he blesseth;
Though the Lord abhors their ways.

Proud and lofty looks hath he,
God not seeking nor believing;
All his courses grievous be;
And Thy Judgments, past conceiving,
Are too high for him to see.

With contempt he slights his foes,
[a] Boldly daring all reverses;
From his mouth injustice flows,
Foul deceit, and bitter curses:
'Neath his tongue all mischief grows.

[b] In bye paths he lurks and pries,
Harmless men to spoil and murther;
[c] Privily the poor he eyes,
And unseen, his [d] wiles to further,
Like the [e] ambush'd lion lies.

He doth watch, the poor to spoil,
Whom he snares and overthroweth;
And, to take him in his toil,
He with humble crouching boweth,
Seizing him by force the while.

Then in heart thus museth he:—
God shall slightly pass it over,
Hide His face, and never see;—
Rise, O God, Thy strength discover,
That the meek avenged may be!

Let not sinners mock Thee so,
As if Thou didst nought regard it:
[f] For the godless wrong they do
Thou hast seen; and wilt reward it.
Thou shalt set thine hand thereto.

[g] Thou, that art the poor man's stay,
Orphan's helper in oppression,
Break the sinner's [h] might, I pray,
Search Thou after his transgression,
And then purge it all away.

God, who reigns for evermore,
From his land the [i] heathen driveth;
Hears, and cheers, and helps the poor,
And the orphan so reviveth,
That he fears not as before [7].

[7] "Never again shall man drive them in terror from the land."—French and Skinner.

PSALM XI.

WILLIAM BARTON, 1644.

"A Psalm of David," when advised to flee from the persecution of his enemies.

I MAKE the Lord my trust and stay;
Why therefore urge ye still
My harmless soul to flee away,
As birds unto the hill?
For lo, the wicked bend their bows,
Their arrows they prepare,
That closely they may shoot at those,
That upright-hearted are.

If the foundations of our faith
[a] Shall once be ta'en away,
No comfort then the righteous hath,
Nor strength whereon to stay.
But God doth in His temple reign,
His Throne's in Heaven [b] above,
His eyes behold the sons of men,
[c] Their ways His Eye-lids prove.

He tries the just man's patience,
As unto Him seems best;
But [d] him that loveth violence
His Spirit doth detest.
[c] His tempest, brimstone, fire, and snares,
On sinners He shall rain;
This portion He for them prepares,
This draught for them to drain

[f] For thus doth still in righteousness
The righteous Lord delight;
And, with His countenance to bless,
Beholdeth the upright.

PSALM XII.

ALTERED FROM JOSEPH COTTLE, 1805.

Reliance on God's promises under the wrongs of men.

HELP, Lord, or else my foes prevail;
There is not left one man of worth;
For lo, the just and faithful fail
Among the children of the earth.

With bad dissembling tongue, a lie
Each to his neighbour doth impart;
They every one speak vanity,
With flattering lips and double heart.

All smooth, false lips that flattery seek,
The tongues that with disdain abound,
And those that proud things proudly speak,
The Lord in judgment shall confound.

Thus in their madness they have said,
"The might we trust in is our tongue;
Who is the Lord, that we should dread?
To us alone our lips belong."

Now, for th' accusing sufferer's sighs,
The trouble of the poor opprest,
Now, will I wake, Jehovah cries,
And from his proud foe give him rest.

God's word is pure; it goeth forth
Like silver by the furnace tried,
Which from the mingling dross of earth
Is purged, and seven times purified.

Lord, Thou shalt keep them, and their race
Henceforth Thou shalt for ever bless:
When vile men sit in honour's place,
The world is filled with wickedness.

PSALM XIII.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1837.

"A Psalm of David," when the enemy had prevailed against him.

How long wilt Thou forget me,
O Lord? for evermore?
For ever wilt Thou let me
Thine absent face deplore?
How long in fruitless wailing
Shall I consume the day?
[a] And thus how long prevailing,
My vaunting foe bear sway?

O! do not Thou forsake me!
[b] Enlighten thou my gloom;
Lest fatal sleep o'ertake me,
The death-sleep of the tomb:

Lest then my foe insulting
Should boast of his success,
And impious men exulting
Triumph in my distress.

Lord, in my tribulation,
I trust Thy mercy still,
And surely Thy salvation
My heart with joy shall fill.
Thine aid Thou didst afford me,
Thy praises I will sing;
And for His mercies toward me
Will bless my God and King.

PSALM XIV.[8]

C. F. AND E. C., 1838.

Probably on the revolt of the people from their allegiance in the rebellion of Absalom.

"THERE is no God," the fool hath said
In his corrupted heart;
Vile are their doings, and their paths
From [a] wisdom's far apart.
The Lord look'd down from Heaven on high,
From His own bright abode,
To mark, if 'mong the sons of men
But one would seek his God.
But all had wandered from the way;
All, all from goodness gone astray.

[8] The Hebrew Text of this Psalm is almost identical with that of the 53rd, but in the Septuagint Greek version there are some additional verses, (the 5th, 6th, and 7th,) which are cited by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, iii. 13, &c., and are retained in our Prayer Book translation of the Psalms, taken from the Great Bible of King Henry VIII. They are here marked with inverted commas."

" An open sepulchre their throat;
" Their tongues but frame deceit;
" The poison of the baleful asp
" Hath on their lips its seat;
" Cursing, and bitterness, and guile,
" In their false words are found;
" Their feet move swiftly blood to shed,
" And scatter death around;
" Woe and destruction track their way,
" No fear of God their lives display."

Have they no knowledge, that they thus
Are vile in deed and word:
My flock devouring, as 'twere bread,
Nor calling on the Lord?
Yet were they brought to abject fear,
Where cause for fear was not;
For God is on the good man's side,
His cause is ne'er forgot.
But you have dared to mock the just,
Because in [b] God he puts his trust.

O! who to Israel's failing heart,
From Zion's holy hill,
Shall bring salvation? Even He,
Who guides and guards her still.
O! when the Lord shall turn again
The bondage of our land,
And bid His people rise once more
Strong in His strength to stand;
Then Jacob shall exalt his voice,
And Israel in her God rejoice.

PSALM XV.

BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

The character of him, who may be admitted into the house and family of God.

Lord, who's the happy man, that may
To Thy blest courts repair;
[a] Or rest upon Thy holy hill,
And still inhabit there?

'Tis he, [b] who worketh righteousness,
The ways of virtue loves;
Whose faithful [c] tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves;

Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to the false report
By malice whispered round;

[d] He, whose impartial eyes regard
The vile with just neglect;
But all, who fear and love the Lord,
Religiously respect;

Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
Still makes his promise good;

Whose soul in usury disdains
His [e] substance to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

The man, who by this steady course
Has happiness ensured,
Unmoved for evermore shall stand,
By Providence secured.

PSALM XVI.

ALTERED FROM E. FARR, 1836.

An expression of the Psalmist's confidence in God. Prophetical of our Lord's Resurrection. See Acts ii. 25, &c.; and xiii. 35.

O LORD, in all my woes,
Preserve my soul from harm;
For I my hope repose
On Thine Almighty arm.
My trustful soul hath said to Thee,
That Thou alone her God shall be.

Though all the good I do
To Thee can ne'er extend.
Still, Lord, Thy saints below
May deeds of love befriend;

The saints, who here on earth excel,
With whom 'tis my delight to dwell.

Their woes shall be increased,
Who seek another God;
I shun their idol-feast,
And offerings of blood:
Their names, while life shall yet remain,
Their names my lips shall ne'er profane.

The Lord my only hope,
My heritage remains;
The portion of my cup:
His arm my lot sustains.
Fair is my lot; a pleasant line,
And goodly heritage is mine.

And I will bless the Lord,
Whose counsels guide me right,
And, deep within me stored[9],
Instruct me in the night:

[9] "My reins also instruct me." The "reins" here and elsewhere in the Psalms, are usually interpreted to mean the most secret recesses of the heart.

Because I set the Lord of all
On my right hand, I shall not fall.

[1] The joy that fills my breast,
My cheerful tongue doth own;
In hope my flesh shall rest:
For of Thine Holy One
Thou wilt not leave the soul in hell,
Nor let Him with corruption dwell.

But Thou wilt to my sight
The path of life reveal;
And fulness of delight
I shall before Thee feel;
Because at Thy right hand attend
The pleasures that shall never end.

[1] The last verses of this version are rendered in a different metre from the rest.

PSALM XVII.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

"A prayer of David," for deliverance from the power and malice of his enemies.

LORD, hear [a] the right; my prayers and cries,
Which from unfeigned lips do flow;
[b] Turn to my righteous cause Thine eyes,
And from Thyself let sentence go.
My secret thoughts are in Thy sight,
Thou view'st them in the darkest night.

Thou triedst my fault, and found'st it none,
For from offence I kept my tongue;
And, [c] for the works by others done,
[d] Thy word preserved me from wrong.
O! be Thou pleased my course to guide,
And stay my feet, lest else they slide!

On Thee I call, for Thou wilt hear;
[e] O Lord, to my complaint attend!
Let Thy great love to me appear,
And Thy right hand my life defend;

E'en that right hand, that from their foes
Guards them, who trust on Thee repose.

From tyrants me besieging round,
From sinners, who my harm assay,
Lord, as Thine eye-ball keep me sound,
And over me Thy wings display:
For they with fat [f] around are clad,
And haughty [g] boasts their mouths have made.

Me in my ways they have withstood,
And sought about with downcast eyes,
Like lions, when they hunt for food,
Or lion's whelp, which lurking lies.
But rise, resist, and foil them, Lord!
From sinners guard me [2] by Thy sword.

[h] Thy servant from those worldlings save,
Who in this life their lot receive,
[i] Who store of wealth, and children have,
And for their babes large portions leave.

[2] Marginal translation.

[j] Be mine, in Thine own Image, free
From sin, to wake and look on Thee.

PSALM XVIII.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

"A Psalm of David, who spake unto the Lord the words of this song in the day that the Lord delivered him from the hand of all his enemies, and from the hand of Saul." See 2 Sam. xxii. 2, &c.

I LOVE the Lord! for my support,
My horn of health is He,
My Rock, my Trust, my Shield, my Fort,
And oft hath helped me.
He merits praise; for, when I cry,
Me from my foes He saves,
Though wrapt in pangs of death I lie,
[a] And sin's o'erflowing waves.

Yea, when by death and hell ensnared,
I sought the Lord in fear,
My God within His temple heard,
[b] My crying pierced His ear,

Earth's ground-work shook to feel his ire,
The trembling hills did quake;
[c] His nostrils breathed devouring fire,
Which burning coals did make.

[d] The Lord came down; the heavens He bow'd,
His feet thick darkness hid;
A flying cherub He bestrode,
The winged winds he rid;
A dusky fog his covering was,
Dark waters were His tent;
Before the brightness of His face
Clouds, fire, and hail He sent.

The Lord from Heaven did also make
His thunder to be heard,
[e] And when the Great Almighty spake,
Hailstones and fire appear'd.
Where'er His burning darts He threw,
His foes dispersed fled;
And, as His flashing lightnings flew,
They were discomfited.

He frown'd; and, at the angry blast,
From His dread nostrils blown,
The sea's low depths were upward cast,
And earth's foundations shown.
He sent from Heaven; and from among
Great floods advanced me,
And from the foes that were too strong
[f] In mercy set me free.

[g] Their strength my feeble powers outwent,
But God was still my hope;
He, for His love's sake, succour sent,
And gave me larger scope.
[h] On me, as I had righteous been,
His favour he bestowed;
[i] And, as from sin my hands were clean,
So He His mercy showed.

[j] For I have kept in God's true way,
From Him I have not past;
His judgments, that before me lay,
I did not from me cast.

[k] With Him I justified became,
For I did leave my sin;
And, as I just and righteous am,
Rewarded I have been.

As He my hands did guiltless find,
He so did me requite:
[l] Thou wilt unto the meek be kind,
To righteous men upright.
Among the pure [m] Thou wilt be pure,
And on the froward frown;
The poor man [m] Thou wilt make secure,
And pluck the proud man down.

My darkness [n] Thou shalt brightness make,
[n] And shalt enlight my lamp;
By Thee I through an army brake,
[o] And scaled the walled camp.
God's way is right, and pure His word;
He saves, if sought He be;
For who is God, except the Lord,
Or who can save but He?

About my loins He strength did bind,
He set my pathway straight,
He made my feet outrun the hind,
And raised me to this height.
My hands to fight, my arms to bend
A bow of steel He taught:
[p a] Thy buckler Thou to me didst lend,
And saving health it brought.

[p] Thy right hand hath supported me,
[p] Thy love hath made me great,
[q] My steps have been enlarged by Thee,
And safe my feet are set.
I did pursue, and took my foes,
Nor turn'd till all were slain;
They fell down wounded by my blows,
And could not rise again.

For [r] Thou, to gird me for the war
With power didst me endow;
And those, who my opposers are,
Beneath my feet [s] didst bow.

[t] Thou gav'st me strength to turn aside
The haters of my name;
They cried, and though to God they cried,
[u] Nor help nor answer came.

Small as the dust, which whirlwinds toss,
[v] Their vaunted might I beat,
And swept them forth, as mire and dross
Is cast into the street.
Thus from the people's uproars freed,
I, through [w] Thy grace, became;
And now to be the Gentiles' head
By [w] Thee advanced am.

A nation shall my servants be,
[x] Which I have never known;
And, soon as they have heard of me,
[y] Shall my dominion own.
The strangers shall stand out no more,
But in their bulwarks [z] cower,
O! praise the living Lord therefore;
[a] Blest be my Rock and Tower!

Let God, my saving health, be praised,
By whom to pass it came,
That I above the people raised,
And thus avenged am.
Above all them that me oppose,
He doth exalt my throne,
And saveth me from all my foes,
And from the cruel one.

[b] Therefore, among the heathen throng,
Thy praise I will express ;
And to Thy name will raise my song,
In strains of thankfulness.
His King and His Anointed one
He gloriously hath freed,
And everlasting mercy shown
To David and his seed.

PSALM XIX.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

A celebration of God's glory, manifested in His works, and in the revelation of His Word.

The heavens the power of God display,
His glory by th' expanse is shown;
Day utters ceaseless speech to day,
And night to night makes wisdom known.

No human words, no living speech,
No voice articulate they send:
Yet through the world their lessons reach,
Their signs to earth's remotest end.

In them He pitch'd, apart from earth,
A bright pavilion for the sun,
Who goes in bridegroom splendour forth,
And joys his giant course to run.

Forth issuing He from heaven's wide bound,
To heaven's wide bound revolving speeds,
And still, throughout the ample round,
On all His genial radiance sheds.

Jehovah's law is perfect, pure,
And bids the sickly frame be whole;
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
And renders wise the simple soul.

Jehovah's statutes are all right,
And gladness to the heart supply;
Jehovah's ordinance is bright,
And lightens the dim-sighted eye.

Unsullied is Jehovah's fear,
And doth from age to age remain;
Jehovah's judgments are sincere,
On justice framed, and free from stain.

More precious they than golden ore,
Or gold from the refiner's flame;
And sweeter than the honied store,
Or from the comb [1] the honied stream.

[1] "The dropping of honey-combs."—Marginal translation.

By them Thy servant, Lord, is taught;
How great the bliss to walk therein!
But who can tell each [a] wandering thought?
O cleanse Thou me from secret sin!

And from presumption keep me clear,
That fain would sway my better sense;
So may I uncorrupt appear,
And guiltless of the great offence.

O may each word my lips recite,
Each thought within my bosom stored,
Still find acceptance in Thy sight,
My Rock, my Saviour, and my Lord!

PSALM XX.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1837.

A prayer of the people for God's protection of His anointed.

In the day of Thy distress,
May Jehovah hear thee!
In the hour when dangers press,
Jacob's God be near thee!

Send thee from His holy place
Timely aid, [a] and strengthening grace!

May thy prayers and offerings rise,
By thy God recorded!
[b] And be thy burnt sacrifice
Graciously rewarded!
Granted be thy heart's request,
All thy purposes be blest!

Thy success our hearts shall cheer;
We, with glad acclaim,
[c] Will on high our banners rear
In Jehovah's name.
Go beneath his guardian care;
And the Lord fulfil thy prayer!

[d] God, I know, will from on high
His anointed shield;
Strength with His right hand supply,
Guard him in the field.
Let them trust their vaunted force,
[e] Chariot, and marshall'd horse.

Be our trust His [f]Holy Name,
God, the Lord of might:
Their's shall be defeat and shame;
[g]We shall stand upright.
Save the king, O God Most High!
[h]Hear us, when to Thee we cry!

PSALM XXI.

ALTERED FROM BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

A Thanksgiving for success, the sequel of the preceding Psalm.

The King, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in Thy strength rejoice;
With Thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
To Heaven his cheerful voice.

For Thou hast with acceptance blest
The wishes of his heart;
Nor hast to him his lips' request
Refused to impart.

Thy goodness and Thy tender care
Have all his hopes outgone;
A crown of gold Thou mad'st him wear,
And set'st it firmly on.

He pray'd for life; and Thou, O Lord,
Didst his short span extend,
And graciously to him afford
A life that ne'er shall end.

Great is his fame, his glory great
In this Thy saving aid:
And majesty and royal state
Thou hast upon him laid.

Eternal blessings Thou bestow'st;
And mak'st his joys increase,
Whilst Thou to him unclouded shew'st
The brightness of Thy Face.

His trust to be in God alone,
Because the king hath proved,
Upheld by the Most High, His throne
Shall never be removed.

But, righteous Lord, Thy stubborn foes
Shall feel Thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those,
That hate Thy mild command.

The fierceness of Thy kindled ire,
In its avenging hour,
Shall like a glowing oven's fire
O'ertake them, and devour.

Nor yet shall Thy fierce anger cease;
Thou shalt destroy their fruit;
And from the sons of men their race
Shalt utterly uproot.

With evil thoughts against Thee bent,
They darkly laid their plot;
But, powerless in the bad intent,
Its end they compass'd not.

So shall they, by Thy vengeance scared,
Turn back and flee apace,
When on the string Thou hast prepared
Thy shafts against their face.

Thus be Thou still exalted, Lord,
In thine own matchless might!
So shall our songs Thy power record,
Thy praise be our delight.

PSALM XXII.

ALTERED FROM CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1765.

"A Psalm of David," under a description of his own sorrows, and his deliverance from them, prophetical of our Lord's Passion, and exaltation, and of the extension of His kingdom.

O my God, my God receive me!
Why am I no more Thy care?
Why dost Thou forsaken leave me,
Heedless of my anxious prayer?

Lord, Thou hearest not my crying,
All day long to Thee addrest,
And when in the night-watch, lying
On my bed, I find no rest.

But there is no diminution
Of Thy Holiness and Grace:
[3] Of Thy Throne no revolution,
O Thou praise of Israel's race!

Faithful were our sires, and steady
To the hope they built in Thee;
And Thy gracious hand was ready
To support and set them free.

By Thy strength their hand was aided,
When they call'd upon Thy name;
And of Thy good truth persuaded,
They were never put to shame.

But Thy servant is neglected,
Like a worm upon the ground;
Scarce a man; and disrespected
By the rabble throng around.

[3] "Thou sittest enthroned, Thou praise of Israel."—French and Skinner.

All, the wretch with mockery eyeing,
When they see me so bestead,
Thus, in their derision crying,
Shoot their lips and shake their head:

"On the Lord for help he waited;
Let the help attend his call,
If to God a wretch so hated
Be of any price at all."

But Thy love, which first embraced me
Soon as from the womb I sprung,
In Thine own protection placed me
When upon the breasts I hung.

I have walked by Thy direction
Ever since my natal hour;
Thou my God, and my protection,
From my mother's womb, Thy power.

Keep not, therefore, at a distance,
Now when trouble presses hard;
For I fail of all assistance,
If Thy love will not regard.

Near and nearer, to confound me,
Press the brutish multitude;
See, the raging bulls surround me,
Mighty bulls of Bashan's brood.

There, in crowds about me standing,
Open-mouth'd, behold, they throng;
As, its roaring jaws expanding,
Ramps the lion fierce and strong.

Weak, and, as to water turning,
All disjointed is my frame;
And my heart within me burning,
Melts like wax before the flame.

Like the shard the potter leaveth,
All my strength is shrunk and dry;
To my mouth my parch'd tongue cleaveth;
In the dust I soon shall lie.

See, for my destruction eager,
Troops of dogs against me press;
Men unholy me beleaguer,
Banded in their wickedness.

I can on my body, smarting
As my hands and feet they tear,
Count where every bone is starting;
Round they watch, and on me stare.

As a spoil my garments taken,
Into shares their bands divide;
For my vesture lots are shaken,
Their contention to decide.

But, O Lord God, be not distant;
Leave me not with woe to waste;
Lord, Thou art my strong assistant,
Swift to my deliv'rance haste!

From the deadly sword protected,
Let me know Thy saving power;
Save, O Lord, thine own elected
From the dogs, that would devour.

From the lion's mouth defend me,
E'er I am in sunder torn,
Thou, that didst Thy succour send me,
'Gainst the horned unicorn.

With my brethren still my story
Of Thy name shall be the praise;
I my voice will to Thy glory
'Midst the congregation raise.

Praise the Lord, all ye that fear Him;
Him exalt, His might record;
You of Jacob's seed revere Him;
Sons of Israel, fear the Lord!

Help to them of lowly station,
He disdains not to supply,
But regards their desolation,
And attends unto their cry.

When the holy throng assembling,
Crowd Thy house, my praise is Thine;
There my vows, in fear and trembling,
Lord, with theirs I will combine.

Food unto the humble-hearted
God abundantly will give;
Him they seek; His joy imparted
Bids their hearts for ever live.

All shall turn, and shall adore Him,
From the earth's extremest end;
Every heathen race, before Him
Prostrate, shall His will attend.

For Jehovah is enthroned
King of kings; His rightful sway
By all tongues and climes is own'd;
All the Sov'reign Lord obey.

Such as in the world have flourish'd,
Fat with every worldly good,
By His gracious bounty nourish'd,
Bless the hand that gives them food.

They, that to the dust are stricken,
Turn to Thee, Thy help to crave;
For none else their soul can quicken;
Man is impotent to save.

By my seed through time descending
Ever shall Thy will be done;
They shall be the Lord's; depending
On His love, and call'd His own.

These shall come, and shall His glory
Teach unto a future race,
Telling the stupendous story
Of the triumph of His Grace.

PSALM XXIII.

THOMAS STERNEHOLD, 1562.

An acknowledgment of God's protecting care.

My Shepherd is the living Lord,
No thing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert, and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most Holy Name.

Yea, [a] though I tread the vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

And, in the presence of my foes,
My table Thou shalt spread;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and Thou
Anointed hast my head.

Through all my life Thy favour is
So frankly shown to me,
That in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

PSALM XXIII.

2nd VERSION, ANONYMOUS. See Preface, p. 20.

GOD, my Shepherd and my Guide,
Will for all my wants provide;
He in pastures green will feed me,
And beside still waters lead me:
He my ransom'd soul will bless,
Turning it to righteousness;
And the path I ought to take
Teach me, for His dear Name's sake.

Yea, when earth itself at last
From my sight is fading fast;
When, with shadows dark o'erspread,
Death's lone valley I shall tread;
Yet no evil will I fear,
For Thou, Lord, wilt still be near;
With Thy rod and staff, wilt be
Present then to comfort me.

Thou, while foe-men closed me round,
Mad'st my table to abound;
Oil upon my head didst pour,
And didst make my cup run o'er;
Me, Thy goodness ever new,
And fresh mercies still pursue;
Therefore will I, all my days,
Seek Thy house, and sing Thy praise.

PSALM XXIV.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

Supposed to have been written upon the removal of the ark to Mount Sion : 2 Sam. vi. 11. 1 Chron. xv. 25. It is prophetical of our Lord's Ascension. See Psalms xlvii. and lxviii.

THE earth's the Lord's, with her increase,
The world and all her goods;
He founded it upon the seas,
And laid it on the floods.

What man is he, that shall have grace
To climb the hill of God?
Or, who shall in His holy place,
Obtain their free abode?

Sure, they whose hands are innocent,
[a] Whose hearts no stains defile,
Whose minds to folly are not bent,
[b] Whose oath is free from guile.

Such gain from God a blessed meed,
[c] From God their Saviour grace;
And such, O Jacob, are their seed,
Who truly seek Thy face.

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high,
Ye doors which last for aye,
The King of Glory passeth by;
Unclose, and give Him way!

Who is the King of Glory? tell,
O tell, who might He be?
The Lord who doth in strength excel,
That glorious King is He!

Ye gates aloft your arches heave;
Ye doors that have no end,
Unto the King of Glory give
Free passage to ascend.

Who is the King of Glory? say,
O say, who might He be?
The Lord of armies in array;
That glorious King is He!

PSALM XXV.

ALTERED FROM SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, 1586.

A Prayer to God for help in some affliction. The first of the seven Alphabetical Psalms[4].

To Thee, O Lord most just,
My inward soul I raise;
My God, in Thee I trust,
Let me not know disgrace.
Let not the foes, that me annoy,
On my distress build up their joy.

On those, who hope in Thee,
No shame shall e'er attend;
Let them confounded be,
That without cause offend.

[4] Namely, the 25th, 34th, 37th, 111th, 112th, 119th, and 145th; in which the initial letter of each of the twenty-two stanzas, or periods, or lines (as it may be), is a letter of the Hebrew alphabet, taken in its order from Aleph to Tau. The object probably was to assist the memory; these Psalms in general consisting rather of a number of unconnected devotional sentments, than of a continuous subject.

To me vouchsafe Thy ways to show,
Teach me, O Lord, what path to go!

O be Thy truth my guide;
For of my health Thou art
The God; and none beside
Salvation can impart.
Lord, I have trusted all the day
In Thee, who art my only stay.

O still, Eternal King!
Thy mercies call to mind;
To Thy remembrance bring
Thy love, so good and kind;
Those mercies, which have been of yore,
That love, which lasts for evermore.

But of my early age
The sins remember not;
O! from Thy memory's page
Its foul offences blot;

And still Thy grace to me afford,
E'en for Thy mercies' sake, O Lord!

The Lord such plenty hath
Of grace and righteousness,
That He with light the path
Of sinning men doth bless;
The meek He doth in judgment lead,
And teach the humble how to tread.

And what must ever be
The ways of this Great God?
E'en spotless verity,
And mercy, spread abroad,
To such as keep His covenant,
And on His word their surety plant.

O then, for Thy Name's sake,
On my iniquity,
Lord, do Thou pity take;
For it is great in me!

The man, that with Thy fear is fraught,
Shall be by the best Teacher taught.

His soul at ease shall live,
With peace and safety blest;
God to His seed will give
The earth to be possest;
For such He makes His secret know,
To such He doth His cov'nant show.

Mine eyes shall ever be
Upon Jehovah set;
For He my feet shall free
From the entangling net.
Turn, then, to me; in mercy turn;
For I am helpless and forlorn.

My woes are still increast;
Shield me from their assaults;
Look on me thus opprest,
And pardon all my faults.
Behold my foes, the throng how great,
Who hate me with a cruel hate!

My soul, which Thou did'st make,
Do Thou, O Lord, maintain,
And from this trouble take;
Lest it rebuke sustain.
O let me not confounded be,
For I have put my trust in Thee!

O! that mine innocence
And truth had power to save!
But Thou art my defence,
The only hope I have;
And do Thou all the griefs dispel,
Lord, of Thy chosen Israel!

PSALM XXVI.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

"David resorteth unto God, in confidence of his integrity."

JUDGE me, O Lord; for I the way
Of innocence have trod;
My footsteps falter not, nor stray,
Because I trust in God.

Try me, O Lord; my bosom prove,
[a] Search out my reins and heart;
Before mine eyes I set Thy love,
Nor from Thy truth depart.

With falsehood's sons I have not sat,
[b] Nor with dissemblers vain;
The assembly of the proud I hate,
Nor herd with godless men.

[c] I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round Thy Altar go,
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence;
And thence Thy wonders show.

Thy house is ever my delight,
Thy dwelling, O my God,
The place, where shrined in radiance bright,
Thy glory makes abode.

[d] With sinners ne'er confound my soul,
Still thirsting blood to spill,
Whose hands with dark designs are foul,
And bribes their right hands fill.

I walk in purity and truth;
Save, Lord, and pity me!
My foot securely stands, my mouth
Shall sing aloud of Thee.

PSALM XXVII.

ALTERED FROM C. F. AND E. C., 1838.

An expression of the Psalmist's confidence in God. Supposed to have been written in his old age.

JEHOVAH my light and salvation is near;
The Lord is my refuge; whom then shall I fear?
His strength is my life, and His glory my might,
Then who shall assail me, or what shall affright?

An host rose against me, but could not dismay;
And fierce foes beset me, but fallen are they;
Though war should encompass, and battle assail,
I will trust in the Lord, and my heart shall not fail.

One thing of the Lord I have made my request,
All the days of my life in his temple to rest,

And enraptured before Him, within His abode
To contemplate the glorious beauty of God.

The Lord in His dwelling shall hide me from harm,
As a rock shall He shield me, when dangers alarm;
All my foes round about me shall tremble and flee,
And my head high above them exalted shall be.

'Tis for this I will praise Thee, for this I will sing,
And the incense of joy to Jehovah will bring;
In the courts of Thy house will I gratefully raise
My hymns of thanksgiving, of triumph, and praise.

Then hear me, O Lord! and in mercy reply,
When Thy servant shall call, to his sorrowful cry!
Thou said'st, Seek My face; and my heart to Thy word
Said, Thy face will I seek, O my God and my Lord.

O God of Salvation, then turn not aside;
From Thy servant in anger Thy face do not hide;
When my father and mother as strangers shall prove,
God will guard His adopted, the child of His love.

Then lead me, O Lord, from Thy path lest I stray;
Because of mine enemies, teach me Thy way.
O give me not up to their cruel desire,
For false witnesses daily against me conspire.

Dark, dark are the paths of my pilgrimage here;
I had fallen and sunk, I had fainted for fear;
But I trusted to see, while all wearied I trod,
In the land of the living, the goodness of God.

O wait on the Lord; in Jehovah confide;
In patience the hour of His mercy abide;
And the Lord in due season shall comfort impart,
Uphold thy sad spirit, and strengthen thy heart.

PSALM XXVIII.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

A Prayer for deliverance from the wicked.

My God, my Rock, regard my cry!
Lest I unheard, like those that die,
In shades of dark oblivion lie.

To my ascending grief give ear,
When I my hands devoutly rear
Before Thy Mercy-seat with fear.

With wicked men mix not my fate,
Nor [5] drag me with the reprobate,
Who speak of peace, but foster hate.

Such as their work, their dire intent,
And practices to circumvent,
[a] Such be their dreadful punishment!

[b] Since they will not His works adore,
Them shall their God with Judgment sore
Pull down, and build them up no more.

He hears! His Name be magnified!
[c] My Shield and Strength, who help supplied,
Because my hope on Him relied.

[d] He hears; to Him the song I'll raise,
And Him my God, in holy lays,
The strength of His anointed, praise.

[5] As it were in the same net.—French and Skinner.

O Thou, my strong deliverance!
Thy people, Thine inheritance,
Bless, feed, preserve, and still advance!

PSALM XXIX.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

Supposed to have been written after some extraordinary storm of thunder, called the "Voice of God." See Jer. x. 13.

YOUR worship, O ye mighty pay;
Jehovah's strength proclaim;
Adore ye, [6]in the bright array
Of holiness, His Name.

The Lord commandeth with His voice
The seas and [bc]water-flood;
And, when the thunder makes a noise,
It is the voice of God.

[6] "In holy ornaments."—French and Skinner, see Psalm cx. 3.

With power the God of Glory speaks,
And awful are His words;
His voice the strongest cedars breaks,
That Libanus affords.

[c] E'en Libanus and Sirion, torn
And startled with the sound,
Like the young calf or unicorn,
He makes in fear to bound.

God's voice between the flames doth fly,
God's voice the desert shakes,
God's voice doth Kadesh terrify,
The hind it calfless makes:

Yea, with His voice the thickest grove
To plainest view He lays;
And in His temple these things move
All tongues to sing His praise.

[d] The Lord doth likewise o'er the flood
An endless rule possess,
And blesseth all the folk of God
With fortitude and peace.

PSALM XXX.

HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, 1651.

"A Psalm or Song at the dedication of the house of David."
See Deut. xx. 5.

O Lord, I Thee will magnify,
For Thou hast lifted me on high,
[a] And hast not suffer'd my foe
To triumph in my overthrow.
O Lord my God, I cried to Thee,
Who hast in mercy healed me;
My soul Thou broughtest from the grave,
And from the pit of hell didst save.

O all ye saints, your voices raise
To sing your Maker's endless praise;
Remember still with thanks to bless,
And magnify His holiness:
[b] His wrath lasts but a moment's space,
But life is in His quickening Grace;
Our weeping may endure a night,
But joy comes with the morning light.

In my prosperity I said,
[c] So firm is my foundation laid,
I shall not from my place remove,
But stand, supported by Thy love.
No change of times, or fortune's hate,
Can overthrow my happy state,
[d] For Thou hast made my hill so strong,
I shall on earth continue long.

Yet, whilst exalted in my thought,
I was to sudden ruin brought:
And soon as Thou didst hide Thy face,
[e] Joy fled, and trouble came apace.
Then unto Thee, O Lord, did I
With humble supplication cry;
I did to God my plaint address,
Thus pouring forth my heaviness:

O Thou Most Glorious, Most Good!
What profit is there in my blood?
What triumph canst Thou gain by it,
When I go down into the pit?

Shall silent dust, or darkness have
A tongue to praise Thee in the grave?
[f] Or those Thy faithfulness declare
Who in the earth enclosed are?

O Lord, Thine ear of mercy lend,
And from Thy dwelling succour send!
For Thou the cause, for which I mourn'd,
Hast into songs and dances turn'd;
[g] Hast cast my weeds of sackcloth by,
And clothed me with robes of joy;
That I Thy praises might renew,
To whom [h] unceasing thanks are due.

PSALM XXXI.

ALTERED FROM BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

Supposed to have been written, when Saul pursued David, after his escape from Keilah, 1 Sam. xxiii. 13. It consists alternately of Prayer under distress, and of Thanksgiving for deliverance.

DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in Thee;
As just and righteous is Thy Name,
From danger set me free!

O Lord, bow down Thine ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do Thou my stedfast Rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

For when my foes oppress,
Thou art my Rock and Tower;
Then lead me forth from this distress,
And guide me by Thy power.

O pluck me from the snare,
Which they have closely laid;
Since I, O God my strength, repair
To Thee alone for aid.

O righteous Lord, to Thee
My spirit I commit,
Thou God of truth; for Thou art He
That has redeemed it.

The worshippers I hate
Of lying vanities;
My confidence in every state
On God alone relies.

Those mercies Thou hast shown,
With joy I will express;
For Thou hast seen my straits, and known
My soul in its distress.

And when the treacherous race
Enclosed me in their hand,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space,
And bad'st me fearless stand.

Thy mercy, Lord, display,
And hear my just complaint;
My failing eyes with grief decay,
Yea, soul and flesh are faint.

Sad thoughts my life oppress,
My years are spent in groans,
My sin hath made my strength decrease,
And e'en consumed my bones.

My foes my sufferings mock'd,
My neighbours did upbraid;
My friends at sight of me were shock'd,
And fled away dismay'd.

Forgotten, as one dead,
And out of mind am I;
And, like the potter's worthless shred,
Cast forth and crush'd I lie.

For sland'rous words they spoke;
And all around was dread,
While they together counsel took
My guiltless blood to shed.

But still my stedfast trust
On Thee, O Lord, abode:
I knew that Thou wast good and just,
I said, Thou art my God.

Whatever me betide,
Thy wisdom times it all;
Then, from my foes Thy servant hide,
From those that seek his fall!

Lord, let Thy cheering face
In light upon me break;
And save Thy servant with Thy grace,
For Thy great mercy's sake.

Me from dishonour save,
For I have call'd on Thee;
But shamed and silenced in the grave
Let all the wicked be.

Do Thou, O Lord, restrain
The false, injurious tongue,
Which, with despite and proud disdain,
The righteous man doth wrong.

How great Thy mercies are
To such as fear Thy might!
What love for them dost Thou prepare
Here in our mortal sight!

Thy presence shall prevent
The bold oppressor's pride;
Securely them Thy sheltering tent
From striving tongues shall hide.

With glory and renown,
God's name be ever blest,
Whose love, within that well-fenced town,
Was wond'rously exprest!

For when I said, in haste,
"I'm banish'd from Thine eyes,"
My prayer away Thou didst not cast,
But heardst my earnest cries.

O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love regard,
Who doth the just man help afford,
The proud man his reward.

Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed!
For He will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

ALTERED FROM JOSEPH COTTLE, 1805.

The second of the seven Penitential Psalms; under contrition for sin, and a sense of God's pardoning grace.

How blest, whose sin hath been forgiven!
How blest, to whom the Lord of Heaven
Imputeth not iniquity;
The soul, that from all guile is free!

For while my tongue in silence lay,
My fretting bones consumed away;
And the accusing voice within
Moan'd all day long with conscious sin.

The pressure of Thy heavy hand,
Like summer's drought upon the land,
Upon me day and night remain'd,
And all my vital moisture drain'd.

My guilt, O Lord, I own'd to Thee,
Nor hid my deep iniquity;
I said, I will my sin confess,
And Thou forgav'st its wickedness.

For this each godly man shall pour
His prayer, in Thine accepted hour:
When the great water-floods roll high,
They may not unto him come nigh.

Thou art alone my hiding-place;
Thou shalt preserve me by Thy grace,
And compass me, from trouble free,
About with songs of liberty.

I will My faithful servant show
The way in which his feet should go;

Teach thee the better path to try,
And guide thee in it with Mine eye.

Be ye not like the horse or mule,
Which understand not reason's rule,
And need the curbing bit and rein,
Their rebel fury to restrain.

The sinner's sorrow hath no cure;
Full many cares shall he endure;
But he whose trust to God is bound,
Mercy shall compass him around.

Ye righteous, raise on high your voice,
And gladly in the Lord rejoice;
Ye upright, to Jehovah raise
The exultant song, the shout of praise.

PSALM XXXIII.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

The praise of God, for His goodness in the creation of the world, and the various dispensations of His Providence.

CHAUNT, ye just, the Great Creator;
Praises well the upright suit,
Joyful hymn the God of Nature,
Strike the harp, and ten-string'd lute.
Sing new songs His praise revealing,
Loud and well the [a] tabret smite;
[b] Faithful is Jehovah's dealing,
All Jehovah's words are right.

See Him, firm in justice seated,
Through the earth His love display;
By His word was Heaven created,
By His Spirit Heaven's array.

He, the swelling billows ruling,
Piles aloft the wat'ry heap;
And within His stores controlling
Treasures up the ocean-deep.

Be His fear by earth attested!
All its tribes revere their God!
For He spake, and it existed,
He commanded, and it stood.
God the heathen's counsel blasteth,
Makes the thoughts of nations vain:
God's decree for ever lasteth,
Evermore His thoughts remain.

Blest Jehovah's chosen nation!
Blest the people of His grace!
From His holy habitation
All He marks of human race.
He from Heaven, in glory seated,
All the tribes of earth surveys;
He, who all their hearts created,
He of all discerns the ways.

[c] Not the king his hosts' defiance,
Not his strength secures the brave;
[d] Put not in the horse reliance;
Weak his force his lord to save.
Lo, Jehovah's voice is over
Those who fear Him, those who trust;
Them in time of dearth to cover,
Heal, and raise them from the dust.

[e] Thus we wait in expectation,
Till the Lord His help dispense;
He, the strength of our salvation,
He, our buckler and defence.
On His Name our hopes are planted,
Glad in Him our hearts shall be:
Be to us Thy mercy granted,
As we trust, O Lord, in Thee!

PSALM XXXIV.

ALTERED FROM GEORGE SANDYS, 1676.

"A Psalm of David, when he changed his behaviour (feigned himself mad) before Abimelech (or Achish king of Gath); who drove him away, and he departed." See 1 Sam. xxi. 10, &c. The 2nd of the seven Alphabetical Psalms.

THE Lord I will for ever bless,
My tongue His praises shall confess,
In Him my soul shall boast;
The meek shall hear thereof, and joy;
His Name with me O magnify,
Extol the Lord of Hosts.

My prayers ascending reach'd His ear,
Who rescued me from all my fear;
And they who God respect,
Who look to Him, and on Him call,
No darkness shall upon them fall,
No shame shall them infect.

This wretch, in his adversity
When he unto his God did cry,
Protecting mercy found:
The angels of Jehovah those
Who fear Him with their tents inclose,
By strength encompass'd round.

Our God is good; O taste, and prove
How blest is he who trusts His love!
Ye saints revere Him still;
For they that fear Him have no lack;
Though hunger the young lions rack,
His goodness them shall fill.

Come children, with attention hear!
I will instruct you in His fear;
What man delights in life?
Seeks to live happily and long?
From evil guard Thy wary tongue,
Thy lips from fraud and strife.

Do good, and wicked deeds eschew,
Seek sacred peace, her steps pursue;
God's eyes the just survey.

Their cries His open ear attends;
But on the bad His wrath descends,
And roots their name away.

He hears the righteous when they cry,
And saves them in adversity:
Is nigh the broken heart,
And contrite souls which in Him trust.
Though many woes afflict the just,
In all God takes his part.

He keepeth all his bones entire;
But slays the wicked, in His ire,
Who still the righteous hate.
God's servants shall redemption find;
And none, whose trust on Him reclined,
Shall e'er be desolate.

PSALM XXXV.

ALTERED FROM JOHN HOPKINS, 1562.

" A Psalm of David," asking for God's assistance against the persecution of his enemies. It is prophetical of Christ's passion.

LORD, plead my cause against my foes,
Confound their force and might;
And take my part against all those
That seek with me to fight.

Lay hold upon the spear and shield,
Thyself in armour dress;
Stand up with me to fight the field,
And help me from distress.

Gird on Thy sword, and stop the way,
My enemies withstand;
And to my failing spirit say,
I am thy help at hand.

Confound them with rebuke and blame,
That seek my soul to kill;
Let them turn back, and flee with shame,
That think to work me ill.

And, as the chaff dispersed abroad
Before the wind is driven,
Them let the angel of the Lord
Chase with the blasts of Heaven.

So, in their ways devoid of light
And slippery, let them fall;
So let Thy angel, with Thy might,
Rout and disperse them all.

For why? without a cause have they,
In secret spread their net,
And a deep pit in my path-way,
To take my soul, have set.

Let sudden ruin unawares,
O Lord, destroy them all;
O let them, caught in their own snares,
By their own mischief fall!

Then in the Lord my ransom'd soul
Its gladness shall proclaim,
And made by His salvation whole,
With joy exalt His Name.

Then all my bones shall speak, and cry
Within me,—Who is He,
Thou God of gods, that is so high
As Thou, or like to Thee?

For Thou defendest the opprest
From those that are too strong;
And ridd'st the poor and the distrest,
From such as do them wrong.

My cruel foes against me rise
To witness things untrue;
And, to accuse me, they devise
The things I never knew.

Where I to them did show good-will,
They quit me with disdain;
That they repay my good with ill,
My spirit doth complain.

And yet, when sickness them opprest,
In sackcloth clad I mourn'd;
I fasted; and to mine own breast
My prayer hath back return'd.

I grieved for them, as men bemoan
A brother or a friend;
With heaviness I bow'd, as one
That mourns his mother's end.

But when misfortunes me beset,
They join'd against my peace;
Yea, e'en the very abjects met,
To mock, and did not cease.

And, in their feasts, the flattering train,
That all good things deride,
At me still point their jests profane,
Still gnash their teeth with pride.

Lord, when wilt Thou for me appear?
How long, Lord, dost thou pause?
O rid my soul! my treasure dear,
Save from the lion's jaws!

Where crowds unto Thy temple throng,
My grateful voice I'll raise;
And still Thy peopled tribes among
Be showing forth Thy praise.

O let not then mine enemies
Thus wrongfully exult,
Nor o'er me, winking with their eyes,
With causeless hate insult!

Their talk is not of peace; they lay
Their snares; with words untrue
They take their counsel to betray
All those that peace pursue.

There, gaping in their scorn at me,
With open mouth they stand;
Ha! say they, Ha! our eye doth see
The thing that we demand.

But, Lord, Thou seest the ways they take,
And what they do intend;
Be not far off, nor me forsake!
Thine help unto me send!

Awake, arise, and stir abroad,
Defend me in my right!
Avenge my cause, O Lord my God,
And aid me with Thy might!

According to Thy righteousness,
O Lord God, set me free,
And let them not their pride express,
Nor triumph over me!

Let not their hearts rejoice, and say,
Ah! we would have it so;
Nor cry,—we have secured our prey,
And swallowed up the foe.

Let them be shamed, who are glad
When they my trouble see;
And let them with rebuke be clad,
That boast with scorn at me.

But let them heartily rejoice,
That love my upright way;
Yea, let them all, with heart and voice
Still praise the Lord, and say:

Great is the Lord, and doth excel;
And He doth much delight
To see His servants prosper well;
'Tis pleasant in His sight.

Wherefore I will apply my tongue
Thy righteousness to praise,
And unto Thee will all day long
My song of triumph raise.

PSALM XXXVI.

ALTERED FROM SIR PHILIP SYDNEY (1586).

The impiety and corruption of the wicked, and the infinite mercy of God.

METHINKS within my heart I hear,
What guilty wickedness doth say;
That in his eyes there is no fear
Of God: thus doth he go astray;
And his own eyes his flatterers are,
Till his dark sin itself display.

He talks but of iniquity,
And guile; and wisdom doth forget;
The way of mercy doth he flee;
No evil is with loathing met;
A-bed on mischief museth he,
Abroad his steps on wrong are set.

Lord, how the heavens Thy mercy fills!
Thy truth doth reach above the sky;
Thy righteousness o'ertops the hills;
Like the great deep Thy judgments lie:
And man and beast alike from ills
Are safe beneath Thy guardian eye.

O Lord, how excellent a thing
Thy mercy is, which makes mankind
Trust in the shadow of Thy wing:
They in Thy house shall fatness find,
And drink from out Thy blissful spring,
Of pleasures past the reach of mind.

For why?—The Well of Life Thou art,
And in Thy light we shall see light;

O then extend Thy loving heart
To them that know Thee, and Thy might;
O then Thy righteousness impart
To them that are in soul upright!

Let not the feet of pride enthrall,
Let not ill hands discomfit me!
For, even now, behold they fall;
The evil-doers there I see
Cast down to earth; and never shall
Their strength again uplifted be.

PSALM XXXVII.

ALTERED FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

The different state of the godly and of the wicked variously described. The third of the seven Alphabetical Psalms.

Why should'st thou vex thy soul, and fret
To see th' ungodly rise;
Or envy sinners waxing great
In their iniquities?

As the green herb is early mown ;
 As withereth the grass ;
So soon the wicked are cut down,
 So doth their glory pass.

Then make the Lord thy God thy trust,
 And practise all that's good ;
So shalt thou dwell among the just,
 And He'll provide thee food.

Unto the Lord thy ways commit,
 And cheerful wait His will ;
His hand will guide thy doubtful feet,
 And thy desire fulfil.

Thine innocence He shall display,
 And make Thy judgment known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
 And glorious as the noon.

Rest in the Lord, and wait His will ;
 Nor let your anger rise,
Though wicked men, succeeding still,
 Work out their dark device.

Cease, cease from wrath, and mark their fate;
Destruction will be theirs,
While those that on Jehovah wait,
Of earth shall be the heirs.

For yet a little while, and lo!
The wicked shall not be:
When thou unto his place shalt go
To seek him; where is he?

The lowly shall the earth possess,
And be the heirs of heaven;
The solace of abundant peace
To humble souls be given.

Though sinners join, and gnash their teeth
The righteous to defy;
The Lord derides them, for He seeth
Their day of vengeance nigh.

They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the poor that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

But, broken by Jehovah's hand,
Their bows asunder start;
Their swords, turn'd back by His command,
Pierce through their own proud heart.

The meanest portion of the just
Exceeds the sinner's gold:
God, who casts down the sinner's boast,
The righteous doth uphold.

He knows and counts their length of days;
By Him in time of ill
Maintain'd, they shall not know disgrace,
In dearth shall have their fill.

The wicked shall away consume;
And they that God provoke,
Shall as the fat of lambs become,
And be dissolved in smoke.

The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

They, whom the Lord our God hath blest,
Of earth shall be the heirs;
But all, on whom His curse doth rest,
Destruction shall be theirs.

My God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by Thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again;
Thy hand supports them still.

Young I have been, and old am grown,
Yet ne'er abandoned
Saw I the righteous, or have known
His seed to beg their bread.

His alms with liberal heart he gives
Among the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

Depart from evil, and do right;
Long life shall be thy lot:
For He, whom judgment doth delight,
His saints forsaketh not.

The seed of sinners, by His hand
Uprooted, shall not thrive;
The righteous shall possess the land,
And there for ever live.

How good the words of wisdom are,
Their mouth shall tell abroad;
Their ready tongue to men declare
The judgments of their God.

The statutes of the Living Lord
Deep in their heart abide;
Led by that Everlasting Word,
Their feet shall never slide.

Although the wicked take their stand,
The righteous man to slay;
God will not leave him in their hand,
Nor cast his cause away.

Wait on the Lord, His precepts keep,
And thine the land shall be;
When ruin over them shall sweep,
Thine eyes their end shall see.

The haughty sinner I have seen,
Who, in his power and pride,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Was spreading far and wide.

And yet at once away he past,
For lo! when there around,
Again my searching eyes I cast,
He was not to be found.

But mark the man of righteousness,
His blameless steps attend;
Prosperity his life shall bless,
And peaceful be his end.

Away together shall be cast
The whole rebellious band;
The godless shall be all at last
Uprooted from the land:

But the salvation of the just,
Their help 'gainst every snare,
Is of the Lord; in Him they trust,
Their weal will be His care.

PSALM XXXVIII.

ALTERED FROM E. FARR, 1836.

The third of the seven Penitential Psalms; under mental anguish and bodily disease.

LORD, in Thy wrath reprove me not,
Thy fiercest ire control;
While Thy displeasure still is hot,
Chide not my sinful soul!

Thine arrows in me yet remain,
Fixt deep in every part;
Thy heavy hand weighs down with pain
My over-burden'd heart.

Bruised by the wrath I feel within,
My flesh is all unsound;
Because of my condemning sin,
No rest my bones have found.

For mine offences o'er me roll,
And sink me to despair;
They are a burden to my soul,
Too heavy, Lord, to bear.

My wounds, of mine own sin the end,
Corrupt and noisome grow;
Beneath my load of grief I bend,
And all day mourning go.

Spread through my loins, the loathsome sore
Extends to every part;
For very agony I roar,
Disquieted in heart.

But, Lord, Thine ever-watchful eye
All my desire doth see;
And not a groan, and not a sigh,
Is ever hid from Thee.

My panting heart with anguish heaves,
My wonted powers decay;
My darken'd eyes their lustre leaves,
And failing fades away.

Aloof each lover and each friend,
My rankling sore surveys;
No kinsmen on my grief attend;
They stand afar, and gaze.

They, that would make my life their prey,
Still to ensnare me seek;
And bent on mischief all the day,
Against me falsely speak.

But, as one deaf, I turn'd no ear;
I answer'd not their scorn,
Still mute, as he that cannot hear,
And was to silence born.

For, Lord, on Thee my hopes remain
Amid this misery;
And Thou wilt hear, when I complain,
And Thou wilt answer me.

Hear me, I said; lest in their pride
They o'er me should rejoice,
For when they see my footsteps slide,
They lift th' exulting voice.

I faint, the woes that bow me down
Before mine eyes I see;
For I will ever sorrowing own
My great iniquity.

But still mine enemies survive,
O Lord, and they are strong;
And still they multiply and thrive,
Whose hatred does me wrong.

They render evil for my good,
And thus my love requite;
Because I tread the ways of God,
And follow what is right.

Forsake me not, my God, my Lord;
Nor stand so far apart;
Haste, and Thy timely aid afford,
For Thou my Saviour art!

PSALM XXXIX.

ALTERED FROM C. F. AND E. C., 1838.

The Psalmist, in his affliction, strives to forbear the expression of impatience in the presence of the wicked. He consoles himself by considering the vanity of worldly things.

I WILL of my ways be heedful,
That I sin not with my tongue;
For my mouth a curb is needful,
While the wicked round me throng.

Thus I said; and dumb remained,
From my lips no sound was heard;
From good words I e'en refrained,
But my inmost soul was stirr'd.

Long my heart was in me burning,
E'er the smother'd flame out-brake,
And, th' enkindled words returning,
Thus impatiently I spake:

Teach me, Lord, the number meting
Of my days, how brief it is;
Make me see and know how fleeting,
Vain and sad a life is this.

Life a span is at the longest;
Mine is nothing, Lord, to Thee;
In his best estate and strongest,
Man is only vanity.

Yea, he fleeting past us goeth,
In a shadow brief and vain,
Heaping riches; but none knoweth,
Who shall gather them again.

And where, Lord, is my reliance?
All my hope is fixt on Thee.
From my sin, and the defiance
Of the foolish save Thou me!

I, because it was Thy pleasure,
Murmur'd not, nor silence broke:
Yet remove Thy plague! o'er measure
Grievous is Thy heavy stroke.

Soon as man's neglected duty
Thou to punish dost decree,
But a moth-worn robe his beauty,
And but vanity is he.

See my tears, regard my danger;
Be not deaf unto my prayer;
For a sojourner and stranger
Am I, as my fathers were.

Spare me, yet a little spare me,
To recover strength, before
Thy dread summons hence shall bear me,
To be seen on earth no more!

PSALM XXXIX.

2nd VERSION, [1] ANONYMOUS, 1846.

FROM all offence, I said, and wrong
I will take heed to guard my tongue,
A bridle on my mouth I'll lay
While in my sight th' ungodly stay.

[1] See Preface, p. 20.

With such resolve my peace I held,
My lips to silence I compell'd;
Yea, though it cost me grief and pain,
E'en from good words I did refrain.

While thus I mused, the fire, suppressed
Long time within my labouring breast,
Kindling at last resistless broke,
And, as the spirit moved, I spoke.

Lord, let me know mine end, I said;
And, since my days are numbered,
Tell me their sum, and make me sure,
How long my life may yet endure.

Behold, my days are but a span;
And verily the age of man,
Is nothing in respect of Thee,
But altogether vanity.

Man walketh in a shadow vain,
Vexing himself with fruitless pain:
He heaps up riches, nor the while,
Knows who shall use the hoarded pile.

And now my hope, what is it, Lord?
On Thee it rests, and Thy sure word;
Keep me from all transgressions free;
The scoff of fools I would not be.

In mute submission,—for 'tis Thou
Who chastenest me,—I humbly bow;
Yet O, if such Thy will, my God,
Take from me Thy consuming rod!

When with rebukes, Thou dost chastise
Proud man, for his iniquities;
Thou mak'st his beauty to decay,
Like garment to the moth a prey.

Thus every man, whate'er his state,
Or rich or poor, or mean or great,
Yea, every man, whoe'er he be,
Is altogether vanity.

Hear, Lord, my prayer; in pity hear;
And to my cry bow down Thine ear;
O keep not silence when I call,
Nor let my tears unheeded fall!

Some space to serve Thee here accord;
I am a stranger with Thee, Lord,
A sojourner on life's brief scene,
As all my sires before have been.

Then spare me, for a little spare;
That my lost strength I may repair,
To walk with Thee e'er hence I go,
And be no longer seen below.

PSALM XL.

ALTERED FROM JAMES MERRICK, 1765.

An acknowledgment of God's deliverance, and Prayer for future blessings, prophetical of our Lord's obedience. Heb. x. 5.

With patience I myself resign'd
To God, and He His ear inclin'd,
And heard me when I cried;
He from the dark and miry pit,
High on a rock has raised my feet,
Nor fear my steps to slide.

His praise inspires my grateful tongue,
And dictates to my lips a song,
In strains unheard before.
Admiring crowds His work shall see,
Their strength on Him repose with me,
With me His Name adore.

Blest, who in Thee, Great God, confide;
Nor madly trust the arm of pride,
And words that but betray!
Thy mercies, Lord, my praise surmount,
No numbers can their sum recount,
No tongue their worth display.

Thou didst not sacrifice desire,
Nor offerings consumed with fire
To Thee, O Lord, were dear;
But Thy mysterious decree,
[1] A body hath prepared for me,
And ope'd my willing ear.

[1] See the Septuagint translation, and Heb. x. 5.

With Thee the blood of victims slain,
And hallowed gifts are all in vain;
 But in the Book of Doom
'Twas writ, that I should do Thy will:
Thy bidding therefore to fulfil,
 I come, my God, I come.

Thy law lies deep within my heart;
I will to multitudes impart
 That Will, whereon I rest;
My lips, Thou know'st, I have not seal'd;
Nor have Thy righteousness conceal'd,
 Retired within my breast.

The truth, the love, that I have known,
To all the full assembly shown,
 I have at large display'd.
Still let that truth dispel my woe;
That love, O Lord, around me throw
 Its all-protecting shade!

For griefs on griefs enclose me round;
With looks bent down unto the ground,

Beneath the weight I quail
Of sins on sins, unnumbered
As are the hairs upon my head:
For this my heart doth fail.

[2] Haste to Thy servant's rescue, haste!
My soul is to destruction chased,
But Thou wilt help me still.
In wild confusion backward borne,
Their wish defeated let them mourn,
Who seek to work me ill.

Be shame their just reward assign'd,
Who round me, with relentless mind,
Aha! in scorn have cried.
Thy bliss let all who seek Thee share,
And thus Thy love aloud declare;
"The Lord be magnified!"

Though I am poor, and lowly laid,
He still vouchsafes to be my aid;

[2] From hence to the conclusion, this Psalm is identical with the seventieth.

I am not yet forgot.
My Helper and Deliverer, speed
To save me at my utmost need!
Jehovah, tarry not!

PSALM XLI.

ALTERED FROM CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1765.

An expression of confidence in God, under persecution; prophetical of our Lord. St. John xiii. 18.

The bounteous man is blest,
Who feels for want and woe;
The Lord shall on him when distrest
His timely aid bestow.

By God preserved from ill,
Long blessed shall he live;
For to his adversary's will
His life Thou wilt not give.

And him the Lord will sooth,
When pain his patience tries;
Thou wilt his bed of sickness smooth,
As languishing he lies.

In mercy with me deal,
Thou Gracious God! I said;
Again my wounded spirit heal,
For I from Thee have stray'd.

Mine enemies belie
With evil words my fame;
"When," say they fiercely, "will he die,
With his despised name?"

If they to me repair,
Their words are guile; they load
Their heart with wickedness, and bear
The falsehood forth abroad.

My foes together swarm,
And whispering at me rail;
And thus their evil wish they form,
Thus forge their slanderous tale:

"The doom of guilty pain
Cleaves to him as he lies;
And, now cast down, to life again
He shall no more arise."

Yea, he who shar'd my meal,
On whom my soul relied,
My nearest friend has raised his heel,
To spurn me in his pride.

But let their rage excite
Thy mercy, Lord, the more;
And, that I may their hate requite,
My strength in love restore!

By this I rest assured,
Thy favour I have got,
That o'er me, from his wiles secured,
My foe rejoiceth not.

For me; that I am whole,
Is of Thy bounteous grace;
And Thou at last wilt take my soul
To dwell before Thy face.

Be this,—that Israel's Lord,
From everlasting blest,
To everlasting is adored,—
With loud Amens confest.

PSALM XLII.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1837.

When the Psalmist was in exile (probably during the rebellion of Absalom) and prevented from attending the public worship of the house of God.

[a] As pants the thirsting hart to reach the distant water-brook,
So longs my weary soul, O God, upon Thy face to look;
For God I thirst, I thirst for Him, the source of life and joy;
O when among [b] His saints again shall praise my tongue employ?
But here [c] my gushing tears have been my food by night and day,

While "Where is now Thy God?" I hear the taunting heathen say.

[d] I think upon the days, and mourn the holy seasons fled,

When to the House of God with songs the joyous train I led.

Yet why dejected, O my soul? why faint beneath the rod?

Hope on; for I shall praise Him still, my Helper and my God.

But, O my God, the thought of Thee with grief my bosom fills;

[e] Hear, when I call from Jordan's land, and Hermon's pleasant hills!

Around the [f] bursting waters roar, and [g] deep to deep replies,

But [h] darker waters whelm my soul, and floods of trouble rise.

[i] Yet in Thy loving-kindness blest, my days shall pass along;

At night my prayers shall rise to Thee, Thy praise shall be my song;

And I will say, O God my Rock, why hast Thou cast me off,

[k] To groan beneath th' oppressor's hand, and bear
the tyrant's scoff?
Keen as a sword the cruel taunt, repeated day by
day,
"Where is the God he trusted in?" my foes insult-
ing say.
Yet why art Thou cast down, my soul? why faint
beneath the rod!
Hope on; for I shall praise Him still, my Helper
and my God.

PSALM XLIII.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1837.

A continuation of the preceding Psalm.

[a] JUDGE Thou, and plead my cause, O God, against
a godless race;
O save me from a treacherous foe, unprincipled
and base!

For Thou my strength and fortress art; why hast
Thou cast me off,
[b] To groan beneath the oppressor's hand, and bear
the tyrant's scoff?
Send forth Thy light and truth, O Lord; to point
and guide my road,
To lead me to Thy holy mount, e'en to Thy blest
abode.
Then at Thy altar, O my God, my harp and voice
shall raise
To Thee, the Author of my joy, triumphant hymns
of praise.
Then why art thou cast down, my soul; why faint
beneath the rod?
Hope on; for I shall praise Him still, my Saviour
and my God.

PSALM XLIV.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, 1586.

Probably written at the time of some great national affliction.

LORD, our Father's true relation,
[a] Often told, hath made us know
How Thy power, on each occasion,
Thou of old for them didst show;
How Thy hand, the Pagan foe
Rooting hence, Thy folk implanting,
Leafless made that branch to grow,
This to spring, no verdure wanting[3].

Never could their sword procure them
Conquest of the promised land;
Never could their force assure them,
When they did in danger stand;

[3] "Thou didst destroy the heathen, but them Thou causedst to spread abroad."—French and Skinner's translation.

No; it was Thine arm, Thine hand;
No; it was Thy favour's treasure
Spent upon Thy loved band;
Loved why?—for Thy wise pleasure.

Unto Thee I stand subjected,
I that did of Jacob spring;
Bid then, that I be protected,
Thou that art my God, my King!
[b] By the succour Thou wilt bring,
We our foemen us assailing
Down shall tread, and back shall fling,
In Thy Name confus'd and quailing.

But my trust [c] has not abided
On my own though strongest bow;
[d] Hath not in my sword confided,
Nor from it shall safety flow:
Thou, O God, from every foe
Didst us shield, our haters shaming:
Thence Thy daily praise we show,
Still Thy Name with honour naming.

But aloof Thou now dost hover,
Grieving us with all disgrace,
Hast resign'd and given over
[e] In our host the captain's place;
Back we turn that turned face,
Flying them that erst we foiled;
See our goods, O changed case!
Spoil'd by them that late we spoiled.

[f] Here, as sheep to be devoured,
Helpless we are left alone,
Midst the heathen lands outpoured,
Sold to dwell with lords unknown;
Told for us is silver none,
Us Thine own; by Thee so prized,
As for nought to be foregone;
Graceless, worthless, vile, despised.

[g] Thou to them that dwell about us
Makest us the mark of scorn;
All our neighbours mock and flout us,
Left by Thee in shame forlorn;

Proverb-like, our names are worn,
By the heathen them degrading;—
O! what bye-words are forborne,
Shaken heads, and dumb upbraiding?

So rebuke before me goeth,
[h] Wheresoe'er I daily go;
So confusion on me groweth,
That my face I blush to show;
By reviling, sland'rous foe,
Inly wounded thus I languish,
[i] While the proud avenger so
Anguish adds to inward anguish.

All, this all on us hath lighted,
Yet to Thee our love doth last;
As we were, we are delighted
Still to hold Thy cov'nant fast;
Unto none our hearts have past,
Unto none [j] our footstep slideth,
Though to noisome dragons cast,
Us the deadly shadow hideth.

If our God we had forsaken,
Or forgot what He assign'd;
If ourselves we had betaken
Gods to serve of other kind;
Should not He our doubling find,
Though conceal'd, and closely lurking?
Since His eye of deepest mind
[k] Searcheth out the deepest working.

Surely, Lord, this daily murther,
For Thy sake we thus sustain;
For Thy sake esteem'd no further,
Than as sheep that must be slain.
Up, O Lord, up once again!
[l] God of might, awake from sleeping!
Why dost Thou forget our pain?
[m] Why thus hide Thee from our weeping?

[n] Bow'd with shame our spirit grieveth,
Prostrate it on dust doth lie;
[o] To the earth our body cleaveth,
Nothing can the clasp untie.

Rise, O God, and help supply!
O in mercy so esteem us,
That we may Thy mercy try;
Mercy may from thrall redeem us.

PSALM XLV.

ALTERED FROM WILLIAM BARTON, 1644.

"A Song of Loves," probably a nuptial hymn, on the marriage of Solomon; typifying the divine union betwixt Christ and His Church.—Rev. xix. 7.

Good words my heart would bring
To praise th' Anointed King;
That praise to men my tongue, than pen
Of scribe more prompt, would sing.

Fairer than men below!
Grace from Thy lips doth flow;
On thee therefore God evermore
His blessing doth bestow.

Thy sword gird on Thy thigh,
And in Thy Majesty
 Ride on, O King, all conquering,
Still ride on prosperously.

For meekness onward press,
And truth and righteousness;
 And Thy right hand shall still command
A terrible success.

The arrows of Thy might
Thy foes, O King, shall smite;
 They feel the smart within their heart,
And crouching own Thy right.

Thy throne, O God Most High,
Abides perpetually;
 Thy sceptre's sway maintains the way
Of truth and equity.

Since thou hast sin abhorr'd,
And loved truth, thy Lord
 The oil of love, and joy above
Thy fellows on thee pour'd.

Forth from the ivory domes
That glad thee, odour comes;
And cassia, myrrh, and aloes are
Thy garments' rich perfumes.

Among Thy train enroll'd,
Kings' daughters we behold;
At Thy right hand the queen did stand,
All deck'd in Ophir's gold.

Daughter attend; give o'er
Cares cherish'd heretofore;
Forget thine own; and think upon
Thy father's house no more.

So shall Thy charms inspire
The king with strong desire;
And none but He, thy Lord may be,
Thy worship to require.

And Tyre's fair daughter there,
To Thee a gift shall bear;
The Gentiles, which are great and rich,
Shall crave Thy grace to share.

Behold the royal maid,
In fined gold array'd ;
Her inward dress is holiness,
And glory undisplay'd.

She, robed in broidery,
Led to her King shall be ;
Her virgin mates, within thy gates,
Shall bear her company.

With joy shall they be brought,
And, in triumphant sort,
The nuptial throng shall move along,
And fill the royal court.

Then, in thy father's stead,
Thou shalt have children bred,
As princes high in dignity,
The earth to overspread.

I'll make Thy Name, O Lord,
In every age adored ;
Thy praises all the people shall,
For evermore record.

PSALM XLVI.

ANONYMOUS, OXFORD, 1839.

An Hymn of Thanksgiving for God's protection.

God, our hope and strength abiding,
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh;
Fear we not the [a] earth subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high;
Darkly heaving,
Where in Ocean's heart they lie.

Let them roar, His awful surges;
Let them boil—each dark-brow'd hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges:
Here is yet one quiet rill;
Her calm waters,
Sion's joy, flow clear and still:

Joy of God's abode, the station
Where th' Eternal fixt His tent:—
God is there, a strong salvation;
On her place she towers unbent.

God will aid her,
E'er the [b] early dawn be spent.

Heathens rage, dominions tremble;
God spake out, earth melts away;
God is where our hosts assemble,
Jacob's God, our rock and stay.
Come, behold Him
O'er the wide earth wars allay.

Come, behold God's work of wonder,
Scaring, wasting earth below;
How He knapt the spear in sunder,
How He brake the warrior's bow.
Wild war-chariots
[c] In the flames consuming glow.

"Silence—for th' Almighty know me;
O'er the heathen throned am I;
Throned, where earth must crouch before me:"—
Lord of Hosts! we know Thee nigh;
God of Jacob!
Thou art still our Rock on high.

PSALM XLVI.

2nd VERSION, MILES SMYTH, 1668.

GOD is our refuge, our strong fort,
At hand in trouble a support;
No fear shall put our hearts to pain.
Though earth be from her basis borne,
And hills, from their foundation torn,
Be hurl'd into the foaming main.

Although the breaking billows roar,
And troubled roll from shore to shore,
That mountains at their swelling shake;
Yet river-streams with joy shall fill
God's city, on whose holy hill
The Highest doth His dwelling make.

God is within her walls; no powers
Shall overturn her lofty towers,

His early help shall be her stay;
The heathen raged, [a] the kingdoms shook,
Jehovah spake; as thunder-strook,
The earth in fear dissolved away.

The God of Hosts doth for us fight,
The God of Jacob, strong in might,
Our refuge is, and present aid:
Come, see the wonders He hath wrought,
What desolations, past all thought,
He on the trembling earth hath made.

He, throughout the world, says "Peace;"
[b] His bidding maketh war to cease,
And from the wasted earth retire;
He breaks the mighty warrior's bow,
Shivers the horseman's lance in two,
And burns the chariot in the fire.

"Be still, and know, your God am I;
I o'er the heathen will be high,

In earth Supreme and Sovereign made."
The Lord of Hosts doth for us fight,
The God of Jacob, strong in might,
Our refuge is, and present aid.

PSALM XLVII.

BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

Probably on the occasion of bringing the ark into Mount Zion: (see the 24th and 68th Psalms,) and prophetical of Christ's Ascension.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the Universal King.

He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, His delight.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpets' sound;
To Him repeated praises bring,
And let the cheerful [a] hymn go round.

Your [b] goodliest skill in praise be shown
To Him who all the earth commands;
Who sits upon His righteous throne,
And spreads His sway o'er heathen lands.

[b] Nations and princes far from hence,
Shall unto Abram's God draw nigh;
And find in Him their sure defence,
Who shields His people from on high.

PSALM XLVIII.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

Upon some providential deliverance of Jerusalem.

[a] GREAT is the Lord; His glory great
Upon His holy mount should be;
For Sion is a goodly [b] seat,
The praise of all the earth is she.
She northward stands, and she [c] is hight
The city of the Lord of might.

The Lord is known to be her guard;
For when great kings against her came,
They much admired; admiring fear'd;
And fearing fled away with shame:
E'en with such pangs, and such like fear,
As women that in travail are.

For Thou didst raise an eastern wind,
Which all the ships of [d] Tarshish brake;
And, Lord of Hosts, now true we find,
What others of Thy city spake;

Yea, we have heard, and now we see,
That God will still her keeper be.

Within Thy temple we, O God,
 Upon Thy loving-kindness thought;
Thy Name is published abroad,
 With justice Thy right hand is fraught.
[e] Thy truth, with joy, let Sion's mount,
Let Judah's daughters all recount.

Through Sion go; about her walk,
 [f] And mark her towers and bulwarks well;
That of her beauties you may talk,
 [g] Her glories to your children tell.
For God [h] for aye will be our guide,
[i] And until death our God abide.

PSALM XLIX.

ALTERED FROM GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

The vanity of worldly wealth and prosperity.

Ye dwellers all on earth, give ear,
Both rich and poor, and high and low!
For musings deep I will declare,
And wisdom from my tongue shall flow.
Mine ear inclines to mystic lays;
Dark sayings doth my harp expound.
[4] Why should I fear in evil days,
When sinners hem me in around?

Mark those, who on their wealth rely,
And glory in their store's increase;
Not one a brother's life can buy,
Nor from his God procure him peace.

[4] Wherefore should I fear in the days of calamity, when the wickedness of my supplanters hemmeth me in?—French and Skinner.

The soul's redemption is so dear,
That no man can sufficient have
To purchase life for ever here,
Or scape corruption in the grave.

Men see the fool and wise man fall,
And all their hoards to others past;
Yet by their names their lands they call,
And think their house will ever last.
But man's vain honour soon decays,
E'en as the brutish herd they die;
And though their seed their sayings praise,
Their way is only vanity.

Like sheep, they in the grave are laid,
Where hungry death shall on them prey;
Their glories in the dust shall fade,
And just men rise more blest than they.
But God my soul from hell will free,
And home receive me to Himself:—
Then fear Thou not, if one thou see,
Surpassing thee in place or pelf;

For though his life more blest he thought,
And others did his path commend,
He to his grave shall carry nought,
Nor shall his pomp to him descend.
No; to his fathers he must pass,
And lie in darkness quite forgot.—
Man, foolish man, in honour'd place,
Is like the beast, which dies to rot.

PSALM L.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1834.

"A Psalm of Asaph[5]." The Almighty is represented as calling all mankind to judgment on Mount Zion, and reproving those, who valued themselves on their legal observances to the neglect of the religion of the heart.

Jehovah, Mighty God,
Hath sent His voice abroad,
And, from the rising to the setting sun,

[5] See 1 Chron. xvi. 4 and 5.

Made through the world be heard
His everlasting Word:—
From beauteous Sion forth His presence shone.
Our God shall come, nor silence keep,
Before Him fire shall burn, and whirlwinds round
Him sweep.

To earth, and highest Heaven,
His summons shall be given,
The solemn Judgment of His Saints to hear;
"Gather my people round,
[a] By holy cov'nant bound,
And solemn sacrifice my name to fear."
The heavens His justice shall record;
The Lord is Judge Himself, and righteous is the
Lord.

"Hear, O my people, hear!
O Israel lend thine ear,
While I the measure of thy guilt proclaim.
[b] Jehovah the Most High,
Thy God and King am I:
Not thy neglect of stated gifts I blame:

Duly the hallowed victim dies,
And on my altar smokes the appointed sacrifice.

[c] I ask no stalled ox,
Nor he-goats from thy flocks;
For the wild forest-broods are all mine own,
And Mine the herd that fills
Earth and her thousand hills;
Each mountain fowl, [d] each beast to me is known.
To thee Mine hunger should I tell?—
The ample earth is Mine, and all on earth that dwell.

Think'st thou that I will feast
On flesh of fatten'd beast,
[e] Or that I thirst to drink the he-goat's blood?
No; on My altar raise
The sacrifice of praise,
[f] Go, pay thy vows unto the Most High God;
And seek My succour in distress,
And I will be thy shield, and thou My name shalt bless.

[g] But why, vain man, wilt thou
My covenant avow?"
(Thus on the impious lights the stern reproof,)
"Say, why, with babbling vain,
Wilt thou My laws profane?
Thy hatred virtue is, My law thy scoff.
The thief thou join'st with ready aid,
And with the adulterous herd thy portion thou hast made.

[h] Thou, with thy slanderous tongue,
Didst, in deceit and wrong,
Thy brother, thine own mother's son blaspheme;
I mark'd each guilty deed,
But mark'd with silent heed,
Till thou thy Maker like thyself didst deem:
But I will strip thy vileness bare,
And to thy conscious face thy guiltiness declare.

This in your bosoms set,
O ye who God forget,

[i] Lest vengeful wrath (and none to help) ensue;
Who to Jehovah raise
The sacrifice of praise,
They on His altar wait with honour due:
And who the path of right hath trod,
On him My blessing rests, salvation from his God."

PSALM LI.

ALTERED FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

"A Psalm of David, when Nathan the prophet came unto him, after he had gone in to Bathsheba." 2 Sam. xii. 1. The fourth of the seven Penitential Psalms; in sorrow and anguish of spirit for notorious and aggravated sin.

Show pity, Lord; O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting sinner live!
O let Thy mercy, large and free,
Blot out my foul offence from me!

O wash me throughly from my sin,
And cleanse me from this stain within;

For on my heart the burden lies;
My sin is still before mine eyes.

Wrought in Thy sight, 'gainst Thee alone,
O Lord, with shame my guilt I own;
And, though Thy judgment be severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

Lo! I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
But Thou desir'st a perfect heart,
And wisdom in our inward part.

With cleansing hyssop purge me quite;
Wash me than falling snow more white;
And let me hear Thy gladdening voice,
To make my broken bones rejoice!

Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
O from them turn away Thine eye;
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot the record from Thy book.

Reform my nature; and within
Plant a new soul averse from sin:
Let Thy Good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

Give back, my weakness to sustain,
The comfort of Thy help again;
And with Thy Spirit strong and free,
O Lord, my Saviour, stablish me!

Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sov'reign grace;
Then, purged from the foul guilt of blood,
My tongue shall sing a pardoning God.

Thou shalt unclose my lips, O Lord,
And I shall tell Thy praise abroad:—
Burnt-offerings are not Thy desire,
Else should they feed Thine altar-fire.

A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

O! in Thy gracious mercy, still
Do good to Sion's favour'd hill;
Built up by Thine own hand, O Lord,
Be Salem's walls again restor'd!

So shalt Thou still, well-pleased, bless
The sacrifice of righteousness!
Nor yet our choicest gifts disdain,
Young bullocks on Thine altar slain.

PSALM LII.

SCOTTISH VERSION, 1650.

"When Doeg the Edomite came and told Saul, and said unto him, David is come to the house of Ahimelech."—1 Sam. xxii. 9.

WHY dost thou boast, O mighty man,
Of mischief and of ill?
The goodness of Almighty God
Endureth ever still.

Thy tongue mischievous calumny
[a] Doth subtilely devise;
Like to a razor, sharp to cut,
[b] It ever forgeth lies.

Ill more than good, and more than truth,
Thou lovest to speak wrong;
Thou lovest all devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue!
[c] And therefore God shall thee destroy,
Remove, and pluck away
From out thine house, from out the land
Of living men for aye.

The righteous shall behold and fear;
[d] And shall deride his fall;
"Lo! here the man, that did not rest
In God his strength at all:
But he in his abundant wealth
His confidence did place;
And he took strength unto himself,
From his own wickedness."

But I am in the House of God,
Like to an olive green;
My confidence for ever hath
Upon God's mercy been.
[c] And I, for this that Thou hast done,
For aye Thy praise will tell;
I on Thy Name will wait, because
Thy saints approve it well.

PSALM LIII[6].

C. F. AND E. C., 1838.

"THERE is no God," the fool hath said,
In his corrupted heart.
Vile are their doings, and their paths
From virtue's far apart.
The Lord look'd down from Heaven on high,
From His own bright abode,
To mark if 'mong the sons of men,
But one would seek his God:

[6] See note on the 14th Psalm, with which this is almost identical.

But all had wander'd from the way,
All, all from goodness gone astray.

Have they no knowledge, that they thus
 Are vile in deed and word;
My flock devouring, as 'twere bread,
 Nor calling on the Lord!
Yet were they brought in abject fear
 Where cause for fear was not;
For God is on the good man's side,
 His cause is ne'er forgot.
But you have dared to mock the just,
Because in God he puts his trust.

O who to Israel's failing heart,
 From Zion's holy hill
Shall bring salvation? Even He,
 Who guards, and guides her still.
O! when the Lord shall turn again
 The bondage of our land,
And bid His people rise once more,
 Strong in His strength to stand;

Then Jacob shall exalt his voice,
And Israel in her God rejoice.

PSALM LIV.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

"When the Ziphims came and said to Saul, Doth not David hide himself with us?" 1 Sam. xxiii. 19.

Be Thy Name, O God, my tower;
Be my guide, O Lord, thy power;
Hear my prayer, attend my cries!
Strangers strive to work me ill,
Tyrants seek my blood to spill;
God is not before their eyes.
Lo! the Lord His arm extends,
Those, who help me, God befriends.

[a] Vengeance He upon the head
Of mine enemies shall shed;
Them from earth Thy truth shall raze.
Freely, I mine offerings bring,

Freely, Lord, Thy praises sing;
Goodly is the voice of praise.
Firm in His support, mine eye
Dares my circling foes defy.

PSALM LV.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

Probably composed when David was driven from Jerusalem by his son Absalom.—2 Sam. xv. 13.

O God, [a] unto my prayer give ear,
Nor pass Thy suppliant by;
[b] Take heed unto me, Lord, and hear,
For [c] vext, and faint am I:
[d] Aloud I mourn my misery,
And my lament prolong,
For the triumphant slanderer's cry,
The vile oppressor's wrong.

O'erwhelming crimes my foes conspire
Upon my soul to lay;
The rancour of relentless ire
Against me they display:
My heart with anguish faints away,
Death's terrors o'er me roll,
Fear shakes my limbs, and dark dismay,
And horror whelms my soul.

And O, I said, O would that I
The dove's fleet wings possest;
[c] Then would I far from trouble fly,
And refuge seek, and rest;
[f] Far in some desert's lonely breast
A sheltering [h] home would find;
Swift from the rushing whirlwind haste,
And leave the storm behind.

Confound, O Lord, divide their tongue;
For, ceaseless [g] in my sight,
Stalk through the city factious Wrong,
Debate, and lawless Might:

[h] They gird her walls by day, by night;
[i] Woe walks in every street;
With Rapine, and Disdain of right,
And Treachery, and Deceit.

[j] No outrage from an open foe
The words, that wound me, are;
The pain of that expected blow
My soul had learn'd to bear.
It was not hate, untaught to spare,
Against me rear'd its head;
For then my soul, with watchful care,
To safety would have fled:

But Thou, the chosen of my heart,
[k] On whom my soul relied,
As of her very self a part,
Her counsellor and guide;
Together for one end allied,
In concert sweet we trod;
And still together, side by side,
We sought the House of God.

[l] Let death surprise them; quick to hell's
Abode may they descend;
For sin within their mansion dwells,
Their own familiar friend.
But I to God my voice will send:
To Him at closing day,
[m] And earliest morn, and noon I'll bend,
To Him devoutly pray.

And He shall hear me, He shall shield;
[n] My soul His peace hath known;
He saved me in the battle-field,
An host Himself alone.
Lord of the everlasting throne,
He marks with vengeance due
Those, who refuse His fear to own,
And sin unchanged pursue.

For see the wretch, whose [o] faithless hand
Prepares the deadly blow,
[p] In breach of friendship's holy band,
Nor heeds his plighted vow;

War in his heart; [q] yet, in their show,
As butter smooth his words:
More soft than oil his accents flow,
But pierce like naked swords.

Cast on the Lord Thy constant care;
He'll well thy trust repay,
Thee in His arms of mercy bear,
Nor cast the just away.
Who plot deceit, who thirst to slay,
E'er half their days they see,
Thou in corruption's pit wilt lay:
But [s] I will trust in Thee.

PSALM LVI.

ALTERED FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

A Psalm of David, "when the Philistines took him in Gath;" before he escaped to the cave Adullam.—1 Sam. xxii. 1.

Have mercy Lord, O Thou most high:
For man, with wakeful spite,
Doth daily to devour me try,
Against me daily fight.

Each day my countless enemies
Would make my life their prey;
But, Lord, on Thee my soul relies,
When terrors most dismay.

In God, because His word is true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

They wrest my words; and day by day,
Their mischief they devise;
Unseen they meet, to mark my way,
And would my soul surprise.

Shall they escape without Thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O! cast the haughty sinners down,
And let them know Thy hand.

Thou tell'st the wanderings of Thy saints,
And numberest their fears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A vial for my tears.

When to Thy throne I raise my cry,
My foes shall fear and flee;
For this I know,—my God is nigh,
And taketh part with me.

In God, because His Word is true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

Thy vows are on me; and aloud
I therefore will upraise
To Thee, O God, as I have vow'd,
My grateful hymns of praise.

My soul Thou savedst from the dead;
O! set my footsteps free,
That, while by life enlightened,
I still may walk with Thee!

PSALM LVII.

BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

"When David fled from Saul in the cave," at Engedi.—1 Sam. xxiv. 1. See Ps. cxlii.

Thy mercy, Lord, to me extend;
On Thy protection I depend,
And to Thy wings for shelter haste,
[a] Until this storm be overpast.

[b] To Him I will in trouble cry,
The sov'reign Judge, and God Most High,

Who wonders hath for me begun,
And will not leave His work undone.

[c] For He, from Heaven, shall quell the power
Of him, who would my life devour;
Forth shall his truth and mercy send,
And my distracted soul defend.

For I with [d] cruel men converse,
Like hungry lions wild and fierce;
With men, whose teeth are spears, their words
Envenom'd darts, and two-edged swords.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
[e] So be it o'er the earth display'd,
And Thou, as there, be here obey'd!

To take me they their net prepared;
[f] My sinking soul almost despair'd;
But they are fall'n, by Thy decree,
Into the pit they dug for me.

[7] O God my heart is fixt, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high!
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So be it o'er the earth display'd,
And Thou, as there, be here obey'd.

[7] The verses from hence to the end of the Psalm occur again in Psalm cviii. 1 to 6.

PSALM LVIII.

ALTERED FROM THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE (1586).

A reproof of unrighteous judges.

And call ye this, to utter what is just,
You that of justice hold the sov'reign throne?
And call ye this to yield, ye sons of dust,
To wronged brethren every one his own?

O no; it is, that, while malicious will
Works in your inmost heart, your practised hand
With rapine doth th' unequal balance fill,
And its oppression mete throughout the land.

But what could they, who e'en in birth declined
From truth and right to lies and injuries?
To show the venom of their canker'd mind,
The serpent's image scarcely can suffice.

Nay, scarce the adder may with them contend,
On whom the charmer all in vain applies
His wisest spells, aye missing of his end,
While she self-deaf, and unaffected lies.

Lord, break their teeth; Lord crush the lions' jaws:
So let them sink, as water in the sand;
And, when the deadly bow their fury draws,
Shiver the shaft, e'er past the shooter's hand.

So make them melt, as the dissolving snail!
As the untimely birth consumes away,
Nor knows the light of life, so make them fail
To look upon the sun, or see the day!

O let them perish, as the blazing briar
Is swept and scattered by the whirlwind's blast [8],
Or e'er the heated cauldron feels the fire!
Let green and dry at once away be cast!

[8] "Before your pots feel the fire, may a tempest scatter the thorns, the green and the dry." French and Skinner's translation.

The good with gladness this revenge shall hail,
And trample in their blood; while all confess,
"The just man's recompense shall never fail;
There is a God that rules in righteousness."

PSALM LIX.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

A Psalm of David, "when Saul sent, and they watched the house to kill him." 1 Sam. xix. 11 to 18.

LORD, save me from my enemies;
From those who thus against me rise,
Like an incensed flood;
From those, who in impiety
Place their delight, and long to dye
Their hands in guiltless blood!

Lo, for my soul they lie in wait;
The mighty join their power and hate,
Without my blame or crime;

Without my crime, they weapons take,
And persecute my soul:—awake!
My God; assist in time.

Great God of Hosts, of Israel,
These all-oppressing tyrants quell,
Nor be to mercy won!
At night their mischief they begin;
Incensed, like snarling dogs they grin,
And through the city run.

Behold, they vomit bitter words,
Between their lips [a] are very swords,
Yet say they, "Who hath known?"
But, Lord, Thou shalt their threats deride,
[b] Shalt scorn the heathen's empty pride,
And malice vainly shown.

[c] My strength is Thy sustaining power,
On Thee I wait, my shield and tower;
Thy mercy, Lord, how great!
My foes, subjected to my will,
Subdue and scatter; but not kill,
Lest we Thy truth forget.

O be they in their pride surpris'd!
E'en for the guile they have devis'd,
Their curses, and [d] false arts,
Consume them; from the land expel;
To show, God reigns in Israel,
To earth's remotest parts.

Hopeless let them return at night,
[e] As restless dogs that shun the light,
About the city roam;
Pale, meagre, and half-famished,
[f] Howl they, like vagabonds, for bread,
Without or food, or home!

But I, before the day-star spring,
Will of Thy power and mercy sing,
My safety in distress;
Thou art my rock, my strong defence;
My [a] daily song Thy excellence
And bounty shall express.

PSALM LX.

MILES SMYTH, 1668.

"When David strove with Aram-naharaim, and with Aram-zobah," ("the Syrians of the two rivers," and "the Syrians of Zobah,") "when Joab returned and smote of Edom in the valley of Salt twelve thousand."—2 Sam. viii. 3. 13.

O Lord, Thou hast abandoned,
And scatter'd us abroad;
Thou hast been angry; turn again,
And be our helping God!

At Thy displeasure the sick earth
As with an ague quakes,
Torn by thy blasts; the breaches close!
For her foundation shakes.

Thou hast, with hard-afflicting strokes,
Thy suffering people spent;
And made us drink the deadly wine
Of dull astonishment.

But now, for them that fear Thee, Thou
[a]A banner hast display'd;
[b] The signal of Thy plighted truth,
And of Thy promis'd aid.

[c] [9]And, that Thy well-belov'd may be
From threaten'd ruin clear;
Let Thy right hand salvation bring,
And me with favour hear.

God in His holiness hath spoke,
[d](With joy the voice I hail,)
" I Sichem will divide by line,
[e]And mete out Succoth's vale.

Gilead is Mine, Manasseh Mine,
Ephraim supports My head;
Judah gives law to all, where'er
[f] My wide dominions spread.

[9] The remainder of this Psalm is identical with Ps. cviii. from ver. 6. to the end.

Moab my wash-pot is; My shoe
To Edom I'll hold out,
And o'er [g] the subject Philistine
Ring forth the conqueror's shout."

[h] To the fenced city who will lead,
Which Israel's might disdains;
And who will our victorious march
Conduct through Edom's plains?

Lord, wilt not Thou, who hadst so late
[i] Thy people cast away;
And would'st not with our armies go,
[j] Upon the battle-day?

Help us in trouble, O our God!
And let Thy arm sustain;
For all the help of wretched man
Is, like himself, but vain.

Through God we shall do [k] valiantly;
He shall their hosts confound;
'Tis He, who our proud enemies
Shall trample to the ground.

PSALM LXI.

WILLIAM BARTON, 1644.

"David fleeth to God upon his former experience."

LORD, hear my cry; my prayers attend!
For from the very utmost end
Of all the earth to Thee I cry;
[a] When my heart faints with sorrow's weight,
O to that refuge lead me straight,
The rock that higher is than I!

For Thou a shelter wast to me,
And a strong tower I have in Thee
Against the adversary's face:
I will abide within Thy tent,
And evermore be confident
[b] Beneath Thy wings, my hiding-place.

For Thou, O God, hast heard my vows;
And Thy free-grace to me allows
Among Thy saints an heritage:
Thou wilt prolong upon the Throne
The life of Thine Anointed One
[c] To years like age succeeding age.

He shall abide before Thy face
For ever; O prepare Thy grace
And truth, which may preserve him still!
[d] And I of Thy great Name, O Lord,
Will evermore the praise record,
And daily all my vows fulfil.

PSALM LXII.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1837.

A declaration of the Psalmist's continued confidence in God's protection, and his assurance of the vanity of all human power.

YES, on God I still depend,
Timely aid from Him attend;
His protection is my tower,
My retreat in danger's hour;
[a] While this rock I rest upon,
I shall not be overthrown.
O how long, with base intent
Aim'd against the innocent,
Will ye schemes of mischief cherish?—
Tremble; for ye all shall perish;
Like a weak and bowing wall,
[b] And a tottering fence, shall fall.
For the wicked but concert
How the righteous to subvert;

[c] While their false mouths blessings breathe,
Lies and curses lurk beneath.

Wait, my soul, on God alone;
[d] All my hopes are built upon
Him, my only rock and tower;
All my safety on His power:
With His guardian might surrounded,
I shall never be confounded.
[e] God is all my health and might,
My true glory and delight;
Safe beneath His arm I dwell,
My [f] strong rock and citadel.
Trust in Him for evermore,
Ye His people; ever pour
In His ear your sad complaints:—
Sure the refuge of His saints.

Vain the help of man to court,
Vain the fickle crowd's support;
Vain on nobles to rely,
Falsehood all, and treachery;

[g] High and low together weigh,
Light as vanity are they.
Trust not the strong arm of pride;
Or if wealth be multiplied,
Got by rapine or by stealth,
Set not your fond heart on wealth.
More than once hath God made known,
Power belongs to Him alone.
[h] Mercy too is Thine, O Lord,
Who dost each man's work reward.

PSALM LXIII.

ALTERED FROM CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1765.

"A Psalm of David when he was in the wilderness of Judah."
1 Sam. xxii. 5.; or, 2 Sam. xvii. 29.

God, my God; my sure dependance
Is on Thee, Thou Most Benign!
Early would I pay attendance
Lord, before Thy holy shrine.

Here I languish for Thy blessing,
And my soul is wearied out;
Thirst and heat my flesh oppressing,
In a land of dearth and drought.

Vainly have mine eyes expected,
As of old in happier hour,
Once again to be directed,
Where Thy glory comes in power.

For upon Thy love, excelling
Far the life that is Thy loan,
Lord, my lips shall still be dwelling,
And Thy tender mercies own.

Long as I that life inherit,
I will bless the Lord; to Thee
Daily, with a willing spirit,
Shall my hands uplifted be.

Fatness, as from some oblation
Choice and rich, my soul shall fill;
While my lips, in exultation,
Sing Thy praise, and bless Thee still.

To my rest myself betaking,
Lord, thy converse I have sought;
In the night from sleep awaking,
I have still upon Thee thought:

For, secure of Thy protection,
To the shadow of Thy wings,
With delight and with affection,
My confiding spirit clings.

Me Thou dost uphold and quicken;
Those that seek my soul to slay,
To the pit the sword hath stricken,
Left to be the foxes' prey.

So the king in God rejoices;
All, that swear by His great name,
Glory still; but lying voices
Shall be put to silent shame.

PSALM LXIV.

E. FARR, 1836.

A Psalm of David, praying for God's defence against the calumnies and persecution of his enemies.

WHEN in prayer to Thee I bend,
To my voice, O Lord, attend;
When my [a] ruthless foes appear,
O preserve my life from fear!

[b] When in council sinners meet,
Be Thou, Lord, my safe retreat;
Where secure, I may defy,
Those that work iniquity.

Like a sword they whet their tongue,
Keen with meditated wrong;
[c] Like the arrows from the string,
Bitter words around they fling.

Close conceal'd, behold, they aim
At the man of blameless name;

Fear estranged from their hearts,
Suddenly they shoot their darts.

[d] Leagued in mischief, they combine
To complete their ill design;
Privily their snares they lay,
Asking, who shall them survey?

[e] They iniquities devise,
Searching sin with curious eyes:
All their secret counsel keep,
For the heart of them is deep.

[f] But they fall, each wicked foe—
Swift from His unerring bow,
God His arrows pours around,
And the sinner feels the wound.

[g] So the curse of their own tongue
Falls upon the guilty throng;
All that see their swift decay,
Struck with awe shall flee away.

All shall fear; and all shall own,
God the mighty work hath done;
Wisely they His hand shall trace
[h] Laid on that rebellious race.

But in God with joy the just
Shall be glad, and Him shall trust;
All the upright shall rejoice,
Lifting high their grateful voice.

PSALM LXV.

ALTERED FROM WILLIAM BARTON, 1644.

An Hymn of Thanksgiving for God's universal Providence, and especially for His mercy in giving its fertility to the earth.

In Sion, Lord, praise waits for Thee,
To Thee the vow perform'd shall be;
O Thou, the God that hearest prayer,
To Thee shall all mankind repair.

Transgressions hard against us weigh,
But Thou shalt purge them clean away;

O blessed in Thy choice is he,
Whom, Lord, Thou bringest near to Thee!

For he within Thy courts shall dwell,
And shall be satisfied full well;
Thy goodly dwelling he shall bless,
And feel Thy temple's holiness.

[1] O God of our salvation, thus,
Not with Thy terrors, answer us;
Thou, that dost all the earth sustain,
And dwellers on the distant main.

God, by His strength, sets fast the hills,
And, girt with power, the ocean stills,
The noise of waves, and tumults rude,
Of all the maddening multitude.

Them too, that dwell on utmost coasts
Thy signs affright, O Lord of Hosts;
Thou mak'st the morning's early voice,
Thou mak'st the evening's to rejoice.

[1] "Wonderfully, in mercy, dost Thou answer us."—French and Skinner.

Thou visitest the spacious earth,
And waterest it with rain pour'd forth;
And dost enrich each soften'd clod,
With the full-water'd river of God.

For man, with providential care,
Thou dost the rising corn prepare;
Thou waterest abundantly,
The ridges which were parch'd and dry;

Thou smooth'st the furrows by Thy power,
Thou mak'st it soft with many a shower
The springing of it Thou dost bless,
Thou crown'st the year with happiness.

Thy paths reviving fatness drop
Upon the wilderness's top;
The little hills and deserts wide,
Exult with joy on every side.

The white flocks clothe the pasture ground,
The waving vales with corn abound;
And, gladden'd with the wealth they bring,
They shout for joy, for joy they sing.

PSALM LXVI.

NEW ENGLAND VERSION REVISED, 1755.

A Thanksgiving for God's past deliverance of His people, and His mercies vouchsafed more particularly to the Psalmist.

O ALL ye lands, with shouts of joy,
To God your voices raise;
Sing forth the honour of His Name,
And glorious make His praise.
Say ye to God; in Thy great works
How terrible art Thou;
Through Thy Almighty Power, Thy foes
To Thee are made to bow.

Yea, all the nations of the earth
Shall bow and sing to Thee;
To Thine exalted Name shall sing,
With joy and melody.

Come, and the mighty works of God
With admiration see;
In doings to the sons of men,
How terrible is He!

He turn'd the channels of the [a] deep
To dry and solid ways;
Our fathers pass'd the flood on foot,
And there we sang His praise.
He by His power for ever rules,
His eyes the nations spy;
Let none who are rebellious dare
To lift themselves on high.

O all ye nations bless our God,
And sound aloud His praise;
[b] Who still preserves our souls in life,
Our feet from sliding stays.
For Thou, O God, hast proved us,
And tried, as silver tried;
[c] Hast wound us in the net, and grief
Upon our loins hast tied.

Men o'er our head Thou mad'st to ride,
Through fire and floods we past;
Yet Thou into a happy place
[d] Hast brought us out at last.
I'll go with offerings to Thy house,
And I will pay to Thee
The vows I utter'd with my mouth,
When trouble was on me.

Burnt-offerings I will offer Thee,
That full of fatness are;
The best of all my flocks and herds
With incense I'll prepare.
[e] O! come, and hearken, ye that fear
The Great Jehovah's Name,
And what He for my soul hath done,
[f] I'll gratefully proclaim.

My mouth to Him in my distress
Sent forth an earnest cry:
He heard me, and my joyful tongue
Extoll'd the Lord on high.

If in my heart I sin allow'd,
The Lord would not give ear;
But surely God gave ear to me,
And kindly heard my prayer.

O! let this kind and mighty God
For ever blessed be;
Who turned not my prayer from Him,
Nor mercy held from me!

PSALM LXVI.

2nd VERSION, GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

[a] ALL ye lands, your voices raise;
Glorious make Jehovah's praise!
Say, [b] how terrible Thy deeds!
Lord, Thy power all power exceeds!
[c] Trembling foes its greatness own,
And shall bow before Thy throne;
Praise to our Eternal King,
All th' adoring earth shall sing.

Come and see what God hath wrought,
Terrible to human thought;
He the billows did divide;
Wall'd with waves on either side,
While we passed safe and dry;
Then our souls were wrapt with joy.
Endless His dominion,
All beholding from His throne.
Let not those who hate us most,
Let not the rebellious boast.

Bless the Lord; His praise be sung,
While an ear can hear a tongue,
He our soul redeems from death,
He our feet establisheth.
Lord, as silver purified,
Thou hast with affliction tried,
Thou hast [d] driven us to the net,
Burdens on our shoulders set;
Trod on by their horses' hooves,
Theirs', whom pity never moves,
We through fire, with flames embrac'd,
We through raging floods have pass'd;

Yet by Thy conducting hand,
Brought into a wealthy land.

I will to Thy house repair,
Worship, and Thy power declare;
Offerings on Thy Altar lay;
All my vows devoutly pay,
Utter'd with my heart and tongue,
When opprest with powerful wrong.
Fatlings I will sacrifice;
[e] Incense-like, their smoke shall rise:
Rams, for a burnt-offering,
Goats and bullocks I will bring.

You, who Great Jehovah fear,
Come, O come, you blest, and hear
What for me the Lord hath wrought;
Then, when near to ruin brought,
Fervently to Him I cried,
I His goodness magnified.
If I vices should affect,
Would He not my prayers reject?

But the Lord my prayer hath heard,
Which my tongue with tears preferr'd.
Source of mercy! be Thou blest,
That hast granted my request.

PSALM LXVII.

BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

A Prayer for the Universal extension of God's kingdom.

To bless Thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine:

That so Thy wond'rous ways
May through the world be known;
[a] And every land the healthful grace
Of Thy salvation own.

[b] Let distant Nations join,
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing,
[c] Elate with holy mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Let [d] distant nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine,
To praise Thy glorious Name.

Then shall the teeming ground,
A large increase disclose;
And we with [f] blessings shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God bestows.

Then God upon our land,
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand,
Of His resistless power.

PSALM LXVIII.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

On the removal of the ark to Mount Zion, from the house of Obed-edom. 1 Chron. xv. 16. See Psalms xxiv. and xlvii. It is prophetical of our Lord's Ascension and the giving of the Holy Spirit.—Ephes. iv. 8, &c.

[1] LET God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter His proud enemies!
O let them flee before His face,
Like smoke, which driving tempests chase;
[a] As wax dissolveth at the fire,
So perish in His burning ire.
But let the just with joy abound;
In joyful songs His praise resound,
Who, riding on the rolling spheres,
The Name of Great Jehovah bears.
Before His face your joys express;
A Father to the fatherless.

[1] Numbers x. 35.

He wipes the tears from widows' eyes,
The [b] lonely plants in families;
Enlarging those who late were bound,
While rebels starve on thirsty ground.

When God our numerous army led,
And march'd through deserts, full of dread,
Heaven melted, and earth's centre shook,
With His majestic presence strook.
When Israel's God in clouds came down,
High Sinai bow'd his trembling crown.
He, in the approach of meagre dearth,
With showers refresh'd the fainting earth,
Where His own flock in safety fed;
The needy unto plenty led.
[c] God gives the word; [2] the virgin train
Breathe forth their glad triumphant strain;
He kings, with their vast armies, foils,
While women share their wealthy spoils.

[2] The exact translation of ver. 11. is, "great was the company of those (women) that published it;" the word being feminine. It is not fully expressed in our authorised version.

You, who among the pots have lain,
[d] Bowed down to dust, shall rise again,
Bright as the silver-feather'd dove,
Whose wings in golden splendour move.
When He the kings had overthrown,
Our land like snowy Salmon shone.
God's mountain Bashan's mount transcends,
Though he [e] his towering heads extends.
Why boast you so, ye meaner hills?
God with His glory Sion fills,
This, His beloved residence;
Nor ever will depart from hence.

God's chariots twenty thousand [f] are,
Which myriads of angels bear;
He in the midst, as when He crown'd
High Sinai's sanctified ground.
Lord, Thou Thyself hast raised on high,
[g] And captive led captivity.
Thou from the richest stores of Heaven
The gifts received to men hast given,
E'en unto those that did rebel;
That their Lord God with them might dwell.

O praised be the God of gods,
Who [h] us with daily blessings loads;
On whom our hopes depend alone,
The God of our salvation.
[i] The issue both of life and death
Is arbitrated by His breath;
He on their heads His foes shall wound,
Their hairy scalps, whose sins abound,
And in their trespasses proceed.
Thus spake Jehovah: "Jacob's seed
I will from Bashan bring again,
And through the bottom of the main;
[j] Their dogs shall lap the foeman's blood,
And they wade through the crimson flood."

We in Thy sanctuary late,
My God, my King, beheld Thy state:
The sacred virgins march'd before;
Who instruments of music bore,
In order follow'd; every maid
Upon her pleasant timbrel play'd.
His praise in your assemblies sing,
Ye who from Israel's fountain spring,

Nor little Benjamin alone;
[k] But princes of proud Judah's throne,
Of Naphthali and Zebulon,
Are there; for thee thy God has fought;
Lord, strengthen what Thy hand hath wrought!
E'en he that wears a diadem
To thee, divine Jerusalem,
Shall in devotion treasure bring,
To build the temple of his King.

Break through their [l] spears, the multitude
Of bulls, with savage strength endued!
Till they with gifts sweet peace invite;
But scatter those whom wars delight.
[m] From Egypt, and the Ethiop shore
Shall princes come, and here adore.
Ye kingdoms through the world renown'd,
Sing to the Lord; His praise resound;
[n] Who doth the firmament bestride,
And on the ancient Heavens doth ride;
Whose voice the clouds asunder rends,
In thunder [n] mightily descends.

O! praise His strength, whose majesty
In Israel shines; His power on high!
He from His sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on His foes,
While us His power and strength invest;—
O Israel, praise the Ever-Blest.

PSALM LXIX.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

David complains of his affliction, and prays for deliverance from his enemies. Prophetical of our Lord's passion.—St. John xix. 29.

SAVE me, O God; the waters roll,
And swell, and [a] reach unto my soul.
Immers'd in miry whirlpools deep,
In vain I strive my stand to keep:
Plung'd in the billows tossing wide,
I sink beneath the whelming tide;
And while for Thee [b] I wait, I cry,
My sight decays, my throat is dry.

Thick, as the hairs that clothe my head,
Are they whose causeless hate I dread;
[c] And mighty are the enemies,
Who unprovoked against me rise.
For rapine, which my hand ne'er knew,
Content I paid the atonement due.
Thine eyes, O God, my folly see,
Nor lurks a fault unmark'd by Thee.

O let not those, who love Thy Name,
Lord God of hosts, partake my shame;
Nor on their heads my ruin fall,
O Israel's God, on Thee who call!
'Tis for Thy sake I bear disgrace,
For Thee confusion veils my face,
[d] An alien to my brethren grown,
By mine own mother's sons unknown.

While for Thine house I burn with zeal,
[e] Their scorn of Thee, my God, I feel;
In tears and fasting if I mourn,
E'en this to my reproach they turn.

Does sackcloth sad my limbs invest?
My grief becomes the public jest,
The bye-word of the passing throng,
The rulers' scoff, the drunkard's song.

But I—to Thee my vows I pour,
O God, in Thine accepted hour;
In Thine abundant mercy hear,
And bid Thy saving truth appear;
From the deep mire, and whirling wave,
And whelming [f] tide, Thy suppliant save;
[g] Save, e'er the water-flood o'erflows,
And the pit's jaws around me close!

[h] But, Lord, of Thine abundant grace,
To Thy poor servant turn Thy face;
Draw nigh, and hear, and bring relief,
For heavy weighs my load of [i] grief.
[j] From the foes' grasp my soul reclaim!
Thou my reproach, my wrongs, my shame
Hast known; the persecuting band
Unveil'd before Thy presence stand.

Reproach my very heart hath torn,
And deep distress my spirit worn;
I gazed to see some pitying eye;
In vain—no comforter was nigh:
To hear some cheering accents fall
I watch'd; in vain—[k] they gave me gall
To eat; when faint I sank with drought,
For drink, sharp vinegar they brought.

[l]Them their own board shall snare, and woe
From their perverted blessings flow,
[m]Do Thou their eyes in darkness seal,
[m]Do Thou their loins with trembling fill;
[n] On them Thy wrathful anger pour,
Thy burning indignation shower,
Consign to solitude their state,
And leave their dwelling desolate.

Because they vex with sland'rous tongue,
Him, whom Thy chastening hand has wrung,
Sin to their sin Thy just decree
[o] Shall add; Thy peace they shall not see;

Nor—from the Book of Life erased—
[p] Shall with the just their name be placed;
But me, though crush'd with grief I lie,
Thy hand, O God, shall lift on high.

And I the Name of God will praise,
And I the grateful hymn will raise;
An offering to the Lord more dear,
Than ox, or hoof'd and horned steer.
Behold, ye meek; with rapture see;
Seek God, and live from torment free.
God hears the humble, nor disdains
Those, whom His chastening hand restrains.

Praise Him, thou earth; ye heavens above,
Seas, and all ye in seas that move;
[q] For God will Zion still sustain,
And Judah's cities build again.
There they who love His Name shall rest,
Of their allotted seats possest;
And there His faithful servants' seed
Still to their heritage succeed.

PSALM LXX.

WILLIAM BARTON, 1644.

[3] A Psalm of David, imploring the succour of God against his enemies.

MAKE haste, O God, and help afford;
Make haste to help me, O my Lord;
Their practices with shame confound,
Who seek my harmless soul to wound!

[a b] Stung with disgrace, let them retire,
Whoever do my hurt desire;
[b] Let them be turned back with shame,
Who cry, "There, there," to blight my name.

Full glad and joyful let them be,
[c] That humbly do seek after Thee;
And those, that Thy salvation love,
Say ever, "Blest be God above!"

[3] This Psalm consists of the five concluding verses of the 40th.

But I am poor [d] and full of need;
Haste, Lord, deliver me with speed!
Thou art my Hope, my Help, and Stay,
Come, Lord, and make no more delay!

PSALM LXXI.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE (1586).

Probably written during the rebellion of Absalom.

LORD, on Thee my trust is grounded,
Leave me not with shame confounded,
 But in justice bring me aid;
Let thine ear to me be bended,
Let my life, from death defended,
 Be by Thee in safety staid!

Be my Rock, my Refuge-tower,
Show Thy unresisted power,
 Working now Thy wonted will;

Thou, I say, that never feignest
In Thy biddings, but remainest
Still my Rock, my Refuge still.

O my God, [a] of help the Giver,
From the wicked me deliver,
From the wrongful, spiteful man;
In Thee trusting, on Thee standing,
With my childish understanding,
Nay with life my hopes began.

[b] From the prison of my mother
Since Thou freed'st me, I none other
Held my stay, or made my song;
Yea, when all me so misdeemed,
I to most a monster seemed,
Yet in Thee my hope was strong.

Yet of Thee the constant story
Fill'd my mouth; Thy gracious glory
[c] Was my theme the live-long day;

Do not then, now age assaileth,
[d] Now my waning vigour faileth,
Do not leave me cast away!

They by whom my life is hated,
With their spies have now debated;—
[e] Of their counsel, lo! the sum:
God, they say, hath him forsaken,
Now pursue, he must be taken;
None will to his rescue come.

O my God, be not absented;
O my God, now, now presented
Let in haste Thy succour be;
Let them fall disgraced, and shamed,
All [f] confounded, all diffamed,
Who this ill intend for me!

As for me [g]: on Thy salvation
Waiting, without variation,
I will heap Thy praise with praise:

[h] With my mouth Thy works recounting,
Mercies every sum surmounting
Unto which our thoughts we raise.

Nay, my God, by Thee secured,
Where will I not march assured?
[i] Who shall be my song but thou?
I by Thee, from infant training,
Still with years fresh wisdom gaining,
Have Thy wonders spread till now.

[j] Now that I to age have reached,
Age's snow my head hath [k] bleached,
Leave me not, my God, forlorn!
Let me make Thy might's relation
To the coming generation,
To the age as yet unborn.

God,—Thy justice highest raised,
Thy great works as highly praised,—
Who Thy peer, O God, doth reign?

Thou into these woes [l] didst drive me;
Thou again shalt thence revive me,
Lift me from [m] the deep again.

Thou shalt make my greatness greater,
Make my good with comfort better;
Thee my lute, my harp shall sing;
Thee, my God, that never slidest
From Thy word, but constant bidest,
[n] Israel's Holy, Heavenly King.

So my lips, all joy declaring,
So my soul, no honour sparing,
Shall Thee sing, by Thee secure;
So my tongue, all times, all places,
Tell Thy [o] truth, and their disgraces,
Who this ill to me procure.

PSALM LXXII.

ALTERED FROM JOSEPH COTTLE, 1805.

"A Psalm for Solomon;" recommending him to the Divine blessing, and foretelling the prosperity and happiness of his future reign. It is typically descriptive of the Messiah's kingdom.

THY judgments on the king bestow,
O God; Thy grace impart
To the king's son, and let him know,
How good and great Thou art.

In truth the people of thy land
Shall he delight to guide;
In judgment his impartial hand
Will for the poor provide.

[4] And then shall every mountain's voice
With peace his people bless;
And all the little hills rejoice,
Proclaiming righteousness.

He of the sons of need around
Shall judge the injur'd right;
Th' oppressors of the land confound,
And break their vaunted might.

Throughout all generations they
Shall hold Thy statutes fast;
Thee shall they fear, and Thee obey,
While sun and moon shall last.

Soft as the showers shall He come down,
That bless the parched fields;
Like rain upon the grass new mown,
When earth her increase yields.

[4] "The mountains shall announce prosperity unto the people, and the hills prosperity and righteousness."—French and Skinner's translation. The allusion seems to be to the custom of placing persons upon eminences to proclaim intelligence.—See Isaiah xl. 9; and lii. 7.

The just shall flourish in his day;
Nor clouds the peace o'ercast,
Which here shall hold her gentle sway,
Long as the moon shall last.

From sea to sea His wide domain
Unbroken shall extend;
And from the river He shall reign,
To where earth's limits end.

Who dwell amid the wilderness,
Shall bow with homage just;
His enemies shall Him confess,
And crouching lick the dust:

And Tarshish, and the island kings
With gifts His sway shall own;
Sheba, and Seba, offerings
Shall lay before His throne.

Yea, all earth's monarchs, far away,
Before His face shall fall;
All nations shall their service pay,
And Him their Lord shall call.

The needy for His aid shall cry;
The poor man in his grief,
And all who have no help, shall fly
To Him, and find relief.

The poor and needy He shall spare,
And raise, and make them whole;
The needy are His constant care,
He saves their sinking soul.

He shall their soul from fraud set free,
From violence restore;
And precious in His sight shall be
Their blood for evermore.

Through everlasting He shall live;
They Sheba's gold shall bear
To Him, and daily praises give,
And make continual prayer.

A scattered handful, thinly sown
Upon the mountain's head,
Shall wave like leafy Lebanon;—
As grass the throngs shall spread.

His fame throughout all lands shall run,
His blessing on them rest,
As everlasting as the sun;
And all shall call Him blest.

And blessed be the King of kings,
The God of Israel;
Who only worketh wond'rous things,
Whose wisdom doth excel.

And blessed be His glorious Name,
Throughout eternity:
His glory fills this earthly frame—
Amen. So may it be.

PSALM LXXIII.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

[5] The good man's confidence in God's providence is not to be discouraged by contemplating the prosperity of the wicked.

TRULY the Lord is good to those,
The pure in heart, who love His Name;
But as for me, temptation rose,
And well nigh cast me down to shame.

For I was envious at their state,
When I beheld the wicked rise,
And flourish in their pride elate;
No fear of death before their eyes.

[5] This and the ten following Psalms (to the 83rd inclusive) are, as well as the 50th, inscribed with the name of Asaph the Levite; but two of them, the 74th, and 79th, as it would seem erroneously.

Not troubled they, as others are,
Nor plagued, with all their vain pretence,
Pride like a chain of gold they wear,
And clothe themselves with violence.

Swoll'n are their eyes with wine and lust,
[a] They more than heart can wish possess;
In fraud and tyranny they trust,
[b] And glory in their wickedness.

Their mouth assails the heavens; their tongue
Walks arrogantly through the earth;
[c] To us th' o'erflowing cup is wrung
Of sorrow at their impious mirth.

[d] "And how," the daring mockers cry,
"Doth God our dark devices know;
Or how should He, who dwells so high,
Regard the works of men below?"

These are the ungodly; these are they
Who thrive secure in worldly peace;
These are the men, who day by day,
Behold their swollen stores increase.

Then have I cleansed my heart in vain,
[e] In vain my hands from guilt have purged;
All day afflicted I complain,
[f] And every morning I am scourged.

[6] And yet away with words like these;
Lest rashly, in presumptuous pride,
Thy humbler children I displease,
And they the impious murmur chide.

Too painful this for me to view,
Till to Thy temple, Lord, I went;
And then their fearful end I knew;
How suddenly their light is spent.

[g] Set on a high and slippery steep,
Down to perdition these are hurl'd;
[h] By Thee swept headlong to the deep,
A spectacle to all the world.

[6] Ver. 15, not translated by Montgomery.

[i] As men, when they awake at morn,
The visions of the night despise;
Thus, Lord, their image shalt Thou scorn,
When Thou to vengeance shalt arise.

Abash'd, my folly then I saw,
I seem'd before Thee like a brute;
Smit to the heart, o'erwhelm'd with awe,
I bow'd, I worshipp'd, and was mute.

Yet Thou art ever at my side,
[j] And dost uphold me and defend;
Me by Thy counsel Thou shalt guide,
And bring to glory in the end.

Whom have I, Lord, in Heaven but Thee?
In earth shall none divide my heart;
Then fail my flesh—my spirit flee—
Thou mine eternal portion art.

[7] Their doom shall quick destruction be,
Who wantonly Thy love forego:
For me 'tis good to cleave to Thee,
And Thy great works abroad to show.

PSALM LXXIV.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

A Lamentation for the ruin of the temple, and an appeal to the power and goodness of God, which had formerly wrought such wonders for the deliverance of His people. Ascribed to Asaph, but written during the captivity.

LORD, why [a] are we abandoned,
O why for ever?—Shall Thine ire
Consume, like a devouring fire,
The sheep which in Thy pasture fed?

O think of those, who were Thine own;
By Thee of old from bondage brought,
Th' inheritance which Thou hast bought,
And Zion, Thine [b] accustomed throne!

[7] Ver. 27 and 28, left untranslated by Montgomery.

Come, O come quickly; and survey
What spoil the barbarous foe has made;
Lo! all in heaps of ruin laid
Thy temple, their [c] unhallow'd prey.

[d] There, with wild shouts, the hostile band
Roar midst Thy courts; and, as 'twere given
A token and a sign from Heaven,
Point where their conquering ensigns stand.

In the thick woods, with what renown
Plied they the axe, these shrines to build!
Now they the axe and hammer wield,
To hew the carved fabric down.

Behold, the all-infolding flame,
The beauty of the earth [c] o'erthrow,
And humbly on the ground lay low
That temple, sacred to Thy Name.

[f] Now make we, cried the ruthless band,
Now make we havoc of them all!
By fire the holy structures fall,
Through this depopulated land.

No miracles amaze our foes;
[g] There is no prophet to divine,
Or cheer us with the wonted sign;
None know the period of our woes.

Ah! how long shall our enemies
Exult and glory in our shame?
How long shall they blaspheme Thy Name,
Great God, and Thy slow wrath despise?

[h] Thy right hand from Thy bosom draw,
Nor longer Thy revenge withhold!
My God, Thou wast our King; [i] of old
Th' amazed world Thy wonders saw.

[k] Thou by Thy strength didst cleave the wave,
When seas from seas in tumult fled,
[l] Didst wound the river-dragon's head,
And mad'st the deep abyss his grave.

Thou slew'st the monster of the flood,
Leviathan, whose carcass vast
Thou to the noisome beasts did cast,
The people of the wild, for food.

From the hard rock, at Thy command,
The flood and gushing fountain brake;
Thou mad'st the [m] mighty streams forsake
Their channels and become dry [n] land.

The cheerful day, night clothed in shade,
[o] The light, and radiant sun are Thine;
Thy bounds [p] the far-spread earth confine,
Summer and winter [q] Thou hast made.

Great God of gods, forget not those,
Who Thee reproachfully despise;
Remember, Lord, the blasphemies
Cast on Thee by our frantic foes!

O, to the wicked multitude,
Surrender not Thy turtle-dove;
Nor from Thy tender care remove
The poor by powerful wrong pursued.

[r] Thy plighted covenant maintain;
For darkness overspreads the face
Of all the land; in every place
Destruction, [s] wrong, and rapine reign.

Let not th' opprest [t] turn back with shame:
[u] The poor and meek thine honour prize;
Plead Thou Thine own just cause; arise!
Rebuke the fools who scorn Thy Name.

Lord, let not still Thy foes in peace
Blaspheme Thee with their calumnies!
The tumults of their pride, who rise
Against Thee, every day increase.

PSALM LXXV.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

"A Psalm of Asaph." Under the figure of some king about to enter on the government of his people, it seems to be prophetical of God's Judgment of the world.

THEE, Lord, we praise and magnify;
To Thee we thankful are;
For, that Thy Name [a] is ever nigh,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

[b] When I assume my peopled sway,
I justice will maintain.
[c] Earth and earth's dwellers melt away;
Her pillars I sustain.

To fools I said, "more prudent grow;"
To sinners thus I spake;
"Your horn, your horn exalt not so,
Nor such proud boastings make."
Nor east, nor west advancements come,
Nor from the [d] desert[8] flow,
But God Himself preferreth some,
And some doth overthrow.

[e] He, from the full cup in His hand,
The mixt red wine doth pour;
[f] And it th' ungodly of the land
Shall to the dregs devour.
But I of Jacob's God will speak,
And alway sing His praise;
The horns of sinners I will break,
But high the righteous raise.

[8] Marginal translation.

PSALM LXXVI.

"A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD," 1839.

"A Psalm of Asaph." A Hymn of triumph for some signal deliverance of Jerusalem from the enemy.

In Judah God is known; His Name
In Israel great and glorious;
His tent in Salem He would frame,
On Sion dwell victorious:
There burning shafts from many a bow
He shivered; targe and spear lay low,
The shield, the sword, and battle.

More glorious than the hills of prey,
Thine awful light is shining;
The proud had cast their spoils away,
In deadly sleep reclining.
Then warriors miss'd their arm of might:—
God of our fathers! Thou didst smite;
Fell car and horse [a] astounded.

Thou awful God! to whom is given
In wrath to stand before Thee?
Thou mad'st Thy judgment heard from Heaven;
The deeps of earth adore Thee.
They heard, they sank; for God arose
Out of His place to judge His foes,
The meek ones here upholding.

Man's wrath must praise Thee, Lord; till Thou
[b] Have his fierce wrath abated;
Vow ye to God, and pay [c] your vow,
Who still on Him have waited.
Gifts to the Dreadful One be brought,
Tamer of monarchs' haughty thought,
To kings of earth appalling!

PSALM LXXVII.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

"A Psalm of Asaph." The consolation under present distress to be derived from a consideration of God's former mercies.

To God, e'en to the Lord, I pray'd,
And He did hear my [a] cry;
Both day and night I sought His aid,
[b] And spread my hands on high [9].

My heart no comforts entertain'd,
[c] I fix'd on God my thought;
And so I griev'd, and so complain'd,
That low my soul was brought.

[9] The authorised version is, "my sore ran, and ceased not;" but the preferable translation seems to be, "my hand was spread forth and relaxed not." The difficulty has arisen from the Hebrew word signifying "a hand" being sometimes used for the blow inflicted by it.

Mine eyes from sleep He did withhold,
[d] And grief enchain'd my tongue ;
I mus'd on days and years of old,
And what was once my song.

Yea, all alone at night I lay,
Thus musing in my mind ;
Lord, wilt Thou cast me quite away,
And never more be kind ?

Is Thy compassion lost outright ?
Shall Thy firm promise fail ?
Hast Thou forgot Thy mercy quite ?
O'er love shall [e] wrath prevail ?

[f] No, this is mine infirmity ;
The mercies, year on year
Wrought by the hand of the Most High,
[g] I still in mind will bear.

Thy works and wonders past, O Lord,
I'll [g] surely muse upon ;
Thy former acts I will record,
And show what Thou hast done.

[h] Thy way is in the holy place;
What God is like our own?
Great God of wonders! wide we trace
Thy strength to men made known.

For Jacob's and for Joseph's race,
Thine arm did purchase aid;
[i] The waters, when they saw Thy face,
Were troubled and afraid.

The clouds did melt, the [j] welkin crash'd,
Thine arrows [k] went abroad;
Thy thunders roar'd, the lightnings flash'd,
[l] Earth trembled at her God.

[m] Thou walk'st the sea with steps uneyed,
[n] Thy path is in the deep;
And Moses did with Aaron guide,
Thy people there, like sheep.

PSALM LXXVIII.

ALTERED FROM C. F. AND E. C., 1838.

The praise of God for his wondrous works in behalf of his people, from their Egyptian captivity to the choosing of David for their king. The first of the historical Psalms[1]. A Psalm of Asaph.

A PARABLE is on my tongue;
High truths I will unfold;
Give ear, my people, to the word
Of wisdom, from of old.
Dark sentences of ancient lore,
Which we have heard and known;
Which, still unchang'd, from age to age,
Our sires have handed down.

We will not from their children hide
Those holy truths they taught,
The mighty and the wond'rous works,
The Lord our God hath wrought;

[1] The 78th, 105th, and 106th.

His Word to Jacob He reveal'd,
A law in Israel made;
And bade it be from sire to son,
From race to race convey'd:

That they might put their trust in God,
And set their heart aright;
Nor do, as their forefathers did,
Perversely in His sight.
But Ephraim's sons, though arm'd with bows,
Back from the battle turn'd;
And these, unstedfast with their God,
His plighted covenant spurn'd.

A faithless and a stubborn race,
With Him they walked not;
But all His works, the mighty signs
That He had done, forgot.
Great things and marvellous the Lord
Before our fathers wrought,
In Zoan's field, in Egypt's land,
When Israel home He brought.

He led them dry-shod through the flood,
He bade the sea divide;
And made the wall of waters stand
An heap on either side.
Veil'd in a cloud, along the wild,
He led their steps by day;
And with a light of fire all night,
Still marshall'd them the way.

He clave the rock; and o'er the waste
The living waters burst;
As the great depths had sent their stores
To quench the people's thirst.
The stony rock gush'd forth in floods
Beneath th' Almighty hand;
Like rivers, the o'erflowing streams,
Ran down thethirsty land.

Yet Israel sinned but the more,
Provoking the Most High;
And still did their rebellious heart
Jehovah dare to try.

Thus spake they, craving in their lust;
" Can Great Jehovah spread
A table in the wilderness,
And give His people bread?"

" He smote the stony rock indeed,
And water gush'd amain;
But can He flesh and food bestow
Here in the desert plain?"
At Jacob then and Israel
Was wrath enkindled hot;
When faithless they disown'd their God,
His mercy trusted not,

[2] Then did He give the clouds command,
Heaven's doors He open'd wide;
He sent the people their desire,
And every want supplied.
He rain'd down manna from above;
And round about them strew'd,
The bread of Heaven was reap'd on earth;
And man ate angels' food.

[2] Old traslation.

From south and east the freighted winds
Did scatter wide their store;
Flesh, as the dust; and feather'd fowl,
As sand upon the shore.
It fell around their pitched tents,
And, even as they will'd,
God gave them what they had desir'd;
They ate, and they were fill'd.

Yet, while the meat was in their mouth,
They tempted God anew;
So wrath came on them from above,
And all their chiefest slew.
But still they heeded not His works,
Nor gave to God the praise;
Therefore in vanity and woe,
Did He consume their days.

Whene'er He slew them in His wrath,
They to His mercy fled;
And their Redeemer, the Most High,
Again remembered.

But they dissembled with their lips,
And lied unto the Lord;
Because their heart was still afar,
Nor stedfast kept His Word.

Yet had He mercy, and forgave,
Nor would His people slay;
He let not all His anger rise,
But turn'd His wrath away.
For He remember'd they were flesh,
As fleeting and as vain
As is the wind that passeth by,
And cometh not again.

Now oft provoked they the Lord!
And mid the desert land,
The Holy One of Israel grieved,
And limited His hand;
Nor thought how long its deeds of might,
Had safely led them on;
Nor of that day, when from the foe
He had their rescue won:

In Egypt and in Zoan's field,
What wond'rous signs He gave;
And turn'd their rivers into blood:—
Men loath'd the tainted wave.
Devouring flies, and noisome frogs,
He bade corrupt their soil;
He gave the locust and the worm
The produce of their toil.

He bade the all-destroying hail
Upon their vines to pour;
And with His parching frost cut down
The fruitful [3] sycomore.
He on their herds of cattle rain'd
Sharp hailstones in His ire;
And cast upon the scatter'd flocks
Hot thunderbolts of fire.

Forth did the fierceness of His wrath
And indignation flame;
And at His bidding trouble sore,
Yea, evil angels came.

[3] Not the sycamore, but a tree partaking of the nature of the *fig* and *mulberry*. See Bishop Mant's Note.

All Egypt's eldest-born to smite,
He made His anger way;
The mightiest in the tents of Ham,
He bade the slayer slay.

But, for the people of His choice,
He led them forth like sheep;
Their Guide in the vast wilderness,
His wandering flock to keep.
While seas their enemies o'erwhelm'd,
He brought them safely on,
E'en to this mountain of defence,
Which His right-hand had won.

He drove the heathen nations forth,
That Israel's weary band
Might dwell within the stranger's tent,
And share his goodly land.
Yet, as their fathers had rebell'd,
They left their Heavenly Guide;
And, faithless as a broken bow,
They started still aside.

When He beheld their graven gods,
Their altars raised on high,
God loath'd His chosen Israel,
Incensed to jealousy.
He left His dwelling among men,
Yea, Shiloh He abhorr'd;
[4] His glory to the captor gave,
His people to the sword.

Their youth into consuming fire
By His fierce wrath were driven;
And to the joyous marriage-bond
Their maidens were not given;
And, when upon their holy priests
The slaughtering sword He sent,
No widow o'er her murder'd lord,
Surviv'd to make lament.

Like to a mighty man refresh'd,
Or giant strong with wine,
The Lord awaken'd as from sleep,
And bade His terrors shine.

[4] A term descriptive of the ark of God.—See 1 Sam. iv. 20, &c.

To indignation newly rous'd,
The Lord Jehovah came;
And smote His enemies behind,
With a perpetual shame.

He from the tents of Joseph turn'd,
Nor would to Ephraim come,
But chose Him Sion for His seat,
And Judah for His home:
There, even on the mount He loved,
On high His temple made;
And strong, as when He fram'd the earth,
Its deep foundations laid.

He from the milch-ewes, and the folds
His servant David took;
And gave him Judah for a charge,
And Israel for his flock.
So David, with a stedfast heart,
His heritage has fed;
And wisely, with unerring hand,
His people governed.

PSALM LXXIX.

ALTERED FROM CHRISTOPHER SMART, 1765.

This Psalm (ascribed to Asaph) was, like the 74th, written during the captivity. It laments the ruin of the temple, and of Jerusalem ; and appeals to God for the deliverance of His people. The 6th and 7th verses occur in Jeremiah x. 25.

LORD, o'er Thine own chosen nation
Heathen hordes have dared to sweep;
Made Thy courts a desolation,
And Jerusalem an heap.

They the greedy fowls of heaven
With our mangled Bodies feast;
And thy Saints a prey have given
Unto every savage beast.

Human blood, like wasted water,
Round about the wall is shed:
And the universal slaughter
Leaves no burial for the dead.

Scorn'd are we; the nations lying
Round our now devoted land,
Israel openly defying,
With their scoffs her people brand.

Lord, how long shall Thy displeasure
Punish our perverted ways?
Fed and fann'd beyond all measure,
Shall thy jealous fury blaze?

Let the bolts of Thy correction
Those who know Thee not chastise,
Realms and kings in disaffection,
Who Thy glorious Name despise:

For revengeful and voracious
They have prey'd on Jacob's race,
And have laid their hands rapacious
On his goodly dwelling-place.

O! remember not, how grievous
Were Thy servants' sins of old;
But in mercy soon relieve us
To the fell destroyers sold.

Help, O God of our salvation,
For the glory of Thy Name!
Save us in our desolation,
Purge away our sin and shame.

Wherefore should the strange blasphemer
Say, with supercilious brow,
"Where is now their strong Redeemer?
Where is God their helper, now?"

O Let vengeance now be sated,
Let our God to them be known;
Those, who have Thy servants hated,
In our sight be overthrown!

From their dungeon deep resounding
Hear the prisoners, as they sigh;
Let Thy mighty power abounding
Save the poor condemn'd to die!

In Thy righteous balance weighing
Of Thy Name their bold despite,
And sevenfold our foes repaying,
Lord, their blasphemies requite!

So shall we, whom Thou didst sever
To Thyself, a chosen stock,
Yield Thee thanks, and praise for ever,
Blessed Pastor of our flock.

PSALM LXXX.

ANONYMOUS—"POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED," 1836.

"A Psalm of Asaph," describing, under the figure of a vine, the former exaltation, and present affliction of God's church and people. The occasion of it is uncertain.

SHEPHERD Divine of Israel,
Who Joseph as a sheep dost lead;
Who 'twixt the cherubim dost dwell,
[a] Shine forth, and help us in our need!

Before Manasseh, as of old,
Go forth in all Thy [b] might arrayed;
Let Benjamin his God behold,
[c] Stir up Thy strength for Ephraim's aid.

Turn us again, O Lord, we pray;
And on our sad and sorrowing soul
Let Thy face shed one cheering ray,
That we may see it, and be whole.

But wilt Thou still with anger glow;
Against our prayer still close Thine ears?
[d] Thou mak'st our cup with tears o'erflow,
Thou feed'st us with the bread of tears:

[e] And still our foes in malice vie,
Who most can spoil us and oppress;
Who most can mock our misery,
And laugh to scorn our helplessness.

Turn us again, O Lord, we pray;
And on our sad and sorrowing soul
Let Thy face shed one cheering ray,
That we may see it, and be whole.

Of old, from Egypt's distant shore,
Thou, Lord, a chosen vine didst bear,
And where the heathen stood before,
Didst plant, and bid it flourish fair.

[f] Where first Thou gavest it room to stand,
Deep in the earth its roots it wound,
[g] And widening thence they fill'd the land;—
Its shadow veil'd the hills around.

Like goodly cedar-tree, her head
She lifted high above the plain,
Her branches [h] to the river spread,
Her boughs unto the farthest main.

Why hast Thou then her hedge o'erthrown,
And left her fenceless and forlorn;
That all who pass, with bitter tone,
Taunt her, and pluck her grapes in scorn?

The wild boar, issuing from the wood,
[i] The unprotected tree uproots;
And browsing herds in search of food,
Strip from her boughs the wasted fruits.

Turn then in pity and in love,
Lord God of Hosts; with eye benign
Look down, and from Thy throne above
Behold, and visit this Thy vine!

Behold the place where late it grew,
Rear'd by Thine own Almighty hand;
The branch, Thou didst with strength endue,
To show Thy power through all the land.

But Thou didst frown, and by that look
To swift destruction it was doom'd;
It perish'd at Thy stern rebuke,
By sword destroy'd, by fire consumed.

O! then to him fresh vigour give,
Whom for Thyself Thine hand did raise;
So will we not go back, but live,
And bless Thy Name with endless praise.

Turn us again, O Lord, we pray;
And on our sad and sorrowing soul
Let Thy face shed one cheering ray,
That we may see it, and be whole!

PSALM LXXXI.

JOHN MILTON, 1648[4].

"A Psalm of Asaph," supposed to have been sung in the temple at the *great* feast of trumpets (Num. xxix. 1.) in the seventh month; when the deliverance out of Egypt was commemorated.

To God, our strength, sing loud and clear,
Sing loud to God our King;
To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
Loud acclamations ring.

[4] There are some expressions, and some lines, in this, and the 88th Psalm, which we may believe the great translator, if he had lived in this age of attention to the niceties of language, would have strengthened, and made more accordant with the general vigour of the rest. But it is not for any ordinary person to suggest those alterations. Under a bad portrait of himself (furnished to the publisher of the first Edition of his minor poems), the poet wrote, "γελᾶτε φαύλου

Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring;
The cheerful psaltery bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

Blow, as is wont, in the new moon
With trumpets' lofty sound,
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast comes round.

This was a statute given of old
For Israel to observe;
A law of Jacob's God, to hold,
From whence they might not swerve.

This He a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, not to change,
When as He pass'd through Egypt land;—
The tongue I heard was strange:

δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου," condemning the gross dissimilitude of the picture, and holding up to ridicule the unskilful imitator even of his outward person.

[5] From burden and from slavish toil
I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots and miry soil
Delivered were by Me.

When trouble did thee sore assail,
On Me then didst thou call;
And I to free thee did not fail,
And led thee out of thrall.

I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompass'd round;
I tried thee at the water steep
Of Mariba renown'd.

Hear, O my people; hearken well;
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me:

[5] From hence to the end of the Psalm, are the words of the Almighty.

Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be;
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.

I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I besought
Will grant thy full demand.

And yet My people would not hear,
Nor hearken to My voice;
And Israel, whom I loved so dear,
Misliked Me for his choice.

Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.

O! that My people would be wise,
To serve Me all their days!
And, O that Israel would advise,
To walk My righteous ways!

Then wonld I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise;
And turn My hand against all those,
That are their enemies.

Who hate the Lord, should then be fain
To bow to Him and bend;
But they, His people, should remain;
Their time should have no end.

And He would feed them from the shock
With flour of finest wheat;
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey for their meat.

PSALM LXXXII.

ALTERED FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

"A Psalm of Asaph." The duty and responsibility of earthly Judges.

Among th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat;
The God of Heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

How long will ye pervert the laws,
How long support th' unrighteous cause?
O save the fatherless and poor,
And rid them from the evil-doer!

They know not, Lord; nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go:
The very earth's foundations deep
Their settled course no longer keep.

And these, I said, are gods; a Son
Of the Most High is every one!
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

Arise, O God; to judgment call
The earth! for Thou art Lord of all:
The nations all belong to Thee,
And Thine their heritage shall be.

PSALM LXXXIII.

ALTERED FROM THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE (1586).

"A Psalm of Asaph." Appealing to God against some powerful combination of the enemies of His people.

Be not, O be not silent still;
No longer rest, O God, unmoved;
For, lo! Thine enemies,
With threat'ning tumult rise;
Together they are leagued for ill,
Against the people Thou hast loved.

Come, let us of them nothing make;
Let them no more a people be;
Raze we the very name
Of Israel! (they exclaim):—
Such are the counsels these men take,
Thus, Lord, confederate against Thee.

First, Edom's sons, then Ismael,
With Moab, Hagar, Gebal's line;
With these the Ammonites,
The fierce Amalekites,
And they who in Philistia dwell,
With Tyre's inhabitants combine.

And [6] Assur too, their far ally,
Is leagued with Lot's incestuous brood;
But, Lord, as Jabin Thou
And Sisera didst bow,
As Midian did fall and die,
At Endor's walls and Kison's flood;

[6] The Assyrian.

As Oreb, Zeb, and Zeba strong,
As Salmana who led Thy foes,
(Who meant, nay said, no less,
Than that they would possess
God's heritage,) became as dung;
So, Lord, O! so of these dispose!

And, as the chaff is whirl'd around,
Or stubble scatter'd on the blast,
As sinks the mighty wood,
That on some mountain stood;
When driven along the parched ground,
The flame before the wind has past;

So with Thy tempest them pursue,
So with Thy whirlwind them affright;
So let their daunted face
Be cover'd with disgrace,
That they at length to Thee may sue,
And give Thy glorious Name its right.

Add fear to shame, and shame to fear,
Confound them quite, and quite deface;

And make them know, that none
But Thou, and Thou alone,
Dost that high name "Jehovah" bear,
High raised above all earthly place.

PSALM LXXXIV.

ALTERED FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

The subject resembles that of the 42nd and 43rd, when the Psalmist, driven from Jerusalem, was deprived of all access to the service of the temple.

Lord of the Hosts above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy tabernacles are!
To Thine abode,
My heart aspires;
My flesh desires
The Living God.

The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My God and King,
[7] Even yearning so,
My soul doth to
Thine altars cling.

O happy they that dwell
Within Thy blest abode;
And there unceasing tell
The praises of their God!
Their strength is Thine:
[8] And happy they,
That love the way
Towards Thy shrine!

[7] The authorized translation is, "The sparrow hath found an house (even) thine altars:" but the ellipsis may be supplied, "The sparrow has found an house, (I have found) thine altars. Bishop Mant adopts the latter interpretation.

[8] "Who love the paths which lead thither."—French and Skinner.

For them the well-springs flow,
E'en through this vale of tears;
From strength to strength they go,
Till each with God appears.
Lord, hear my prayer!
O let Thine Own
Anointed One
Thy favour share!

For, but one day to dwell,
Where'er my God abides,
In blessing doth excel
A thousand days besides;
O happier lot,
To keep Thy gate,
Than share their state,
Where Thou art not!

God is our sun and shield;
He will all good impart,
And grace and glory yield,
To them of upright heart,

Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts,
Alone in Thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

ANONYMOUS, "A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD," 1839.

Probably written by Ezra. The happiness of God's people on their deliverance from captivity. Prophetical of the blessings of the Gospel.

LORD, Thine heart in love hath yearn'd
On Thy lost and fallen land;
Israel's face is homeward turn'd,
Thou hast freed Thy captive band.
Thou hast borne Thy people's sin,
Cover'd all their deeds of ill;
All Thy wrath is gather'd in,
And Thy burning anger still.

Turn us, stay us now once more,
God of all our health and peace;
Let [a] the cloud of wrath fleet o'er,
[b] Let Thine anger towards us cease.
Wilt Thou ne'er for us assuage,
Lord, its still consuming fire?
Unappeased, from age to age,
Wilt Thou yet prolong Thine ire?

Art Thou not a God to turn?
Turn, and be our life again;
That Thy people's heart may burn
With the gladness of Thy reign.
Show us now Thy tender love;
Thy salvation, Lord, impart.—
I, the voice Divine would prove,
Listening in my silent heart;

Listening what the Lord will say:
"Peace" to all that own His will;
To His saints that love His way,
"Peace," and "turn no more to ill."

Ye that fear Him, nigh at hand
Now His saving grace ye find;
'So that glory in our land
May for ever dwell enshrined.

Truth and Mercy meet again;
Righteousness to Peace hath given
The kiss of love; Truth dwells with men,
And Righteousness looks down from Heaven.
Nor will God His goodness stay,
Nor our land her bounteous store;
Marking out her Maker's way,
Righteousness shall go before.

PSALM LXXXVI.

ALTERED FROM E. FARR, 1836.

"A Prayer of David" in distress and persecution.

Bow down a listening ear,
And hear, O Lord, my prayer;
For poor and needy I draw near,
And supplicate Thy care.

Preserve my sinking soul;
Preserve, O Lord, the just,
Who upon Thee has placed his whole,
His undivided trust.

For mercy, day by day,
I lift my voice on high;
That mercy to my soul display;
And answer to my cry!

Bid Thou my soul rejoice;
On Thee my hopes depend;
To Thee my supplicating voice,
My spirit doth ascend.

For Thou, O Lord, art good,
And ever prompt to spare;
Thy mercy is on all bestow'd,
Who call on Thee in prayer.

Give ear, O God of love,
To my complaint give ear!
I lift my voice to Thee above;
My voice in mercy hear!

What time my troubles rise,
 Thy succour I'll implore;
For Thou wilt answer to my cries,
 And save me by Thy power.

Among the gods around,
 None may with Thee compare;
Like Thine none other works are found,
 Or may their glories share.

All nations whom Thine hand,
 Almighty Lord, did frame,
Shall come, and in Thy courts shall stand,
 And glorify Thy Name.

Great art Thou, Lord; and great
 The wonders Thou hast done;
Upon no other Lord we wait;
 Thou, Thou art God alone.

Teach me Thy way divine!
 I in Thy truth will tread;
O to Thyself my spirit join,
 That I Thy Name may dread!

My heart, O Lord my God,
Shall sing Thy boundless praise;
And I Thy glorious Name abroad
Will bear, to endless days.

Thy love towards me shown
To all the world I'll tell;
For Thou hast sent deliv'rance down,
And saved my soul from hell.

Against my hated life,
O God, the proud arise,
In league with violence and strife,
And turn from Thee their eyes.

But Thou the God wilt prove
Of pity and of grace,
And slow to wrath; all truth and love
To Thee, their source, we trace.

Turn, Lord; Thy mercy show!
Thy waiting servant own;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, bestow
Upon Thine handmaid's son!

Some token to me give!
That my shamed foes may see
How Thou my sorrows dost relieve,
How Thou dost comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

Declaring the present Glory of Zion, and prophetically the incorporation of all nations into that city of their God, and destined place of the Saviour's nativity.

Fixt firmly, His foundations keep
Their station on the holy steep.
O! lovely in Jehovah's eyes
The portals of fair Zion rise;

[a] With Him they all the seats excel,
The goodly [b] seats of Israel;
[c] And glorious things are told abroad
Of Thee, Thou city of our God.

In times to come, [d] among mine own,
I will remember Babylon;
And [e] Rahab rank with those who bring
Due homage to their Sovereign King.

With them shall Ethiopia join,
[f] Tyre, and the haughty Philistine;
While all, with one accord, declare
"Behold, His going-forth was there!"

And each and all shall lift on high
Their voice, and thus of Zion cry;
"Behold, His going-forth was there,"
And "God Most High shall stablish her."

[g] Yea, when on His eternal scroll
God His own people doth enrol,
Himself shall to the world declare,
"Behold, His going-forth was there!"

With joy shall sing the choral train,
The minstrels breathe the answering strain;
O Zion, Zion fair, I see
The fountains of my bliss in Thee!

PSALM LXXXVIII.

JOHN MILTON, 1648.

"A Prayer containing a grievous complaint." Prophetical of our Lord's sorrows. "Maschil" (probably an instructive song) "of Heman the Ezrahite."

LORD GOD, that dost me save and keep,
All day to Thee I cry;
And all night long before Thee weep,
Before Thee prostrate lie.

Into Thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend;
And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
Thine ear with favour bend.

For cloy'd with woes and trouble sore,
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
My life, at death's uncheerful door,
Unto the grave draws nigh.

Reckon'd I am with those that pass
Down to the dismal pit;
I am a man, but weak, alas!
And for that name unfit.

From life discharg'd, and parted quite,
Among the dead to sleep,
And like the slain in bloody fight,
That in the grave lie deep;

Whom Thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard;
Them from Thy hand deliver'd o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

Thou in the lowest pit profound
Hast set me, all forlorn,
Where thickest darkness hovers round,
In horrid depths to mourn.

Thy wrath from which no shelter saves,
Full sore doth press on me,
[9a] Thou break'st upon me all Thy waves,
[9a] And all Thy waves break me.

[9] "The Hebrew bears both."—Milton's note.

Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And makest me odious;
Me to them odious, for they change,
And I here pent up thus!

Through sorrow and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I Thee intreat,
My hands to Thee I spread.

Wilt Thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceased arise,
And praise Thee from their loathsome bed,
With pale and hollow eyes?

Shall they Thy loving-kindness tell,
On whom the grave hath hold?
Or they, who in perdition dwell,
Thy faithfulness unfold?

In darkness can Thy mighty hand,
Or wond'rous acts be known?
Thy justice, in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?

But I to Thee, O Lord, do cry,
E'er yet my life be spent;
And up to Thee my prayer doth hie,
Each morn, and Thee prevent.

Why wilt Thou, Lord, my soul forsake;
And hide Thy face from me,
That am already bruised, and shake
With terror sent from Thee?

Bruised, and afflicted, and so low
As ready to expire;
While I Thy terrors undergo,
Astonish'd with Thine ire.

Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatenings cut me through;
All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.

Lover and friend Thou hast removed,
And sever'd from me far;
They fly me now, whom I have loved,
And as in darkness are.

PSALM LXXXIX.

ALTERED FROM GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

An expression of confidence in the power of God, and in the accomplishment of His covenanted promises to David. Written during the captivity, and at a period of some great national distress. It is appointed to be read on Christmas Day, as being typically applicable to the Messiah. "Maschil[1] of Ethan the Ezrahite."

Now, in a song of endless praise,
Thy mercies will I sing, O Lord;
And unto all succeeding days
Thy faithfulness I will record.

For I have said, that Thy great love
And mercy shall be raised high;
And in the very heavens above
That Thou Thy faith shalt magnify.

[1] See the preceding Psalm.

Thus Thou hast sworn, and hast decreed,
To David Thine elected one;
"I will confirm thy faithful seed,
And build for evermore thy throne."

Heaven shall Thy praise, O God, declare,
Thy majesty, Thy wonders great;
And where Thy saints assembled are,
Thy faithfulness they shall relate.

For whom like Thee doth Heaven afford?
What earthly king is Thy compeer,
Who art among Thy saints adored,
Whom all that wait upon Thee fear?

O Lord of Hosts, what Lord is found
So faithful, or so strong as Thou;
Who sett'st the raging seas their bound,
And calm'st them when they furious grow?

Thou hast laid low proud Egypt's land,
As one amidst the battle dead;
And, by the power of Thy strong hand,
Thine enemies hast scattered.

Thine heaven, and earth, and all things be,
For Thou alone didst all things frame;
The north and south were made by Thee,
Tabor and Hermon own Thy Name.

High is Thine arm, and strong Thine hand;
And, where Thou dost Thy throne prepare,
Judgment and Justice always stand,
And Truth and Love Thy ushers are.

O blest are they, who know Thy voice!
Thy look shall cheer them in their ways,
They in Thy Name shall still rejoice,
And them Thy justice high shall raise:

Thou art the glory of their power:
Our horn shall by Thy favour spring;
God is our strong defensive tower,
And Israel's Holy One our King.

Thou, in the visions of the night,
Didst to Thy Holy One declare;
That Thou a Man endued with might
Among Thy people would'st prepare.

I have, Thou saidst, My David found,
My holy oil on him shall flow;
By mine own hand he shall be crown'd,
Mine arm shall strength on him bestow.

His foes shall do him no disgrace,
The son of sin shall not annoy;
For, beaten down before his face,
I them that hate him will destroy.

My faith and love on him shall stay,
My Name his honour shall maintain;
His hand shall make the seas obey,
His right hand shall the floods restrain.

"My God, my Father!" he shall cry,
And Me shall for his strong Rock own;
My first-born shall he be, and high
Above the kings of earth his throne.

To him I still will mercy grant,
He shall enjoy My promise given;
Successors he shall never want;
His throne shall stand as firm as Heaven.

But if my laws his children break,
If they shall from My precepts stray;
My statutes if they shall forsake,
Or from My judgments turn away;

Their sin with stripes I will reprove,
And scourge their trespass with My rod;
But yet from him will not remove
The loving-kindness of his God.

I still My plighted faith will hold,
Nor change the thing which once I spake;
To David by Myself of old
I sware, nor will that cov'nant break:

His seed shall live; to them a throne
For aye establish'd shall be given,
As lasting as the sun and moon,
[2] Or the true token set in Heaven.

[2] French and Skinner understand "the faithful witness in the heavens" to mean the rainbow, which is also Bishop Mant's interpretation. See Gen. ix. 12, 13.

But now, as if he were abhorr'd,
Thou dost on Thine anointed frown;
Thou makest void Thy league, O Lord,
And on the ground hast hurl'd his crown.

His fences Thou hast rent away,
His warlike holds Thou down dost raze;
All passers-by upon him prey,
His neighbours scoff at his disgrace.

His foes hast Thou victorious made,
And cheer'd his haters with delight;
Thou dull'st the sharpness of his blade,
Nor dost uphold him in the fight.

And thou hast quench'd his glory's rays,
His throne hast cast upon the ground;
Thou hast cut short his youthful days,
And him with shame enclosed around.

How long, Lord, in Thy burning rage,
Shall still Thy face obscured remain?
Think on the shortness of mine age!
Why hast Thou made mankind in vain?

Lives there, whom death shall not remove ;
Who from the grave his soul shall free ?
O ! Lord, where now is all that love
To David vowed of old by Thee ?

Think on Thy servants' wrongs ; record
The scorn, that in my breast I bear,
Among the mighty nations, Lord ;
Those who Thine own blasphemers are.

Yet, Lord, though Thine anointed one
They have reviled in his ways,
And their despite to him have done ;
To Thee for evermore be praise !

PSALM XC.

ALTERED FROM JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

"A Prayer of Moses the man of God."

LORD, Thou hast been a dwelling-place,
A rest in tribulations,
To us, Thine own redeemed race,
Through all our generations.
Thou, e'er the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever Thou hadst form'd the earth,
Art God from everlasting.

Thou turnest man again to clay;
By Thee that doom was spoken:
[3] As with a torrent borne away,
Gone like a sleep when broken.
[4] A thousand years are, in Thy sight,
But as a watch amid the night,
Or yesterday departed.

[3] Ver. 5. [4] Ver. 4.

At morn we flourish like the grass,
When green and fresh it groweth;
Which wither'd e'er the evening pass,
The sweeping sickle moweth.
Thus do Thy chastisements consume
Our blasted hopes, our early bloom;
We fade at Thy displeasure.

Lo, Thou hast set before Thine eyes,
All our misdeeds and errors;
Our secret sins from darkness rise,
To Thy confronting terrors.
At Thy rebuke cut short by death,
Our life is like the transient breath,
That told a by-gone story.

Our days are three-score years and ten;
Ten more man's strength may borrow;
But if the span be lengthen'd then,
That strength is toil and sorrow;
For soon arrives the closing hour:
But who discerns Thy fearful power,
Proportion'd to Thine anger!

Lord, teach us so to count our days,
That we may prize them duly,
And set our hearts on wisdom's ways ;--
That we may praise Thee truly,
Return, Thy servants' griefs behold ;
And with Thy mercy, as of old,
O satisfy us early !

Restore us comfort for our fears,
Joy for our long affliction ;
Our children give through changing years
Increasing benediction.
Thy glorious beauty, Lord, reveal ;
And with Thy prospering favour seal,
Thy servants and their labours !

PSALM XCI.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

The security of the righteous man under the protection of the Almighty.—See St. Matt. iv. 6, 7.

WHO in the [a] covert, and the shade
Of God All-mighty still resides,
Is by [b] His shelter fearless made,
And always safe with Him abides.
For, I confess, the Lord hath been
A fortress and a rock to me;
My God alone I trusted in,
And He, my trust, shall always be.

[c] He, doubtless, will secure thee from
The fowler's [d] snare, and noisome pest;
His wings thy shelter shall become,
Thou shalt beneath His feathers rest.

Thou, for thy shield, His truth shalt bear,
And nothing then shall thee dismay;
Not that which we at midnight fear,
Nor any shaft that flies by day.

[e] No secret plague shall Thee appal,
Nor noon-day scourge that wastes the land,
Though at thy side a thousand fall,
And ten times more at thy right hand;
But thou shalt live to mark, and see
The due reward of the unjust;
For God Most High will favour thee,
Because in Him thou put'st thy trust.

No mischief shall to thee betide,
Nor any plague thy house infect;
For He doth angel-guards provide,
Which in thy ways will thee protect.
[f] Thee shall their hands securely lead,
And from thy paths all harms expel;
Thou shalt on asps and lions tread,
On lions young, on dragons fell.

g " He doth His love on me repose;
To Him I therefore will be nigh;
And, since My Holy Name he knows,
He shall be rear'd to honours high.
When he doth call, an ear I'll give,
In troubles I with him will be;
On earth he long shall honour'd live,
And he my saving health shall see."

PSALM XCII.

ALTERED FROM GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

" A Psalm or song for the Sabbath Day."

O how good, how excellent
'Tis, with tongue and heart's consent,
To give thanks unto the Lord,
To proclaim His praise abroad:
In the morning, O most High,
And beneath the midnight sky,

Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm faith in grateful verse.
With the ten-string'd instrument
Let the Psaltery's sound be blent;
While the harp the music brings,
Of its solemn sounding strings.
From Thy works my joy proceeds;
I will triumph in Thy deeds.
Who Thy wonders can express!
All Thy thoughts are fathomless,
Hid from men in knowledge blind,
Hid from fools to vice inclined.
Though the evil-doers spring,
Like the green grass flourishing;
Blighted like the withering blade,
They shall soon for ever fade.

But, O Lord, Thou art Most high;
Such to all eternity.
For, behold, Thine enemies,
Rebels that against Thee rise,
That in works of sin delight,
Shall be scatter'd by Thy might.

But Thou shalt exalt my horn,
Like the towering unicorn;
Fresh and fragrant oil shalt shed
On Thy crowned prophet's head.
I shall see my foes' defeat,
I shall hear of their retreat.
But the just abroad shall spread;
As the palm-tree rears its head,
Or some cedar, waving on
The tall steep of Lebanon.
Those set in Thy courts below
Still shall spring, and heavenward grow;
Fruit in their old age shall bring,
Ever fat and flourishing;
That by them it may be shown
God, our Rock, no wrong doth own.

PSALM XCIII.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

The superiority of God's kingdom to all earthly opposition. This and the seven following Psalms were acknowledged by the Jews to be prophetical of the Messiah.

THE Lord is King, and weareth
A robe of glory bright;
He clothed with strength appeareth,
And girt with powerful might.

The earth He hath so grounded,
That moved it cannot be;
His throne long since was founded;
More old than time is He.

The waters highly flowed,
And raised their voice, O Lord;
The seas their fury showed,
And loud their billows roar'd.

But God in strength excelleth
 Strong seas and powerful deeps;
With Him still pureness dwelleth,
 And firm His truth He keeps.

PSALM XCIII.

2nd TRANSLATION, BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

With glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablish'd is Thy throne!
 Which shall no change nor period see;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.

GEORGE BURGESS, 1839.

An exhortation to depend on the omniscient and omnipresent God in the season of affliction.

[a] RISE, God of vengeance; for our wrongs
Thy wrath proclaim aloud!
For vengeance unto Thee belongs:
O recompense the proud!

How long shall guilt, O Lord of Hosts,
How long shall guilt rejoice?
How long the wicked make their boast,
And lift their scornful voice?

[b] Thy people, Lord, they make their prey,
Thine heritage oppress:
The widow and the stranger slay,
And kill the fatherless.

And yet, "God shall not see the deed,"
Within themselves they cry;
"Nor shall the God of Jacob heed
The works that Him defy."

O souls most dark! behold and fear;
How long refuse ye light?
Shall He not hear, who framed the ear,
Nor see, who gave us sight?

Shall not the world's High Judge chastise?
The Source of knowledge know?—
He knows the thoughts that men devise,
A vain and fleeting show.

How blest the man, in chastenings blest,
Whom Thou hast taught and tried!
In evil days Thou giv'st him rest,
Till guilt the grave shall hide.

For God will ne'er forsake His own,
Nor cast His saints away;
[c] But justice shall resume her throne;
The just shall own her sway.

[5] O who, when wicked men invade,
Stands forth my soul to save?
Unless the Lord had been mine aid,
Its home had been the grave.

But when I said, "My footsteps fail,"
Thy mercy made me [d] whole;
And though a thousand griefs assail,
Thy comforts cheer my [e] soul.

[f] Shall thrones have fellowship with Thine,
That frame the lawless deed?—
Against the righteous they combine,
And doom the just to bleed.

[5] The 16th and 17th verses are omitted in the translation.

The Lord our God, my rock and tower,
Shall all their crimes repay;
The Lord our God g shall break their power,
The slayer's self shall slay.

PSALM XCV.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

God's people are exhorted to the praise of their Creator, and not to tempt Him, as of old, by unbelief.—See Heb. iii. 7, &c.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice!
For Jehovah is King, and He reigns
The God of all gods on His throne;
The strength of the hills He maintains,
The ends of the earth are His own.

The sea is Jehovah's: He made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's: He laid
Its solid foundations below.
O come let us worship, and kneel
Before our Creator, our God;
The people who serve Him with zeal,
The flock whom He guides with His rod.

[a] To-day, if His voice ye will hear,
He speaks from above to you still;
" O turn not aside; but forbear
To harden your hearts to My will.
As once, on the wilderness way,
Of old My long-suffering ye tried;
The day of temptation, the day
When God's righteous wrath ye defied.

" Your fathers against me rebell'd;
And forty years long was I grieved,
My works while they daily beheld,
But, tempting their God, disbelieved.

Their heart had from me gone astray,
And I sware in My wrath, that, unblest,
The people, that knew not My way,
Should ne'er enter into My rest."

PSALM XCVI. [6]

ANONYMOUS. "POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED," 1836.

All the world is called upon to join in the praises of Jehovah.

In songs of praise unheard before,
Let all the earth the Lord adore;
Sing to the Lord, and praise His Name,
Tell how from Him salvation came;
His honour to the heathen show,
Let the whole earth His wonders know.
God cannot worthily be praised,
Above all Gods so highly raised;

[6] This Psalm, with the first fifteen verses of the 105th and the two concluding verses of the 106th was sung, when the ark was brought up to Mount Zion.—1 Chron. xvi. 23, &c.

They are but idols, wood and stone,
The Lord, our God, is God alone.
He made the heavens; there saints adore Him;
Glory and worship go before Him;
Girded with power, with honour crown'd,
God in His holy place is found.
O then unto the Lord ascribe,
Nation and kindred, tongue and tribe,
The glory due unto His Name,
The service He may justly claim!
With joy unto His courts repair,
And, as your gifts you offer there,
Meet worship to the Lord address,
In beauty and in holiness.
Then tell it out, that all may hear,
And God's eternal Name revere;
Yea, tell it out, and bid the sound
Go forth to all the nations round,
That He is King; and how He made
The earth, and its foundations laid
So sure, that they may ne'er remove;
[a] And of that day, when from above

In clouds descending He shall come
To pass on all a righteous doom.
Be glad, thou earth; ye heavens, rejoice;
Thou sea, send forth thy glorious voice;
Forest and field, with one accord,
Rejoice, rejoice before the Lord!
[b] He comes, He comes; His saints to bless,
And judge the world in righteousness.

PSALM XCVII.

ANONYMOUS. "A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD," 1839.

The Majesty of God's kingdom. Prophetical of the Messiah's entering on His kingly office.—See Heb. i. 6.

THE Lord hath reign'd, and reigns; let earth
Arise in glad commotion;
Before Him rise in awful mirth,
Ye thousand isles of ocean.
[a] Deep clouds and darkness Him enfold;
And righteousness and truth uphold,
The throne of His abiding.

Before Him goes a fire, to [b] blight
At once the faithless-hearted;
[c] His bolts array'd the world in light,
The wide earth saw, and started.
Before Him mountains melt and [d] glow,
As wax before the Lord they [d] flow,
The whole earth's Lord and Owner.

The heavens have told His righteousness,
The realms beheld His glory:
Shame to the men who serve, and bless
Carved forms of mortal story;
Who in vain gods their joy and crown
Would find:—To Him, ye gods, bow down,
Him worship, all ye angels!

Glad Sion heard, [e] with joy and glee
Were Judah's daughters thrilling,
When of Thy judgments, Lord, and Thee,
[f] All earth with glory filling,
The song went out; O Lord, our Lord,
On high, above all gods ador'd!—
Love ye the Lord: loathe evil.

Thou keep'st Thy chosen souls, O God,
Won safe from sinners' madness;
Light for the just is sown abroad,
For true hearts joyful gladness.
Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
And cherish, with adoring voice,
High thoughts of Him Most Holy!

PSALM XCVII.

2nd VERSION, ANONYMOUS. See Preface, p. 20.

THE Lord is King; let all the earth
Be glad thereof, with holy mirth;
Yea, let the isles unnumber'd sing
With gladness; for the Lord is King.

With darkness, and thick clouds surrounded,
In righteousness His throne is founded;
A burning fire before Him goes,
On all sides, to consume His foes.

Bright through the world His lightnings sped,
The earth beheld, and shook with dread;
Of Nature's God the mountains felt
The Presence, and like wax did melt.

Yon heavens the righteousness declare
Of the great God, who reigneth there,
And all, who dwell beneath the skies,
Have seen His glory with their eyes.

Confounded be all they, whose knees
Have bow'd to carved images,
Who boast their idols; be the Lord
By all whom men call gods adored!

When Sion of Thy judgments heard,
With joy the conscious mount was stirr'd;
And Judah's daughters pour'd their lays
To celebrate Jehovah's praise.

How far exalted in degree
Beyond all earthly powers is He;
Yea, far above the Hosts on high
Is God's unrivall'd majesty.

Take heed then, ye who love the Lord,
All evil be of you abhorr'd;
He keeps their souls, that holy be,
And from th' ungodly sets them free.

God for the just has sown a light,
And joy for those in heart upright;
Let such to Him glad thanks express,
Remembering still His holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

The house of Israel and all lands, and the whole creation, are exhorted to praise God for His salvation.

New songs unto the Lord indite,
For mighty marvels He hath done;
His right-hand hath prevail'd in fight,
His holy arm the conquest won.

The Gentiles [a] openly have view'd
How just and helpful He hath been;
To Israel truth and love He shew'd,
[b] The world hath His salvation seen.

Then through the world His glory sing,
Sing praises with triumphant voice;
To praise the Lord the psalt'ry bring,
And on the harp with psalms rejoice.

The Lord, the King, with mirth adore;
[c] With trump and shawm the joy begin;
Ye seas, with all your fulness roar;
Thou earth, be glad, and all therein.

[d] Floods clap your hands; and joyful be,
Ye hills, before Him; for He comes
To judge the world [e] with equity,
And give the people righteous dooms.

PSALM XCIX.

ALTERED FROM GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

All are invited to worship the Lord their God before His throne in Zion.

Let the subject nations quake,
Let the earth's foundations shake;
For Jehovah reigns supreme,
Throned between the cherubim.
He is great in Sion's towers,
High above all mortal powers.
Let them praise His awful Name;
O how holy is the same!
Judgment by our King is loved,
Yet to mercy is He moved.
Thou Thy mercy join'd with grace,
Daily deal'st to Jacob's race.
At His footstool then before Him,—
He is holy—come, adore Him!

Moses, Aaron, heretofore
Among those who mitres wore;
Samuel, a chosen seer,
Among those who saw Him near;
These to Him their prayers preferr'd,
These by Him as soon were heard.
These His statutes rarely brake,
Unto these the Almighty spake
In the pillar of a cloud,
To His service ever vow'd.
He did their petitions hear,
Merciful, and yet severe.
Then our God exalt ye still;
Worship at His holy hill.
There, on Sion's mount before Him,—
He is holy—come, adore Him!

PSALM C.

OLD VERSION, JOHN HOPKINS, 1562.

"A Psalm of praise." All the world are called unto the temple of God, to join together in His praise.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why?—The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM C.

2nd VERSION, ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.

The Lord is God: 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are His work, and not our own,
The sheep that on His pasture live.

[a] O enter then His gates with joy,
With praises to His courts repair,
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of men shall find,
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM CI.

WILLIAM BARTON, 1644.

"A Psalm of David," resolving that he will rule himself by the law of God.

LORD, I will sing of mercy sweet,
And judgment, to Thy praise;
And wisely guide my wary feet,
In all Thy perfect ways.
[a] When wilt Thou come, Lord, to my home?
So shall I do my part,
To order my whole family,
With perfectness of heart.

I will no wicked thing abide
Before mine eyes to be;
I hate their work that turn aside;
It shall not cleave to me.
The froward heart from me shall part,
And have no more access;
And I will [b] none such persons own,
As practise wickedness.

The man, that slandereth privily,
[c] I doom to vengeance sure;
The proud in heart, whose looks are high,
I will no more endure.
[d] I'll choose me then the faithful men,
That they may dwell with me;
And whoso press for perfectness,
My servants they shall be.

None guileful will I entertain
Within my house to dwell;
Nor shall he in my sight remain,
That loveth lies to tell.

[e]The wicked sort, full soon cut short,
My sentence shall condemn;
And so suppress ungodliness
From God's Jerusalem.

PSALM CII.

HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, 1651.

The fifth Penitential Psalm. "A prayer of the afflicted, when he is overwhelmed, and poureth out his complaint before the Lord."

Hear me, O Lord, and let my cry
To Thy bright throne ascend on high;
Hide not Thy face in time of need,
But answer my request with speed!
[a]For this brief life doth, day by day,
Like to the smoke consume away;
My bones are, as the burned brand;
Dried up and scorched by Thine hand.

My heart like grass is withered,
And I forget to eat my bread;
I waste and pine in daily groans;
[b] My flesh scarce cleaveth to my bones;
Like pelicans removed from sight,
Or owls in deserts, shunning light;
[c] Or the lone sparrow on the roof,
I watch, from all mankind aloof.

I with reproach all day am torn
Of enemies against me sworn;
I ashes eat instead of bread,
And drink the tears my sorrows shed.
[d] Such mischiefs from Thy wrath are grown,
Since Thou, who raised, hast cast me down;
[e] And, like the dark declining shade,
Or [f] withering grass, I hourly fade.

Yet Thou, O Lord, dost still endure,
From time's successive change secure.
Thou, therefore, shalt in mercy rise,
And Sion help, which [g] wasted lies:

The time is come for her repair,
Whose stones and [h] ruins prized are;
Thy servants pity her neglect,
And on her dust with sighs reflect.

So shall the heathen fear Thy Name,
And kings Thy majesty proclaim,
[i] When Sion's wall the Lord shall rear,
And in His glory shall appear;
He will regard the poor-man's suit,
And not despise the destitute.
This shall be written for record,
That after-times may praise the Lord.

[j] God from on high His face display'd,
And out of Heaven [k] the earth survey'd;
The captive's fetters to untie,
And prisoners save condemn'd to die:
[l] That, when to Sion's blessed hill,
And Salem, which His wonders fill,
[m] Nations and kingdoms shall repair,
They may His Name and praise declare.

He hath my strength to weakness brought;
My shorten'd days are come to nought:
[n] So to my God I thus did pray,
O! take me not as yet away;
Nor cast me off from this life's stage,
In prime of youth and midst of age!
For, though my days be few and frail,
Thy years, O God, will never fail.

Thou, Lord, hast earth's foundation laid,
And by Thy hand the heavens were made;
They all shall perish and decay,
And in their time consume away:
Like to a garment, when grown old,
[o] They shall no more their glory hold;
But though the world and they must fall,
Thy Being is perpetual.

Yea, as a vesture, worn and changed,
Is from its [p] comeliness estranged;
So shalt Thou change this massy frame,
Yet still Thyself abide the same.

And, like Thyself, from changes freed,
Thou wilt prolong Thy servants' seed;
Whose children shall remain with Thee,
And in Thy sight establish'd be.

PSALM CIII.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

"A Psalm of David," probably on the recovery from sickness.—See ver. 3, 4, 5.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
[a] Let all within my frame,
My heart, and mind, and tongue, unite
To bless His holy Name.

O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee [b] whole again.

He crowns thy life with love;
[c] He satisfies thy mouth
With good; and, like the eagles' strength,
Restores thy vigorous youth.

[d] The righteous Lord is prompt
To give the sufferer rest;
And still doth judgment execute
For all that are opprest.

The secret of His ways
He made to Moses known;
The mighty acts He wrought of old,
To Israel were shown.

My soul repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

God will not ever chide,
[e] Nor always keep His ire;
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
[f] Nor what our sins require.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His Name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

[g] Full well our Maker knows
Whereof we all are made;
Remembers that we are but dust,
And into dust shall fade.

Our days are as the grass,
[h] Or as a flower;—'tis gone,
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field;
[i] Its very place unknown.

But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure;

[7] Such as, with holy awe,
Thy covenant keep in view,
And write Thy statutes in their hearts,
And Thy commands pursue.

The Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd His throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world He rules,
And all beneath the sky.

[7] This verse, the 18th, is omitted in Watts's version.

Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do His will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
[j] And ministering round Him stand,
His constant praises sing.

While all His wond'rous works,
Through His vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, [k] O my soul,
Sing thou His praises too!

PSALM CIII.

2nd VERSION, ANONYMOUS, 1846. See Preface, p. 20.

WITH ev'ry faculty combin'd,
My soul, of body and of mind,
The praises of the Lord proclaim,
And bless, O bless His holy Name;

Nor ever let the memory part,
Of all His goodness from my heart!

'Tis He, who doth thy sins forgive,
Thy sickness heals, and bids thee live.
When death's dark shades were gathering round,
He saved thee, and with mercy crown'd;
Thy wasted powers with youth renew'd,
And with an eagle's strength endued.

'Tis He, who doth the wrong'd redress,
In judgment, and in righteousness;
His ways to Moses He reveal'd,
His outstretch'd arm was Israel's shield;
They saw His wonders, and adored
The mercies of the Living Lord.

How doth His kindness still o'erflow!
Long-suffering, and to anger slow,
Our faults He will not always chide;
In wrath He doth not long abide,
Nor with us deal, when we transgress,
According to our wickedness.

For look, how high this earth above
Is yonder Heaven; so vast His love:
From east to west the space survey;
So far He puts our sins away.
Yea, as a Father, is He moved
With pity towards a child beloved.

For God, still merciful as just,
Remembers that we are but dust.
Man's days are but as grass, a flower
That springs and withers in an hour:
The winds pass o'er it, and 'tis not;
Where late it bloom'd; unknown, forgot.

But the Lord's mercies, ever sure,
Through generations shall endure;
Towards children's children still display'd
Of such as in His faith have stay'd,
And ever thought upon His will,
How best His precepts to fulfil.

The Lord in Heaven hath set His throne;
His power through all the world is known.

Ye angels, who in strength excel,
With trumpet-tongue His praises tell:
Ye who, still hearkening to His voice,
To execute His word rejoice.

Praise Him, all ye His hosts, who stand
Prompt to perform your Lord's command;
Bless, ye His works, your Maker's Name,
In every place His power proclaim:
And Thou, my soul, unite to raise
The universal song of praise.

PSALM CIV.

ANONYMOUS. "A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD," 1839.

The praise of God for his wisdom in the disposition and government of the universe.

My soul, praise the Lord;—
Thou, Lord, mine own God,
Art glorious, enrobed
In beauty and might:
The heavens, like a curtain,
Thou spreadest abroad;
As raiment, around Thee
Enfoldest the light.

For chamber-beams sure,
Dark waters He binds;
Of clouds dim and deep
His chariot doth frame,

On stormy blasts riding,
 On wings of all winds;
His angels are spirits,
 His hosts a clear flame.

On roots of her own
 He built the firm globe;
For ever and aye
 Unswerving to last;
The waste ocean gathering
 O'er all as a robe:
O'er all the high mountains
 The surging waves past.

At Thy dread rebuke,
 They flee and they fail;
Thy thunder is heard;
 They speed here and there;
They burst the ridge over,
 They rush down the vale;
Where Thou hast appointed,
 They haste to repair.

Thine own word hath set
Their border and bound;
They roar and they toss,
But cannot pass o'er:
The [a] word of Jehovah
A sure fence is found;
The flood o'er the mountains
Returneth no more.

[8] ALTERED FROM THE OLD VERSION, WILLIAM KEITH, 1562.

He unto the vales
The springs doth convey;
And onward they wind
Their course through the hills;
Whereat the wild asses
Their thirst oft allay,
And beasts of the forest
Thereof drink their fills.

[8] As it appeared desirable to retain the measure of this Psalm, adapted to the old tune almost everywhere in popular use, an attempt has been made to fill up the Oxford translation, (which adopts that metre only in the beginning and conclusion of the Psalm) by re-casting the rugged lines of the old version.

By these pleasant springs,
The fowls of the air
Inhabit the trees,
The margin along;
And as, in their gladness,
They move here and there
Among the green branches,
Praise God with their song.

His rain on the hills
He pours from on high;
The earth with His works
Is wholly replete;
His grass to the cattle
He doth not deny,
And gives for man's service
The green herb as meat.

From earth, store of food
He brings for man's sake;
Rich oil, gladsome wine,
Heart-strengthening bread.

His trees full of moisture
The Great God did make;
His cedars He planted
On Libanus' head.

Secure in those shades
The bird builds her nest;
The firs to the stork
A house have supplied;
The hills are a refuge
For wild goats to rest;
The crags of the rough rocks
For conies to hide.

The moon He hath set
For seasons to run;
The times He ordain'd
Her change ever shows;
And so, his course circling,
The glorious sun,
His hour of descending
As constantly knows.

When darkness doth come
By Thy will and power,
Then prowl forth abroad
The beasts of the wood
The lions range roaring,
Their prey to devour;
And yet it is Thou, Lord,
Who givest them food.

As riseth the sun,
They all get them in;
Withdrawn from His light,
To couch in their den;
But man forth proceedeth
His toil to begin;
Till night come to call him
To take rest again.

How various, Lord,
The works of Thy hand!
How passing our thoughts
Their numbers are found!

Thy outspread creation
In wisdom is plann'd,
And full of Thy riches
The wide world around.

So in the great sea
Thy works are display'd,
Where creeping things move,
Unnumber'd in sort;
And there the ships wander,
And there Thou hast made
Leviathan, hugest
Of monsters, to sport.

All these wait on Thee
Their food to receive;
That Thou, in due time
Their portion may'st give:
And, when it doth please Thee
Their want to relieve,
Full gladly they gather
Thy bounty and live.

Thou openest Thine hand;
How full their supply!
Thou hidest Thy face;
Confounded they mourn:
If Thou from them takest
Their spirit, they die,
And to their dust, dying,
Again they return.

OXFORD TRANSLATION, 1839.

THOU send'st forth Thy breath,
And they are new made;
And earth, as at first,
Looks vernal and bright.
In glory for ever
The Lord is array'd;
And in His creation
Our God will delight.

He looks on the earth,
It reels to and fro:
He toucheth the hills,
[b] With smoke they are crown'd:

Through life to Jehovah
Mine anthems shall flow.
[c] While yet I have being,
His praise I will sound.

With dear thoughts of Him
My heart shall run o'er;
With God all my joy
In treasure is stored.
The sinners are wasted;
Earth sees them no more:
The rebels, where are they?—
My soul, praise the Lord.

[9]PSALM CV.

ALTERED FROM MATTHEW SANKEY, 1825.

The praise of God for all His wondrous works in behalf of His chosen people, from the period of His covenant with Abraham to their settlement in Canaan. The second of the three historical Psalms; the 78th, 105th, 106th.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord,
Call upon His Holy Name,
Tell His mighty acts abroad,
To the world His deeds proclaim!

Raise in hymns of praise your voice,
All His wond'rous works relate;
Let the hearts of them rejoice,
That on God sincerely wait.

[9] The first fifteen verses of this Psalm, with the 96th and the two concluding verses of the 106th, composed the hymn of Thanksgiving sung on the day when David brought up the ark of God to Mount Zion.—See 1 Chron. xvi. 7.

Seek the Lord for strength renown'd,
Seek ye His protecting power;
He is ready to be found;
Seek His face for evermore.

Call to mind His mighty deeds,
All the wonders He hath wrought,
All that from His mouth proceeds,
What His awful word hath taught;

Ye that spring from Abraham's blood,
Ye of chosen Jacob's race;
For He is the Lord our God:
We His judgments round us trace.

And the cov'nant of His love,
That true word which He hath past,
Faithful shall for ever prove,
To a thousand ages last:

That which He with Abraham made,
That which He to Isaac swore,
And to Israel then convey'd,
To continue evermore:

Saying, I will make this land,
Canaan's realm, your portion fair;
When they were a scanty band,
And as yet but strangers there.

Though they past through nations strong,
Oft from land to land removed,
God let no man do them wrong;
Yea, for their sakes, kings reproved.

"These Mine own anointed are;
'Gainst them lift not up your arm;
Touch them not (He said), nor dare
This my prophet-band to harm!"

He, moreover, gave command,
And dire famine, widely spread,
Wasted all that beauteous land,
Breaking all the staff of bread.

But, a bondsman sold of yore,
Joseph He before them sent;
Fetters on his feet he bore,
To his soul the iron went.

He was by Thy Word, O Lord,
Tried full sore, nor found release,
Till the same Almighty Word
Came, and bade his trial cease.

Then the ruler of the land
Sent, and set his prisoner free ;
Gave him o'er his house command—
Lord of all his store was he :

That the princes, for their law,
Might receive his sov'reign will ;
And the elders wisdom draw
From his far diviner skill.

Led by God's protecting care,
Into Egypt Israel came ;
Jacob dwelt a sojourner
In the fruitful land of Ham.

There His people grew in strength,
Stronger than their jealous foes ;
Who, to hatred moved, at length
Subtilly against them rose.

Moses, His own servant, God,
With His chosen Aaron, brought;
Wond'rous works and signs abroad
In the land of Ham they wrought.

He made darkness o'er them brood;
Awe-struck they awhile remain.
He their waters turn'd to blood,
And the fish therein were slain.

Then He bade the teeming earth
Frogs unnumber'd forth to bring;
The foul reptiles sprang to birth
In the chambers of the king.

Forth in clouds envenom'd flies,
Countless in their sorts, He call'd;
Through their borders loathsome lice,
At His word, offensive crawl'd.

Hail He gave for gentle rain;
Fire, enkindling as He spake,
Vines and fig-trees smote in twain,
And their lofty forests brake.

Locusts, and, at His commaud,
Crawling caterpillars, pour'd
Over all that stricken land,
Every herb and fruit devour'd.

Vain their hardness to subdue
Fell the scourge; and God at length
Through their land the first-born slew,
Yea, the prime of all their strength.

Forth He brought the countless throng,
Charged with silver and with gold;
Nor, their crowded tribes among,
Was one feeble one enroll'd.

But, at their departure thence,
Glad was wearied Egypt made;
Shrinking from their strong defence,
She of them was sore afraid.

Over them a cloud He spread,
For their shade and guide by day;
And His fire its brightness shed
Nightly on their dubious way.

When for flesh they cried to God,
Quails He gave at their desire;
Gave them bread of Heaven for food,
All their hunger could desire.

He the rock of stone for them
Cleft, from whence the living tide
Like a river gushing came,
And the desert's drought supplied.

For on Abraham's faith He thought,
And His covenanted grace;
Forth with joy His people brought,
And with songs His chosen race.

And He gave the fruitful lands
Of the nations for their spoil;
Of the heathen strangers' hands
They inherited the toil;

That they might observe His ways,
And obey His sov'reign Word.—
Give the great Jehovah praise;
Praise the everlasting Lord.

PSALM CVI.

ALTERED FROM E. FARR, 1836.

The praise of God, for his mercies under the many and various provocations of His people; especially during the Exodus. The last two verses were the conclusion of David's hymn of Thanksgiving upon bringing up the ark to Mount Zion.—See 1 Chron. xvi. 35, 36, and Psalms xcvi. and cv. It is the last of the three historical Psalms.

RAISE your triumphant songs of joy,
In grateful notes, to God on high;
His goodness every thought transcends,
His boundless mercy never ends.

But O! what language can record
The wond'rous acts of heaven's great Lord!
What tongue, howe'er inspired, can raise
A tribute equal to His praise!

Blest are the men, who stedfast still
Thy judgments, gracious Lord, fulfil;
Who, or in joy or in distress,
Walk in the paths of righteousness.

That favour which Thy people know,
That favour, Lord, on me bestow!
When Thou redeem'st Thy chosen race,
O visit me with saving grace;

That blest with mercy I may see
And share in their felicity;
And with them in their transports join,
To sing the song of praise divine.

As sinn'd our fathers' faithless race,
So have we sinn'd against Thy grace;
We in their froward paths have trod,
We have done wickedly, O God!

Thy wond'rous works in Egypt wrought
Our sires beheld, yet heeded not;
But by the sea, the Red-sea's tide,
His love forgetting, God defied.

Still, for the honour of His Name,
At His command deliv'rance came;
That all His wond'rous power might know,
His arm preserved them from the foe.

He bade the billowy deep divide,
And backward roll'd the obedient tide;
But them through the deep ocean-bed,
As through a wilderness, He led.

He saved them from th' oppressor's hand;
While Pharaoh and his fated band,
The waters back returning sweep
In one wide ruin to the deep.

Thus taught, again they own'd His ways,
Again they sang the song of praise;
But soon their hearts His works denied,
Nor sought His counsel for their guide.

They tempted God: and in His ire
He gave them all their heart's desire;
But with the flesh they craved, He sent
Leanness of soul, their punishment.

Then through the camp, with one accord,
They braved the servants of the Lord;
Their envy against Moses burn'd,
Aaron His holy priest they spurn'd.

But earth, wide yawning to their view,
Proud Dathan and Abiram's crew
Engulph'd: hot vengeance flamed along,
And smote with death the rebel throng.

At Horeb's holy mount, behold!
They raise on high a calf of gold;
And low in adoration all
Before the molten image fall.

They made their glory to appear
The semblance of a grazing steer;
Nor more on God their Saviour thought,
Nor on His works in Egypt wrought;

Where late, on Ham's wide coast, His Word
The wondrous signs of wrath had pour'd;
And where the Red-sea's strand could tell
Of many a fearful miracle.

Then had they felt the wrath of God,
But forth His chosen Moses stood
In the wide breach, and turn'd away
That wrath e'er it began to slay.

Yea, they despised the pleasant land
Bestow'd by Great Jehovah's hand;
But at the sight their souls repine,
And sinful doubt His word Divine.

Through all their tents, from man to man,
Around the impious murmur ran;
They heard not His commanding Word,
But still rebell'd against the Lord.

Then on them fell th' uplifted blow;
The desert saw their overthrow;
Their sons were slain by hostile bands,
Cast forth, as wanderers through the lands.

With Baal's worshippers they dwelt,
And at his shrine adoring knelt;
With them they impiously fed,
And ate the offerings of the dead.

Thus with new crimes did they provoke
Jehovah's just avenging stroke;
Around the wasting plague burst forth,
And swept its thousands from the earth;

Till Phineas rose, with zeal enraged,
And by his deed the plague assuaged;
A deed, that Heaven did to him bless,
And to his seed for righteousness.

At Meribah's contentious flood
The rebel race of Israel stood,
And there the Lord, to anger moved,
His prophet for their sakes reproved:

For he had borne the murmurers' tongue,
That with rebellious chidings long
Strove his meek spirit to provoke;
Till unadvisedly he spoke.

Nor did they in that promised land,
Obedient to their Lord's command,
Against the guilty race employ
The sword, commission'd to destroy.

But mingling with the heathen round,
Versed in their works they soon were found,
To their own guilt by them betray'd;
And worship to their idols paid.

To demons they their altars rear'd,
To demons sacrifice prepared;
And gave, to deprecate their ire,
Their sons and daughters to the fire.

The blood of innocents was shed,
E'en by the parents' hand they bled;
To Canaan's idols thus pour'd forth,
Their blood defiled the reeking earth.

Thus were their souls, by sin beguiled,
By their own works of sin defiled;
Inventive sin thus led each heart
Adult'rous from its God apart.

Hence was the Lord Jehovah's ire
Enkindled as a flaming fire;
Against His heritage it burn'd,
And He from them abhorrent turn'd.

He bade their foes the victory gain,
And o'er His conquer'd people reign;
By hostile hands their strength was broke,
And bow'd beneath the servile yoke.

Oft did the rebel people prove
The fulness of His saving love;
As oft again provoked their God,
And fell beneath His chastening rod.

But still upon their misery
He look'd: still, still, their mournful cry
With unexhausted mercy heard,
And thought upon His plighted Word.

His purpose changed, His wonted grace
Had pity on His captive race,
Yea, moved the haughty victor's breast
To pity and to spare th' opprest.

Save, mighty God! Thine own protect!
From heathen lands Thy tribes collect
Once more! so we again will raise
To Thy blest Name the song of praise.

O blest throughout eternity
Let the Lord God of Israel be!
While nations add the solemn word,
Amen! Amen! Praise ye the Lord!

PSALM CVII.

JAMES MERRICK, 1765.

A Hymn of praise to God, for His various acts of goodness, and the wonders that He doeth for the children of men.

To God above from all below
Let hymns of praise ascend;
Whose blessings unexhausted flow,
Whose mercy knows no end.

But chief by those His Name be blest,
To whom His aid He gave;
Beheld them by the foe opprest,
And reach'd His arm to save.

To east, to west, to south, to north,
Condemn'd awhile to roam,
His hand in pity brought them forth,
And call'd the wanderers home.

[a] Through the parch'd wild they sought in vain
A city where to rest,
Borne down by hunger's gnawing pain,
By hopeless thirst deprest.

Distrest, to God they make their prayer;
He guides direct their feet,
And safe in His protecting care,
They reach their destined seat.

O! then, that all would bless His Name,
Whose [b] goodness thus they prove;
And pleased from age to age proclaim
The wonders of His love!

That love, whose gifts, with thankful breast,
The sons of want divide;

And find their every grief redrest,
Their every want supplied.

These erst He bade th' avenger's hand
In death's dark shades detain;
And added to the iron band
Affliction's heavier chain.

[c] Such was the doom to those assign'd,
Who frantic durst withstand
The counsels of th' Almighty mind,
And spurn His just command.

O'erwhelm'd with deepest woe they lie,
And sinking to the grave;
No pitying ear attends their cry,
No hand is nigh to save:

Distrest, to God they make their prayer;
He instant near them stands,
Dispels the gloom of black despair,
And breaks their stubborn bands.

O! then, that all would bless His Name,
[d] Whose goodness thus they prove;
And pleased from age to age proclaim
The wonders of His love!

That love, that oft its succour gives
The captive's woes to heal;
The gates of brass in sunder [e] rives,
And bursts the bars of steel.

Beneath His terrors bid to groan,
Behold [f] an impious band
The fruit of folly reap, and own
The justice of His hand.

[g] Their souls for food no longer crave,
But every meat distaste;
And to death's gate, the yawning grave,
Their life declineth fast:

Distress'd, to God they make their prayer;
[c] His healing grace He sends,

Their fainting spirit to repair,
And every torment ends.

O! then, that all would bless His Name,
[h] Whose goodness thus they prove;
And pleased from age to age proclaim
The wonders of His love!

That realms of various tongues would sing
His acts in [i] joyful lays;
And yield to Heaven's eternal King,
The sacrifice of praise!

Who o'er the waves from shore to shore
[j] Their busy traffic bear,
The wonders of the deep explore,
And own that God is there:

[k] He speaks, and by the stormy blast
His Word is understood;
The wind obeys His call, and fast
Uplifts the heaving flood.

Now high as Heaven the bark ascends,
Now seeks the depths below;
Each heart beneath the terror bends,
And melts with inward woe.

As [l] drunk with wine, in wild amaze
They reel from side to side;
[m] [1] No skill survives their hope to raise,
No reason wakes to guide.

Distress'd, to God they make their prayer;
Obedient to His will,
The storms that raged, to rage forbear,
[n] The waves that roar'd are still.

Each grief, each fear at once resign'd,
They see their labour o'er;
Then, led by Him, their haven find,
And touch the wish'd-for shore.

[1] Ver. 27. "All their skill faileth."—Heb.

O! then, that all would bless His Name,
[o] Whose goodness thus they prove;
And pleased from age to age proclaim,
The wonders of His love!

[p] That, where the great assembly praise
Their God with thankful tongue,
They would, with Israel's elders, raise
To Him the festal song!

He bids; and lo, [q] a desert burns,
Where roll'd the floods before;
[r] All to a parched waste He turns;
The springs are seen no more.

Sad witness of some dire offence,
Behold the fertile soil
No more its wonted gifts dispense,
But mock the tiller's toil:

[s] Then, to a pool the wilderness
Is turn'd at His command;

And water-springs gush forth to bless
The dry and thirsty land.

There myriads, late with hunger wan,
By Him assembled meet;
There pleased the future city plan,
And fix their sure retreat.

[t] And there in peace they sow the fields,
The tender vine they rear;
[u] The teeming land its harvest yields,
Its increase crowns the year.

Blest in His care, the sires with joy
A numerous race behold;
[v] Nor doth disease their herds annoy,
Or waste the [w] crowded fold.

Anon, if sunk with heaviest woe,
They feel oppression's power;
[x] If wrong, or trouble bring them low,
Or grief their strength devour;

Though humbled from their state awhile,
[y] They feel the tyrant's rod [2],
And wander o'er a barren soil,
By human step untrod;

[z] Yet raiseth He the poor on high
From trouble's lowest deep;
And doth their households multiply,
Like thriving folds of sheep.

[a] These mercies shall the righteous see,
And joyful wake the song;
[b] But speechless shall the wicked be,
And shame enchain their tongue.

[c] Whoso is wise, Jehovah's ways
Thus searching out, shall find
How unexhausted is His grace,
His Providence how kind.

[2] Ver. 40. Though He suffer them to be evil entreated through tyrants.—Old translation.

PSALM CVIII.

BRADY AND TATE, 1669.

This Psalm is a compilation from Psalm lvii. 7 to 11, and Psalm lx. 5 to 12.

O God my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy Name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

Awake my lute, nor thou, my harp,
Thy [a] tuneful notes delay;
Whilst I, with early songs of joy,
Prevent the dawning day.

[b] To all the Gentile lands, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to the nations sing Thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond [c] the soaring clouds
[d] Thy faithfulness extends.

[e] Be Thou exalted, O my God,
O'er all the heavens on high;
And o'er the earth let all confess
Thy glorious Majesty.

That still Thy chosen people Thee
Their Saviour may declare,
Let Thy right-hand protect me still,
And answer Thou my prayer!

Since God Himself hath said the word,
Whose promise cannot fail,
With joy I Sichem shall divide,
And mete out Succoth's vale.

[f] Mine Gilead is, Manasseh mine;
And Ephraim of my cause
Shall be the life and the defence,
And Judah [g] give my laws.

[h] Moab shall stoop to wash my feet,
On Edom will I tread,
And over proud Philistia
The shout of triumph spread.

By whose support and aid shall I
[h] The well-fenced city gain?
Who will my troops securely lead
Through Edom's guarded plain?

Lord, wilt not Thou assist our arms,
Which late Thou didst forsake?
And wilt Thou not of these our hosts
Once more the guidance take?

O! to Thy servants in distress
Thy speedy succour send!
For vain it is on human aid
For safety to depend.

Then valiant acts shall we perform,
[j] When God His aid bestows;
For He it is, and He alone,
That shall tread down our foes.

PSALM CIX.

ANONYMOUS, C. F. AND E. C., 1838.

"A Psalm of David," foretelling the judgments impending over his enemies for their injurious treatment. The 8th verse is applied to Judas in Acts i. 16; and consequently we may suppose the whole Psalm to be spoken in the person of the Messiah.—See St. Matt. xxvii. 39.

GOD of my praise, be still no more;
[a] False men would wound my fame:
Hold not Thy peace, when blighting tongues
[b] Against me slanders frame.
With words of hate, and reckless war,
They compass me around;
And whom I cherish'd with my love,
Mine enemies are found;
[c] But I, O Lord, to Thee repair,
And give my soul to Thee in prayer.

The good that I to them had done
With evil they repaid;
Hatred for love, a dark return,
[d] My treacherous friend hath made.
Then evil shall his portion be,
[e] The wicked shall maintain
His power of ill, and over him
By Thy command shall reign:
And, ever near, at his right hand
Shall Satan the accuser stand.

In the dread judgment-day condemn'd,
No mercy shall he win:
And, when too late he seeks to pray,
His very prayer be sin.
His office shall another take,
And swift his days consume;
The mother of the fatherless
His widow'd wife become.
[f] From their spoil'd dwellings forced to roam,
His outcast sons shall seek a home.

Th' oppressor all he hath shall seize,
The stranger spoil his store;
Yet none for him shall pity show,
His ruin none deplore.
His children fatherless, forlorn,
[g] Cast forth without a friend,
No heart shall open to their woe,
[h] Their favour none extend.
Whilst with them shall his name decay,
And his memorial pass away.

Th' iniquities his father wrought,
Shall heaven's great Judge record;
Nor shall his mother's trespass be
Forgotten of the Lord.
But they shall live before Him still,
[i] Till, in His wrath, He mind
To sweep their memory from the earth,
Nor leave a trace behind:
Because he mercy hath forsworn,
And the pierced heart afresh hath torn.

The curse, that from his lips went forth,
Shall light upon his head;
The blessing, that he never gave,
On him be never shed.
[j] As, like a garment, to his breast
Dark hatred he hath bound;
So, as a garment, shall it clothe,
And gird him still around;
Distilling, like the searching oil,
The poison of its deadly coil.

Lo, thus rewarded from the Lord
Mine enemies shall be;
But, for Thy mercy's sake, [k] O God,
Do Thou deliver me!
For sore within me is my heart,
My hope, and strength decay;
The shadow, that declines at eve,
Less swiftly hastes away:
And as the locust I am driven,
That struggles with the storms of heaven.

My trembling knees through fasting fail,
My comeliness is fled;
[l] They gaze on me in bitter scorn,
And mocking shake the head.
O God, according to Thy love,
Send down Thy help divine;
That all may know, the saving hand,
Jehovah, Lord, is Thine:
That all may say, that look thereon,
This hath the God of Israel done!

Mine enemies may curse; [m] but, Lord,
Bless Thou Thy servant still:
While shame doth, as a mantle, clothe
All those that do him ill.
O! greatly will I praise the Lord;
Where countless voices rise,
[n] My mouth shall swell the sounding strain
To Him above the skies;
[o] Who on the right-hand of the poor,
Their soul from judgment will secure.

PSALM CX.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

"A Psalm of David," foretelling the royal dignity, the priesthood, and the triumphs of the Messiah.—See St. Matt. xxii. 43. Acts ii. 34. 1 Cor xv. 25. Heb. i. 13.; v. 6.; and vii. 21.

THE Lord unto My Lord thus spake;—
Sit on My right-hand, till I make
A footstool of Thy foes.
He will Thy rod from Sion send,
Unto whose power all powers shall bend,
That dare Thy rule oppose.

Thy people willingly shall pay
Their vows, on that triumphant day,
With their united powers;

[a] [3] In holy raiment; [4] not so few,
As are the drops of early dew
The womb of morning showers.

He swore, who never oath did break,
Of th' order of Melchisedeck
That Thou a priest should'st reign;
[b] He swore, nor will the Lord repent,
"For aye on Him, whom I have sent,
That priesthood shall remain."

God in that day, on Thy right hand,
Their blood, who tyrant-like command,
Shall in His fury spill;
He, in His justice, shall confound
The heathen, and [c] the cumber'd ground
With heaps of slaughter fill.

[3] "In sacred robes."—French and Skinner. The Hebrew expression seems equivalent to the "Beauty of holiness," in Ps. xxix. 2.

[4] Thy youth shall be unto Thee beyond (i. e. more numerous and bright than) the dew drops from the womb of the morning."—French and Skinner. So also in Bishop Lowth. Prælect. 10.

Who over many nations sway,
And only their own wills obey,
Shall sink beneath His rage.
Then shall this all-subduing King,
With water of [d] the living spring,
His burning thirst assuage.

PSALM CXI.

ALTERED FROM E. FARR, 1836.

A Hymn of praise to God for His wonderful and gracious works. The fourth Alphabetical Psalm.

PRAISE ye the Lord; to Him I'll raise
With all my heart the song;
Where saints their God in secret praise,
Or in His temple throng.

Great are the works His hands have wrought,
Which meet our wondering sight;
They fill our souls, if rightly sought,
With love, and with delight.

His glorious works of sovereign grace
The highest honours claim;
From age to age, His righteousness
For ever stands the same.

He bids the world His works record,
His wonders bear in mind;
He is a good and gracious Lord,
Compassionate and kind.

He still in love hath food bestow'd
On those who Him obey'd;
Nor will He, as a faithful God,
Forget His promise made.

Great were the works of power and love,
He show'd His favour'd race;
That He the heathen might remove,
And plant them in their place.

Just are the wonders of His hands,
And His commands are sure,
And, based in truth, His judgment stands
Immutably secure.

He sent and set His people free;
His cov'nant is the same
For ever, fixt by His decree;
And holy is His Name.

He, who hath learnt the Lord to dread,
Is set in wisdom's ways,
And wisely still those paths will tread:
Eternal is His praise.

PSALM CXII.

ALTERED FROM BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

The blessedness of the man that feareth the Lord. The fifth Alphabetical Psalm.

That man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves His sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
His race shall be with blessings crown'd.

His plenteous house, of wealth shall be
An unexhausted treasury;
Of his good name the praise is sure,
And shall for evermore endure.

There doth to him a dawning light
Shine forth amidst affliction's night;
For he is gracious, just, and kind,
And still to mercy is inclined.

To all His favour he extends;
His bounty to the poor man lends;
Yet for his own he still provides,
And every act discretion guides.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

No evil tidings can surprise
His heart, that fix'd on God relies;
Nor will he shrink, until he sees
The downfall of his enemies.

The blessings, which His hands bestow,
Dispersed abroad, through time shall grow
His righteousness to magnify;
His horn shall be exalted high.

The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony;
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

PSALM CXIII.

ALTERED FROM BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

All God's servants are invited to praise Him for His excellency and His mercy.

Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
The honours of His Name record;
His name henceforth for ever bless!
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great name address.

God through the world displays His might,
And, in the unapproached height,
 Above the heaven His glories lie:
O! what created power may dare
With Him in glory to compare,
 Who hath His dwelling-place so high?

Yet doth He stoop from thence to view
In highest heaven what angels do;
 Yea, to our earth vouchsafes His care;
The needy from the dust He brings
To dwell in courts and sit with kings,
 E'en with His people's princes there.

The words of His creative voice
Can bid the barren wife rejoice,
 New-blest with a glad mother's name;
And her, that childless was, to guide
Her household with a matron's pride:—
 O! then extol His matchless fame!

PSALM CXIV.

ALTERED FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

The miracles of the Exodus.

When Israel Egypt's bondage broke,
And Jacob's house the stranger's yoke,
In Judah was [4] His holy place,
His reign was over Israel's race.

Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep recoil'd to make them way;
The streams of Jordan saw, and fled,
With backward current, to their head.

[4] In the 461st number of the Spectator, where the translation of Watts was first published, the peculiar beauty of the concealment of the name of the Almighty in the beginning of this Psalm is pointed out.

Uplifted from the solid ground,
Like rams th' affrighted mountains bound;
And, like the younglings of the sheep,
The little hills in terror leap.

What power could make the deep divide;
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
What ailed ye, like rams, to leap,
Ye mountains, and ye hills, like sheep?

The Lord Jehovah, see Him here!
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear;
Earth, tremble thou, before the face
Of the great God of Jacob's race.

'Tis He, whose dread command could make
Of the hard rock a standing lake;
Flints sprang with fountains at His word,
And His creation own'd their Lord.

PSALM CXV.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

An Hymn of gratitude to the true God, and exhortation to trust in Him, whose power is contrasted with the impotence of the heathen idols.

Not our's the glory make,
Lord, give not us the fame;
But, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Ascribe it to Thy Name!

To say, "where is their God,"
Why should the [a] heathen dare?
Since He in Heaven hath His abode,
And works His pleasure there.

Men's hands their idols make
[b] Of silver and of gold;
Possessing mouths, they cannot speak;
[c] And eyes, they nought behold.

Their ears are senseless too,
 Their nostril smelleth not;
Their hands and feet, nor feel nor go,
 No breath is in their throat.

[d] All those who them adore,
 Or form them, like them be;
[c] O Israel, trust in God therefore,
 For [f] our defence is He.

[f] On God, who shields the just,
 Let Aaron's house depend;
Let those who fear Him [g] in Him trust,
 For He will such defend.

[h] God hath remember'd us,
 And will His mercy show;
On Israel, and on Aaron's house,
 He blessings will bestow.

[i] Of high and low degree,
 All those, that Him adore,
He keeps; and you, and your's, shall He
 Increase yet more and more.

Blest are ye for His own,
Who made both earth and heaven;
[j] Heaven for Himself He framed alone,
But earth to men hath given.

[k] Their voice they cannot raise,
Who down to silence go;
But we, from this time forth, His praise
For evermore will show.

PSALM CXVI.

BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

A Psalm of Thanksgiving for deliverance from some affliction.

[a] I LOVE the Lord; my grateful heart
Well pleased doth rejoice,
Because He hath vouchsafed to hear
My supplicating voice.

Since He hath now His ear inclined,
I never will despair;
[b] But while I live His aid will seek,
To Him address my prayer.

[c] With fears of death encompass'd round,
With pains of hell opprest,
When troubles seiz'd my aching heart,
And anguish rack'd my breast;

On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
And thus to Him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beseech Thee, save my soul,
With sorrows quite dismay'd!"

How just and merciful is God;
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves [d] the simple, and to me
Did timely help afford.

[e] Then, freed from every care, my soul,
Return unto thy rest;
For God hath wond'rously to thee
His bounteous love exprest.

When death alarm'd me, He removed
My danger, and my fears;
My feet from falling He secured,
And dried my eyes from tears.

[f] Now will I live before the Lord!
I cried, for I believed;
Though, troubled sore, I said in haste,
All men have me deceived.

Then what return to Him shall I
For all His goodness make?—
I'll praise His name, and [g] thankfully
The cup of blessing take.

I'll pay my vows amongst His saints,
Whose blood, howe'er despised
By wicked men, in God's account
Is always highly prized.

[h] Lord, I am Thine, Thy servant, I
To Thy dominion bow,
Thy humble hand-maid's son before,
Thy ransom'd captive now.

[i] The sacrifice of thanks I'll bring;
And whilst I bless Thy Name,
The just performance of my vows
To all Thy saints proclaim.

They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in [j] Thy courts shall join,
To bless Thy Name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

ALTERED FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

This Psalm is probably only the exordium of the next.—See Rom. xv. 11.

From all that dwell beneath the skies,
O! let Jehovah's praise arise!
And let His glorious Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Great are the mercies of the Lord,
Eternal truth attends His Word;
Ye nations, sound from shore to shore
Jehovah's praise for evermore!

PSALM CXVIII.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

A Hymn of Thanksgiving and triumph. It is prophetical of the exaltation of our Lord, the 22nd and 23rd verses being repeatedly applied to Him in the New Testament.—See St. Matt. xxi. 42. Acts iv. 11. Eph. ii. 20. 1 Peter ii. 4.

PRAISE our good God; that King of kings,
From whom eternal mercy springs!
Let Israel, let Aaron's race,
[a] Let all that fear the Lord, confess,
That from our God, the King of kings,
Eternity of mercy springs.
He in my trouble heard my [b] prayer,
And freed me from [c] the deadly snare.

He fights my battles; then how can
I fear the power of feeble man?
[d] His help is mine; and I shall see
My will upon mine enemy.
[e] 'Tis better to have confidence
In God, than trust in man's defence;
On Him [f] 'tis safer to rely,
Than on the strength of monarchy.

The nations all at once assail'd,
But by His aid my sword prevail'd:
Their armies had beset me round,
[g] But in His aid my strength was found.
Though they, like bees, about me swarm,
His holy Name, and powerful arm
Shall soon consume their [h] scatter'd powers,
As fire the crackling thorn devours.

[i] Madman, his fall thou seek'st in vain,
Whom great Jehovah's hands sustain;
He is my strength; His praise my song;
[j] By Him I am preserved from wrong.

Within our dwelling is the voice
Of health; the righteous shall rejoice.
He with His own right-hand hath fought,
His own right-hand hath wonders wrought.

I shall not die, but live to praise
The Lord, who hath prolong'd my days;
[k] Who with His scourge my sin corrects,
Yet from the [l] hand of death protects.
You to His service sanctified,
The temple-doors set open wide!
[m] That I may to His courts repair,
And celebrate His praises there.

Those are the doors, at which all they
Shall enter, who His will obey.
[n] I'll praise Thee, for that Thou from Heaven
Hast heard me, and salvation given.
That stone, the builders from them cast,
Is highest on the corner plac'd:
God hath reveal'd these mysteries,
So full of wonder to our eyes.

This is His day, a day of joy,
Of everlasting memory.
Great God of gods, [o] Thine own protect;
Propitious prove to Thy elect!
O! blest is he, whom God shall send!
We, who within His courts attend,
You from His sanctuary bless,
And daily pray for your success.

God, e'en the Lord, hath shed His light
Into our souls and clear'd our sight.
Bind to the altar's horn [p] with cords
The sacrifice; it is the Lord's.
Thou art my God; my songs shall praise
[q] Thy Name, and high Thy glory raise.
Praise our good God, the King of kings,
From whom eternal mercy springs!

PSALM CXIX.

ALTERED PRINCIPALLY FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

The sixth of the seven alphabetical Psalms. It is supposed to have been written by Ezra, and added by him, with the 1st Psalm, when he arranged the Hebrew Scriptures after the captivity. In every verse, it recommends the study of the Law of God, and obedience to it.

ALEPH. 1.

How blest are those, that in the way
Of God's pure law have trod!
Blest, who His statutes still obey,
Whose whole heart seeketh God.

They take no wicked thing in hand,
Nor from His path-way swerve:—
Thou, Lord, to us hast given command
Thy precepts to observe.

O! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O! that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do His will!

Then shall my face from shame be free,
My heart be fill'd with joy,
When I, to honour each decree
Of Thine, my powers employ.

I'll praise Thee, Lord, with upright heart,
When I Thy judgments know;
I will not from Thy laws depart;
Lord, from me do not go!

BETH. 2.

How shall the young man cleanse his way,
And guard his life from sin?—
If he Thy holy word obey,
And purge his soul within.

With my whole heart I've sought Thy face,
Be Thou my faithful Guide:
From Thy commands, O God of grace,
Let not my footsteps slide!

Lord, I have ever kept Thy word
Deep treasured in my soul;
That, with true wisdom strongly stored,
My sin I might control.

Teach me Thy laws, Thou blessed One,
My Lord and only God!
No judgment from Thy mouth hath gone,
But I have told abroad.

I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

To muse upon Thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ:
My soul shall ne'er forget Thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

GIMEL. 3.

O give Thy servant grace, that he
May make Thy word his care;
Unseal mine eyes Thy law to see,
And read Thy wonders there.

I am a stranger here below,
Hide not from me Thy will;
My soul still yearns Thy word to know,
Longs for Thy judgments still.

Their stubborn hearts Thou hast controll'd,
Who from Thy precepts swerve;
Do Thou reproach from me withhold,
For I Thy laws observe.

Enthroned princes me reproved,
Yet on Thy word I thought;
Thy testimonies, which I loved,
My best instruction brought.

DALETH. 4.

Fulfil Thy word, my spirit cheer!
'Tis to the dust brought low:
Thou, Lord, didst my confession hear;
Let me Thy statutes know.

Instruct me in the perfect way
Of Thy commands to walk;
So shall I still Thy law obey,
And of Thy wonders talk.

My soul doth melt for heaviness,
Till Thou relief afford;
O strengthen me in my distress,
According to Thy word.

From me the liar's path remove,
Thy law unto me give;
For I the way of truth do love,
And by that law to live.

I to Thy testimonies cleave;
O shield me from disgrace;
Nor unenlarged my spirit leave
To run its heavenward race.

HE. 5.

Teach me, O Lord, Thy heavenly way;
I'll keep it to the end:
O! give me light, and to obey
I my whole heart will bend.

Me to the pleasant path incline,
That in Thy statutes lies;
Turn to Thy word this heart of mine,
And not to avarice.

From folly turn mine eyes, O Lord,
And speed me on Thy way:
O! unto me confirm Thy word,
Who still in fear obey.

From that reproach O set me free
Which I so justly fear;
And in Thy judgment quicken me,
Who hold Thy laws so dear.

VAU. 6.

O send to me Thy saving love,
As Thou hast promised, Lord;
And I the scorner shall reprove,
For I believe Thy word.

Since on Thy judgments I rely,
Ne'er from my mouth withdraw
The word of truth: and so shall I
For ever keep Thy law.

To seek Thy precepts I am bent;
I shall with freedom walk:
And I will of Thy testament
To kings with boldness talk.

Still in Thy laws I will delight,
And turn my heart and hands,
O Lord, to mind, and keep aright
Whate'er Thy word commands.

ZAIN. 7.

Thy promise to Thy servant, Lord,
Wherein Thou bad'st him rest,
Remember: for that plighted word
Still cheers me when distrest.

Though sinners have derided me,
And spurn'd me in their pride;
My solace in Thy law I see,
Nor turn from it aside.

I think of all Thy ways of old,
And thence my comfort draw;
But horror thrills me, for the bold
Despisers of Thy law.

Here, in this house of pilgrimage,
Where I have sojourn'd long,
My lonely sorrows to assuage,
Thy laws have been my song.

Lord, to Thy Name and to Thy laws
My nightly thoughts I raise;
This my reward was made, because
I kept Thy righteous ways.

CHETH. 8.

Thou art my blessed portion, Thou,
Jehovah, art my stay;
And I have made my willing vow
Thy precepts to obey.

For mercy, Lord, with my whole heart,
I made my earnest prayer;
According to Thy word, impart
The grace I long to share!

When once upon my ways I thought,
My feet, with earnest heed,
I turn'd unto Thy laws, and sought
To follow where they lead.

Though I by evil men, combined
For rapine, was beset;
Yet still, O Lord, my stedfast mind
Thy law did not forget.

And when dark midnight veils the skies,
I will awake, to pour
My thanks to Thee, and will arise
Thy judgments to adore.

Who fear Thee, and obey Thy will,
Shall my companions be;
The earth, O Lord, Thy mercies fill;—
O teach Thy laws to me!

TETH. 9.

Thy blessings, Lord, by promise wrought,
Thy servant hath received;
O! let him be true wisdom taught,
Who hath Thy law believed.

Before I knew Thy chastening rod
My feet were prone to stray;
But now I keep Thy Word, O God,
Nor wander from Thy way.

Teach me Thy laws: for Thou art good,
And doest good to all;
The proud have forged a lie, and would
Thy servant thus enthral.

But I, to Thee still cleaving close,
Will keep Thy laws aright;
Their heart is waxed fat and gross;
Thy laws my heart delight.

'Tis good for me, that I have known
Jehovah's chastening hand;
That thus by Him I might be shown
The things He doth command.

Those laws, the blessed words that are
Of Thine own mouth, I hold
Than hoarded silver dearer far,
Or heaps of treasured gold.

JOD. 10.

My frame was fashion'd by Thine hands;
Instruct me, Lord, I pray,
That I may learn Thy just commands,
And, knowing them, obey.

Then all, that love and fear the Lord,
Shall see me, and rejoice,
That I have hoped in Thy word,
And made Thy law my choice.

Lord, though Thy judgments me distress,
I know them just to be;
I know, that in Thy faithfulness,
Thou hast afflicted me.

O! grant, that on Thy servant's head
Thy loving mercy, Lord,
Its consolation still may shed,
According to Thy word.

O! let Thy saving love be near,
That I again may live;
Thy words alone my spirit cheer,
And constant gladness give.

Shamed be the proud, who without cause
Perversely would abuse
My right; but on Thy holy laws
My mind doth ever muse.

Who know Thy will, and reverence Thee,
With me I bid them join;
Sound in Thy laws my heart would be,
So shall no shame be mine.

KAPH. 11.

My soul, in vehement desire,
Is fainting for Thy grace;
But with a hope that cannot tire,
I still Thy word embrace:

Still look, and long my failing eyes
That hope fulfill'd to see;—
When wilt Thou, O my God, arise;
When wilt Thou comfort me?

Shrunk, like a bottle in the smoke,
Thy will I ne'er forget;
What are my days? Why spares Thy stroke
The foes that me beset?

Against Thy laws the proud have plann'd
My fall; I know the while
That just and true is Thy command;
O! save me from their guile.

Though well-nigh brought unto mine end,
I did not from Thee swerve;
Thy quickening love to me extend!
Thy words I will observe.

LAMED. 12.

Thy Word in Heaven remains for aye,
Thy truth shall still abide;
The earth so firmly Thou didst lay,
It cannot swerve aside,

They to this day continue still,
As first ordain'd by Thee,
According to Thy sov'reign will;
For all Thy servants be.

Had not Thy word been my delight,
When other joys were fled;
I then, o'erwhelm'd with sorrows' weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Thy precepts, therefore, ev'ry hour
Shall dwell upon my mind;
Therein I feel Thy quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

Now I am Thine, for ever Thine;
O! save Thy servant, Lord;
Who doth not from Thy path decline,
But still hath sought Thy word.

Although the wicked lie in wait,
And watch me to destroy,
On Thy words I will meditate,
On them my thoughts employ.

Mine eyes, O Lord, have seen the end
Of every good below;
But Thy commandments wide extend,
Nor change nor limit know.

MEM. 13.

How dear Thy law! by it all day
My study is supplied;
I pass my foes in wisdom's way,
For it is still my guide.

Yea, I that keep Thy law with care,
And to such knowledge reach,
Am wiser than the elders are;
I can my teachers teach.

Thy holy statutes to observe,
From evil ways I flee;
And from Thy judgments do not swerve,
For Thou hast taught them me.

Not sweetest honey, of Thy word
To me the sweetness hath;
Thy rules true wisdom can afford;
I hate the sinner's path.

NUN. 14.

Thy Word a lamp is to my feet,
A light to lead my way;
I sware, nor will I thence retreat,
Thy judgments to obey.

Now sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening power;
The word, that I have trusted on,
Shall help me in this hour.

O! let my lips' free-offering still
Be pleasing in Thy sight;
And ever in Thy righteous will
Instruct me, Lord, aright.

My soul is always in my hand [4];
Yet I, though sinners laid
Their snares, forgat not Thy command,
Nor from Thy precepts stray'd.

[4] "In the hollow of my hand," that is, on the point of being cast away.

Thy testimonies are my part
And choice; from age to age,
To raise and cheer my drooping heart,
A lasting heritage.

I my whole heart did ever bend
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, Lord, even to the end,
I would perform them still.

SAMECH. 15.

I hate vain thoughts, but love Thy law;
Thou art my covert, Lord,
My shield, when dangers near me draw;
My hope is in Thy word.

Hence sinners! To my God's commands
I will observance give;
As Thou hast promised, with Thine hands
Support me, and I live!

Shame not my hope ; uphold my cause ;—
If Thou my cause protect,
I shall be safe, and to Thy laws
Will always have respect.

Thou such, as do Thy statutes leave,
Hast trodden to the dust!
How vain, how fruitless to deceive,
The guile, wherein they trust!

All such, as dross, Thou put'st away ;
I therefore love Thy law ;
Yet, when Thy judgments I survey,
I shrink with holy awe.

AIN. 16.

In judgment I uprightly deal,
O! leave me not forlorn!
Be surety for Thy servant's weal
Against th' oppressor's scorn!

Mine eyes are dimm'd, since for Thy Word
And saving health I sought;
Deal well with me, Thy servant, Lord;
Let me Thy law be taught.

Thee, Lord, I serve; O grant I may
Thy testimonies know;
Now is Thy time to work, for they
Thy law would overthrow.

For more than gold, than finest gold.
I Thy commandments prize;
Thy laws in all things I uphold,
And error's way despise.

PE. 17.

Lord, in the pages of Thy law,
What wonders are reveal'd!
My spirit therefore doth, with awe,
To them obedience yield.

When once they enter to the mind,
They spread such light abroad,
The simplest new instruction find,
More knowledge of their God.

I silent stood, with lips apart,
And breath suppress and low;
So longing, in my eager heart,
Thy perfect laws to know.

Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show Thy grace the same
Thou usest ever to afford
To those that love Thy Name.

O! by Thy sure Word guide Thou me,
Let not my sin bear sway;
From man's oppression set me free,
So will I keep Thy way.

Thy beaming face upon me bend,
Teach me Thy statutes still;
For rivers from my eyes descend,
Because they scorn Thy will.

TZADDI. 18.

Righteous, O Lord my God, Thou art,
And upright in Thy way;
And Thy decrees in every part
Their righteousness display.

With zeal my burning soul is moved,
Because my foes forget
Thy word, on which, as silver proved[5],
Thy servant's love is set.

For, though of mean degree and poor,
And low esteem am I;
My soul did never yet endure
To pass thy precepts by.

But Thine, Lord, is a righteousness
That knoweth no decline;
A law unerring, we confess,
Almighty Lord, is Thine.

[5] Heb. "refined."—So Psalm xii. 6.

Me care and anguish overtook,
 They weigh'd my spirit down;
But when to Thy commands I look,
 An inward joy I own.

The justice of Thy righteous word
 Doth evermore remain;
O! grant me the true wisdom, Lord,
 That shall my life sustain.

KOPH. 19.

Hear, Lord; I cry with my whole heart;
 I will Thy laws obey;
On Thee I call; Thine health impart,
 And I shall keep Thy way.

Towards Thee in prayer, before the light,
 Thy word my spirit draws;
My eyes keep vigil in the night,
 To muse upon Thy laws.

As Thou art gracious, hear my cry,
In mercy quicken me;
For men on mischief bent are nigh,
Far from Thy law and Thee.

But Thou art near, my soul to aid;
Thy laws are truth; of yore
Thou their foundation, Lord, hast laid,
I know, for evermore.

RESH. 20.

My God, consider my distress,
For I obey Thy laws;
Revive me by Thy promised grace;
O save, and plead my cause!

Thy saving health, O Lord, is far
From those that seek not Thee;
But great Thy tender mercies are;—
In judgment quicken me!

My foes abound; yet from Thy law
My God, I have not stray'd;
I saw, and grieved, because I saw
Thy statutes disobey'd.

See to Thy law what love I bear;
My life with love renew!
Thy words from everlasting are,
They ever shall be true.

SCHIN. 21.

Though kings combined, without a cause
Thy servant wrong have done;
Thy word alone my spirit awes,
I feel its power alone.

And, oft as I refresh my mind
With some good word of Thine,
No conquerors, o'er the spoil they find,
Have joys compared with mine.

From liars, and their ways, abhorr'd,
I turn away with hate;
But with unalter'd love, O Lord,
Upon Thy law I wait.

Thee do I, Lord, seven times a day
For Thy just judgments praise;
Who love Thy law, great peace have they,
Nor stumble in their ways.

As I have waited, as I long
For Thy salvation still;
So hath my zeal, O Lord, been strong,
Thy statutes to fulfil.

Thy righteous laws I still pursue,
Thy precepts I revere;
For all my ways before Thy view,
O Lord, are ever clear.

TAU. 22.

Hear, Lord; an understanding heart,
As Thou hast promised, give;
Hear, and Thy promised aid impart
To me, that I may live.

When I have learn'd Thy will, O Lord,
My lips Thy praise shall show;
My tongue shall spread Thy word abroad,
For all Thy laws are true.

May I, who make Thy law my choice,
Be holpen by Thy might;
In Thy salvation I rejoice,
Thy law is my delight.

Then let my soul before Thee live,
And it shall hymn Thy praise;
O! let Thy judgment succour give,
My sinking soul to raise.

Far from Thy fold I went astray,
Thy path I did not keep;
But I have not forgot Thy way:
Seek then Thy wandering sheep!

PSALM CXX.[6]

ALTERED FROM THE SCOTTISH VERSION, 1650.

The first of the fifteen Psalms of degrees. The Psalmist bewails the violence and falsehood of his enemies. Man's first degree or step in holiness is an insight into his own spiritual misery.

I CRIED to God in my distress,
And He gave ear to me;
From lying and deceitfulness,
O Lord, my soul set free!

[6] This Psalm and the fourteen following are called Psalms of degrees, or of Ascension. They probably were sung by the people as they "came up" to worship at Jerusalem on the three great annual festivals; and they may perhaps all mystically bear reference to the degrees of our advancement towards the heavenly Jerusalem.

What shall be given for thee to bear,
What for thy hire, false tongue ?—
E'en lighted brands of juniper,
Sharp arrows of the strong.

Woe's me ; that I in Meshech tell
My weary days so long ;
And in the tabernacles dwell,
To Kedar that belong !
My soul with those, that peace abhor,
Hath long a dweller been ;
I ask for peace ; and then for war
And battle they are keen.

PSALM CXXI.

JAMES MERRICK, 1765.

The second Psalm of Degrees. We are to keep our eyes fixed on God, as the only means of our defence.

Lo! from the hills my help descends,
To them I lift my eyes;
My strength on [a] God alone depends,
Who made the earth and skies.
He ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids thy feet to slide;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's Guard and Guide.

[b] God, at thy hand, array'd in might,
[c] His shade shall o'er thee spread;
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall hurt thy favour'd head.

[d] He shall each coming ill discern,
And shall thy soul defend;
And both thy going and return
For evermore attend.

PSALM CXXII.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

The third Psalm of degrees. A delight in the social worship of God's house, and wishing well to His Church.

[a] Glad was the summons: "To the court
And temple of the Lord, resort!"
[b] Thy streets shall by our feet be trod;—
Thee, Salem, city of our God,
Meet emblem of Thyself we see,
Built up in holy unity.
The tribes in throngs to Thee ascend,
The tribes which on the Lord depend,
[c] And His immortal praises tell;
The tribute due from Israel.

[d] There doth He His tribunal place,
The judgment-seat of David's race.
[e] O! seek her peace; for they are blest,
Who love and pray for Salem's [f] rest:
May peace within thy walls abound,
Thy palaces with joy resound.
E'en for my friends' and kindred's sake,
May never war thy bulwarks shake;
E'en for the hope of Israel,
The house, where God delights to dwell!

PSALM CXXIII.

ALTERED FROM WILLIAM BARTON, 1644.

The fourth Psalm of degrees. A dutiful waiting upon God's will in every suffering.

O Thou, that dwell'st above the skies,
I lift mine eyes to Thee:
Behold, as servants bend their eyes
Their masters' hands to see;

As hand-maids on their mistresses,
So do our eyes attend,
Until the Lord our God shall please
His succouring grace to send.

Thy mercy, Lord, to us apply,
In this our sad estate;
For we are fill'd exceedingly
With contumely and hate:
Our souls, bow'd down with woe, have borne
Long time, and still abide,
The taunts and the despiteful scorn
Of pamper'd ease and pride.

PSALM CXXIV.

ALTERED FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

The fifth Psalm of degrees. A grateful acknowledgment of God's former mercies.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose, like the swelling of the tide;

The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,
So raged their wrath without control;
We had been swallow'd up in death,
The proud waves had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

Blest be the Lord: for He hath heard,
Nor given us to their teeth a prey;
Our soul is rescued, as a bird
Snatch'd from the fowler's snare away.

But burst is the entangling net,
And free our ransom'd spirit flies;
Our help upon His Name is set,
Who framed the earth, and spread the skies.

PSALM CXXV.

ALTERED FROM JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

The sixth Psalm of degrees. An unwavering belief in God.

Who make the Lord of Hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be;
Immovable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains close;
The Lord shall still encompass them
Whom for Himself He chose.

The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Amongst the just abide;
Lest righteousness should find a snare,
And tempted, turn aside.

Do good, O Lord, to the upright;
Thy good to them impart:
And let Thy chiefest blessings light
Upon the true in heart!

Those who from God's plain paths have gone,
With sinners He'll expel:
But perfect peace shall rest upon
His people Israel.

PSALM CXXVI.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

The seventh Psalm of degrees. A lively thankfulness for the blessing of redemption. It was probably written on the return of the Jews from their captivity.

When God made Sion free,
And her from thrall did bring;
It seemed as a dream to be,
And we did laugh and sing.

"The Lord," the heathen said,
Great marvels wrought for us:—
Great marvels He hath wrought indeed,
And therefore sing we thus.

Lord, back our captives bring,
[a] [7] As sea-floods backward flow ;
So shall they then rejoice and sing,
Who did in sorrow sow.

[b] Who going forth doth mourn,
If he good seed employ,
Shall doubtless [c] home again return,
And [d] bring his sheaves with joy.

[7] The true allusion seems to be to the ocean tide forcing backward the streams of the rivers of the south ; as the captive Jews might have observed in the Euphrates. Such is Lord Bacon's translation :—

" O Lord, turn our captivity :
As winds that blow at South,
Do pour the tides with violence,
Back to the river's mouth."

PSALM CXXVII.

SCOTTISH VERSION, 1650.

The eighth Psalm of degrees. The ascription of all temporal blessings to God's mercy.

EXCEPT the Lord do build the house,
The builders lose their pain;
Except the Lord the city keep,
The watchmen watch in vain.
'Tis vain for you to rise betimes,
Or late from rest to keep,
To feed on sorrow's bread; [a] for [8] God
Gives His beloved sleep.

[8] Bishop Horne points out the obscurity occasioned by our translation having rendered the Hebrew particle "so," instead of "surely," or "since."

[b] Lo, children are an heritage,
And gift, which comes from heaven;
As arrows in the giant's hand,
Are sons to young men given.

O happy is the man that hath
His quiver [c] stored so;
They unashamed in the gate
Shall speak unto [d] their foe.

PSALM CXXVIII.

ALTERED FROM MILES SMYTH, 1668.

The ninth Psalm of degrees. The regarding godliness as the means of happiness in this life.

Blest is the man, who, pure in heart,
With humble fear the Lord obeys;
And who from His prescribed ways
Doth never let his steps depart.

The good, that thine own hands have got,
Shall be to thee thy daily feast;
On all thou dost success shall rest,
And happiness shall be thy lot.

So shall thy wife with fruit abound,
As the vine clust'ring on thy house;
Thy children shall, like olive boughs,
Adorn thy happy table round.

Who feareth God, thus blest shall be;
From Sion God shall blessings send,
And thou shalt see, till life shall end,
Jerusalem's prosperity.

Thy children's children shall increase
Before thee to a race untold;
And thou shalt Israel behold
Crown'd with the joys of lasting peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

ALTERED FROM GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

The tenth Psalm of degrees. The patient endurance of oppression.

Oft, from my early youth, have they
Afflicted me, may Israel say;
Oft, from my early youth, assail'd:
And yet against me not prevail'd.
My back, with many a long-drawn wound,
They plough'd, as ploughers break the ground;
But the just Lord hath burst their bands,
And saved me from their impious hands.

Let Sion's foes with infamy
Be clothed, and untimely die;
Like the thin blade on houses' tops,
Which reapers' sickle never crops,

Nor binder in his bosom bears;
Which withers still before it ears;
Nor passers-by the harvest bless,
And ask, in God's name, good success.

PSALM CXXX.

BRADY AND TATE, 1696.

The eleventh Psalm of degrees. The use of earnest, trustful prayer to God. It is also the sixth of the seven Penitential Psalms; expressing the Psalmist's sense of his own unworthiness, and need of God's mercy.

From lowest depths of woe,
To God I sent my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply!

Should'st Thou severely judge,
Who shall the trial bear?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
[a] And so renounce Thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
[b] Upon the Living Lord;
My hopes are on [b] His promise built,
[b] His never-failing Word.

My longing eyes look out
For His enlivening ray;
More duly than the morning-watch
To spy the dawning day.

Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds His mercy knows,
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
[c] To us redemption flows.

[d] The Lord hath for His own
Abounding grace in store;
And Israel from all his sin
Shall save for evermore.

PSALM CXXXI.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

The twelfth Psalm of degrees. A child-like self-humiliation.

O LORD, I have no scornful eye,
Nor proud nor lofty mind;
I seek not things that are too high,
But humbly am inclined.

My soul is like an infant wean'd,
E'en from his mother's breast:
And Israel, so to be sustain'd,
On God should always rest.

PSALM CXXXII.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

The thirteenth Psalm of degrees. A zeal for the settlement. and propriety of God's outward worship.

REMEMBER David, Lord, and David's care!
To God he vow'd, to Israel's strength he sware;
" Ne'er shall my feet [a] the tabernacle tread
Of mine own house, nor climb unto my bed;
Ne'er shall my eyes [b] again be closed in sleep,
Nor slumber on my weary eye-lids creep,
Till for Jehovah's rest a site I trace;
[c] Where Jacob's mighty God may fix His dwelling-place."

Behold, it was at Ephrata revealed,
The wish'd-for ark we found in [9] Jear's field.

[9] Our authorized translation is " in the fields of the wood," but it may be better rendered " the fields of Jear," as in French and Skinner's version. David had brought the ark

His tabernacle we will seek, and low
Ourselves in worship at His footstool bow.
Arise, Jehovah, take Thy place of rest,
Thou and Thy ark of strength! Let truth invest
Thy priests; Thy saints with songs of praise rejoice;
O! for Thy David's sake, hear Thine Anointed's voice!

To David once was pledg'd Jehovah's oath,
Nor shall th' Eternal fail His plighted troth:
"Forth from thy stock a royal branch shall spring,
Heir of thy [d] seat, Mine own anointed king;
And, if thy sons [e] My law and cov'nant own,
Their race shall sit for ever on thy throne;"
The Lord on Sion hath His choice bestow'd;
"This is My place of rest, and this my loved abode.

I on her land [f] will boundless plenty shed;
I all her poor will satisfy with bread;

of God to Jerusalem from Kirjath-Jearim, 1 Chron. xiii. 6; and before its capture by the Philistines, it had been fixed for 350 years at Shiloh in Ephraim, or Ephrata, which are synonymous.

I o'er [g] her priests a robe of peace will fling,
Peace from their God; [h] her saints for joy shall sing;
From David's horn fresh branches still shall sprout,
Nor burns the lamp of Mine anointed out.
His foes with shame I'll clothe; but from his head
[i] An everlasting crown shall heavenly radiance shed."

PSALM CXXXIII.

JAMES MERRICK, 1765.

The fourteenth Psalm of degrees. Brotherly love and amity.

How blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
When brothers join'd with brothers meet
In bands of mutual love!
Less sweet the [a] precious ointment, shed
On Aaron's consecrated head,
Ran trickling from above,

And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his vest.—
Less sweet the dews on Hermon's breast,
Or Sion's hill descend.

That hill has God with blessings crown'd;
There promised grace, that knows no bound.
And life, that knows no end.

PSALM CXXXIV.

[1] ALTERED FROM THE SCOTTISH VERSION, 1650.

The fifteenth and last Psalm of degrees. The giving glory to God.

BLESS ye the Lord, ye sacred band,
That His attendants are;
That in Jehovah's temple stand,
And praise Him nightly there;

Upraise, within God's holy place
Your hands, and praise His Name.—
Thee may the Lord from Sion bless,
Who heaven and earth did frame!

[1] Bishop Lowth (note on Isaiah lxii. 6, p. 263.) supposes this Psalm to be the alternate cry of two divisions of the

PSALM CXXXV.

ALTERED FROM JOSEPH COTTLE, 1805.

An exhortation to praise God for His power, for His mercy to His chosen people, and for His greatness contrasted with the impotence of heathen idols; the 15th and following verses form a part of the 115th Psalm.

PRAISE ye the Lord, O praise His Name,
Loud hallelujahs to Him sing;
Ye servants of the Lord, proclaim
The greatness of your Heavenly King.

Ye that within God's temple wait,
And in His courts to serve Him meet,
Praise Him, for He is good as great;
Praise ye His Name,—His praise is sweet.

temple watch: one of the set forms of challenge and reply, expressing a pious sentiment, of which Jehovah is the subject: as the custom still continues in the East.

For Jacob, as His chosen one,
The Lord unto Himself did take;
Israel did sever for His own,
And His peculiar treasure make.

I know the Lord our God is great
Above all gods;—His pleasure He
Hath done in Heaven's unmeasured height,
Upon the earth, upon the sea.

Exhaling from earth's utmost ends,
His vapour o'er the sky He pours;
His lightnings with the rain He blends,
And brings the wind forth from His stores.

He the first-born of Egypt slew,
Both man and beast, throughout their coasts;
And did His signs and wonders show
On Pharaoh and his servile hosts.

He smote great nations in His might,
And powerful kings, a warlike band;
Sihon, the monarch Amorite,
Felt the stern vengeance of His hand:

Og, king of Basan, did He slay,
All Canaan's lords before Him fell;—
He gave their forfeit lands away,
An heritage for Israel.

From age to age shall still endure,
Jehovah, Thine eternal Name;
And Thy memorial stand secure
Through everlasting years the same.

The Lord Himself will for us plead,
And will His people's cause defend;
In mercy to His chosen seed,
He will repent Him in the end.

Silver and gold, their idols weak,
Embodied by men's hands, arise;
Though they have mouths, they cannot speak,
They have, but see not with their eyes.

Though they have ears, they cannot hear,
Their noses lack the sense of smell,
Mouths have they, but no breath is there,
Nor doth life's spirit in them dwell.

And like their gods their makers are,
With all who in them vainly trust;
The idol, and its worshipper,
Are only vanity and dust.

O house of Israel, bless the Lord!
O house of Aaron, praise His Name!
Thou, Levi, still His Name record;—
Let all in fear His praise proclaim.

From Zion let His praise resound;
His presence there our God displays:
All ye that dwell on earth, around
In hallelujahs shout His praise.

PSALM CXXXVI.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

An Hymn of Thanksgiving to God, for His goodness in the works of His creation, and His mercy to His people in the miracles of the Exodus.

GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord;
His mercies still endure:
And be the [a] God of gods adored;
His truth is ever sure.

What wonders hath His wisdom done,
How mighty is His hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea He framed alone;
How wide is His command!

[b] He made the sun, He made the light;
How bright His counsels shine!
The moon and stars [c] to rule the night;
His works are all divine.

He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is His rod!
And thence with joy His people led;
How gracious is our God!

He cleft the [d] Red-Sea flood in two;
His arm is great in might:
And gave the tribes a passage through;
His power and grace unite.

But Pharaoh's army there He drown'd;
How glorious are His ways!
And brought His saints through desert ground,
Eternal be His praise!

[2] Great kings He smote and overthrew;
For us His might prevails:
He Amorean Sihon slew;
His succour never fails.

[2] The 18th and 19th verses are not translated by Watts.

[e] Huge Og, of Basan, felt his hand;
Victorious is His sword;
While Israel took the promised land;—
And faithful is His Word.

[f] He thought upon us in our woe,
He felt His pity move;
And He redeem'd us from the foe;
How boundless was His love!

[h] He to all flesh their food has given;
His goodness never fails:
[i] O! glorify the God of Heaven,
For still His grace prevails.

Give thanks to God, [j] of kings the King;
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth His praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM CXXXVII.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

A lamentation of the Jewish captives for the miseries of banishment, and the insolence of their enemies. Probably written during, or soon after their return from the captivity.

As nigh [a] Babel's streams we sate,
Full of griefs and unbefriended,
Minding Sion's poor estate,
From our eyes the tears descended;
And our harps we hanged by,
On the willows growing nigh.

For, insulting on our woe,
They, that had us there enthrall'd,
Their imperious power to show,
For a song of Sion call'd;
Come, ye captives, come, said they,
Sing us now an Hebrew lay!

But, O Lord, what heart have we,
In a foreign habitation,
To repeat our songs of Thee
For our spoilers' recreation?
Ah, alas! we cannot yet,
Thee, Jerusalem, forget.

O Jerusalem! if I
Do not mourn, all pleasure shunning,
Whilst Thy walls defaced lie;
Let my right-hand forget her cunning;
And for ever let my tongue
To my palate fast be clung.

O! remember, blessed Lord,
E'er Jerusalem was wasted,
How the sons of Edom [3] roar'd,
And her total ruin hasted,
Till they level all had laid:
Raze it, raze it quite, they said.

[3] See Obadiah ver. 11, &c.

But thou shalt be spoiled thus;
And be used, O Babel's daughter,
[b] E'en as thou hast used us:—
[c] Blest be he, who, in the slaughter,
Shall thy helpless little ones
Seize, and dash against the stones!

PSALM CXXXVIII.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1837.

An Hymn of Praise and Thanksgiving, and confidence in God.

With my whole heart, I will Thy praises sing,
O! Thou, my God and King:
Before the powers of earth and heaven, my voice
Shall in Thy praise rejoice.
[a] Towards Thy house I'll turn my eyes,
And bring my heart's glad sacrifice.

For all Thy mercy, all Thy faithfulness,
Thy Holy Name I bless;
[b] Since Thou, above all worshipp'd Names beside,
Thy word hast glorified.
Thou didst my deep affliction see,
And with Thy might didst strengthen me.

Kings of the earth, while I Thy works proclaim,
Shall join to praise Thy Name:
They too shall learn Thy wonders to record,
For glorious is the Lord:
Heaven is His throne, yet hath He bow'd
To bless the meek; but scorns the proud.

Thou wilt uphold me, when by troubles prest,
And comfort me distrest:
Thine outstretch'd arm will from my foes defend,
And save me to the end.
[c] The work, which Thine own hands did make,
Then do not Thou, O Lord, forsake!

PSALM CXXXIX.

ANONYMOUS—"POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED," 1836.

An acknowledgment of God's omniscience, and infinite omnipresence, and of His wonderful providence in the formation and preservation of man.

OMNISCIENT, Omnipresent [a] Lord,
By strictest search Thou hast explored
And known me; Thou, when down I lie,
Thou, when I rise, art ever nigh;
My very thoughts to Thee are known,
E'er yet in speech or action shown.

About my path, about my bed,
The shadow of Thy wings is spread;
Thy sleepless and all-seeing eye
Doth my most secret ways espy;
And in an instant every word
My tongue lets fall, Thine ear hath heard.

[4] Thy presence everywhere I find;
Where'er I walk, before, behind,
O Lord, Thou still beset'st my way,
And dost Thine hand upon me lay:—
I may not to such knowledge soar,
I can but wonder, and adore.

How then Thy Spirit may I shun,
Or whither from Thy presence run?
If, [b] mounting through the realms of air,
I climb to heaven, my God is there;
If down to deepest hell I go,
There too Thy Spirit rules below.

If I should take the wings of morn,
And to earth's utmost bounds be borne;
[c] Or flee beyond the watery main;
Escape from Thee would still be vain:—
E'en there Thy power would be confest,
And Thy right hand my flight arrest.

[4] The 5th and 6th verses are omitted in the translation.

Come night and hide me! should I say;
Straight [d] shall the night be turn'd to day.
With Thee no shades obscure the night,
The darkness is as clear as light.
The midnight gloom, the noon-day sun,
Darkness and light to Thee are one.

[e] My reins, ere from the womb I came,
Were Thine; there didst Thou mould my frame;
Its fearful wonders by Thee plann'd,
Exceed my skill to understand.
My conscious spirit, Lord, shall own,
The marvels Thou hast in me shown.

When, yet unfashion'd, e'er my birth,
My substance lay conceal'd in earth,
Thine eyes did on each member look:
For They were written in Thy book;
While all imperfect yet they lay,
And took their shape from day to day.

How dear to me Thy counsels, Lord!
Who may the sum of them record?

In number countless as the sand,
[f] Which none may reckon on the strand.
E'en from my earliest waking hour,
I feel Thy presence and Thy power.

Shall not the wicked, Lord, be slain;
All such as take Thy Name in vain?
Depart from me, ye men of blood;
Ye, that against the Lord have stood.
Ye scorners of the power divine,
I hate ye—Hence! God's foes are mine.

Then try me, Lord; prove every part,
Search all my thoughts, and sound my heart;
Look well my footsteps do not stray,
But turn them from the evil way;
Nor let me from the true path rove,
That leads to endless joys above.

PSALM CXL.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1821.

"A Psalm of David," praying for protection against the devices of his enemies.

From men of force, from men of fraud,
Protect, preserve me, O my God;
Their thoughts [a] all mischief grasp:
[b] War all day long their heart prepares,
The serpent's [c] sharpen'd tongue is their's,
[d] The poison of the asp.

[e] With lawless art, and impious hand,
T' entrap my footsteps they have plann'd;
Do Thou their plots confound!
Their secret snares the proud have set,
Spread by the way the tangling net,
And wound their toils around.

Then to Jehovah thus I said,
My God art Thou; I seek Thine aid;
O! hear, [f] Thou Lord of might;
Thou, with Thy saving strength my head,
As with a helm, hast covered,
And saved me in the fight.

O! grant not Thou the impious will,
Nor Thou the lawless plot fulfil,
[g] To swell the boast of pride.
The heads of those, who round me rise,
[h] The mischief their own lips devise
In whelming shame shall hide.

[i] Hot burning coals shall wrap them round,
The fire [j] shall scorch, the yawning ground
For ever sweep away;
The braggart find no resting-place
On earth, distress the spoiler chase,
And ruin seize [k] its prey.

For, well I know, the Lord will plead
The just man's cause in time of need,

And grant the poor his right.
And well I know the just shall tell
The praises of Thy Name, and dwell,
Jehovah, in Thy sight.

PSALM CXLI.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1837.

"A Psalm of David," submitting his words and ways to God's direction, and praying for his assistance in distress. Probably written during his persecution by Saul.

LORD, to Thy throne I raise my cry,
Let not Thy help delay;
Give me to feel, that Thou art nigh,
And hear me when I pray:
Like incense let my prayer arise,
Or smoke of evening sacrifice.

Lord, let Thy grace my lips restrain,
That dangerous portal guard;
Nor let my heart e'er entertain
Regret to be debarr'd

From doing all that sinners dare;
Nor let me in their revels share.

But let the righteous [a] still in love
Rebuke me; it will be
A blow that bruiseth not, but prove
A healing balm to me.
So, when adversity is their's,
I will repay them with my prayers.

And when, 'mid rocks and mountains drear,
[b] Their rulers are o'erthrown,
My song their fainting hearts shall cheer,
And they its [c] soothing own.
But now, like wood for fuel hewn,
Our whitening bones around are strewn.

Yet, Lord, to Thee I look for aid,
Preserve me from despair;
My cruel foes their toils have laid,
O! save me from the snare!
Caught in their own nets let them be,
While I pass on from danger free.

PSALM CXLII.

ANONYMOUS. C. F. AND E. C., 1838.

"A prayer when David was in the cave" at Engedi.—1 Sam. xxiv. 1, &c. See Psalm lvii.

I LIFTED to the Lord my voice,
I pour'd my soul in prayer;
What time my spirit waxed faint,
[a] I show'd to Him my care.
Thou knew'st my path; where privily
The sinners [b] laid their snare.

[c] I look'd on my right-hand for aid,
But none was found for me;
I saw no refuge for my soul,
No shelter where to flee.
Then turn'd I heavenward my complaint,
And cried, O Lord, to Thee.

Thou art my portion and my hope,
My all on earth below ;
Consider then my soul's desire,
[d] In this abyss of woe :
And save me, in Thy mercy save,
From my too powerful foe.

From the dark prison lift my soul,
That I may thank Thy Name ;
To me then shall the righteous throng,
With me exalt Thy fame ;
[e] For kindly shalt Thou deal with him,
Who doth Thy bounty claim.

PSALM CXLIII.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

The seventh and last Penitential Psalm; in depression of spirit. Probably written during the rebellion of Absalom.

LORD, my humble supplication
Hear, and hear with acceptation;
In Thy dooms of truth and right.
Judge, but judge not Thou severely;
For, if Thou observe us nearly,
None are blameless in Thy sight.

By the foe my soul is chased,
Wounded, and in darkness placed,
As one buried long ago;
I am inwardly perplexed,
Yea, my spirit sore is vexed,
And my heart is full of woe.

On the times now past I ponder,
And on all the works of wonder,
Which were framed by Thy hands:
[a] I for Thee, my hands extending,
Thirst, as for the shower's descending
Long the parch'd and thirsty lands.

Lord, with speed give ear unto me!
[b] Still Thy face in mercy show me,
For my spirits feeble grow:
Since on Thee I have depended,
Let me timely be defended,
Lest into the grave I go.

[c] Show me early Thine affection;
Lead me, Lord, by Thy direction,
For towards Thee my soul doth press:
From my foes Thy servant hiding,
Bring me, by Thy Spirit's guiding,
To the land of righteousness.

Grace to do Thy pleasure give me;
For Thy Name's sake, Lord, revive me;
Let Thy justice be my guard;

Yea, destroy, of Thy compassion,
Those that seek my soul's vexation;
For I am Thy servant, Lord.

PSALM CXLIV.

ALTERED FROM E. FARR, 1836.

"A Psalm of David," blessing God for His past mercies to him, and praying for their continuance.

Be the Lord, my strength, adored,
Who such safety doth afford;
He who nerves my arm with might,
And by whom my fingers fight.

He, my fortress and my tower,
He, my Saviour, shield, and power;
He, in whom I trust; who still
Bows my people to my will.

What is man, that he Thy love,
Lord, should thus so largely prove?
What his race, that they should share
Thus, O God, Thy tender care?

Man is like to vanity;
But a thing of nought is he;
And, as transient as the shade,
Man's few days, how soon they fade!

Bow Thy heavens, Eternal Lord;
Down descend, and aid afford;
Touch the mountains, and their smoke
Straight shall rise beneath Thy stroke.

Let Thy fiercest lightnings blaze,
Scatter them in wild amaze;
All abroad Thine arrows pour,
And Thy rebel foes devour.

Reach Thine hand from heaven to save,
Snatch me from the whelming wave;
From their hand my spirit free,
Who are wide estranged from Thee.

Save from those, whose lips profane
Utter but professions vain;
Whose right-hand all sins defile,
A false right-hand, full of guile.

So will I Thy praise prolong,
In a new-invented song;
On a ten-string'd instrument,
I Thy due praise will present.

'Tis His arm alone that brings
Sure salvation unto kings;
And to David doth afford
Safety from the threatening sword.

Reach Thine hand from Heaven to save,
Snatch me from the yawning wave[5];
From their hand my spirit free,
Who are wide estranged from Thee:

Save from those whose lips profane
Utter but professions vain;

[5] Ver. 7.

Whose right-hand all sins defile,
A false right-hand, full of guile.

So our sons, like plants, shall spring,
In their young strength flourishing;
So our daughters, as they grow,
Like some polish'd sculpture show.

Then our garner's ample floor
Shall be fill'd with store on store;
And our teeming ewes shall yield
Tens of thousands in the field.

Then our oxen, strong for toil,
Vigorous shall work the soil;
None abroad shall hear alarm,
None, at home, the voice of harm.

Blessed is that people found,
Who with goods like these abound;
Blessings on that people fall,
Who their God Jehovah call.

PSALM CXLV.

RICHARD MANT, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, 1824.

The seventh and last Alphabetical Psalm. "David's Psalm of praise" to God, for His glory, might, majesty, and goodness.

GOD, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy Name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.
Honour great our God befitteth;
Who His Majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

[a] I will speak of all Thy glory;
On Thy might and greatness dwell;
[b] So that other men the story
Of Thy wond'rous acts shall tell.

They shall bring from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
[c] Tell of love surpassing measure,
[c] Sing of mercy passing thought.

Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.
All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sov'reign power.

They Thy might, all might excelling,
Shall to all mankind make known,
And the brightness of Thy dwelling,
And the glories of Thy throne.
[d] Aye, as age to age descendeth,
Shall Thy royal might remain;
[e] Evermore Thy rule extendeth,
Ever lasts [f] Thy glorious reign.

Them that fall the Lord protecteth,
He sustains the bow'd and bent;
Every eye from Thee expecteth,
Fixt on Thee, its nourishment.
Thou to all, great God of Nature,
Giv'st, in season due, their food;
Spread'st Thine hand, and every creature
Is by Thee full fill'd with food.

God is just in all He doeth,
Kind is He in all His ways;
He His ready presence showeth
When a faithful servant prays.
Who sincerely seek and fear Him,
He to them their wish will give;
[g] Nigh to them as they are near Him,
He will hear them and relieve.

From Jehovah, all who prize Him,
Shall His saving-health enjoy;
[h] But the wicked, who despise Him,
He will in their sin destroy.

Still, Jehovah, Thee confessing,
Shall my tongue Thy praise proclaim,
And may all mankind with blessing
Ever hail Thy holy Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

SCOTTISH VERSION, 1650

The praise of God for His goodness and love.

PRAISE God. [a] Praise Thou the Lord, my soul;
I'll praise God while I live;
While I have being, to my God
In songs I'll praises give.
Trust not in princes, nor man's son
In whom there is no stay;
His breath departs, to earth he turns;
That day his thoughts decay.

O! happy is that man and blest,
Whom Jacob's God doth aid;
Whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
And on His God is stay'd:
Who made the earth and heavens high,
Who made the swelling deep,
And all that is within the same;
Who truth doth ever keep:

Who righteous judgment executes
For those, opprest that be,
Who to the hungry giveth food—
God sets the prisoners free;
The Lord doth give the blind their sight,
The bowed-down doth raise;
The Lord doth dearly love all those,
That walk in upright ways.

The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
The orphan's help is He;
But yet by Him the [b] sinner's way
Turn'd upside down shall be.

[c] The God, that doth in Sion dwell,
Is evermore our King;
From age to age His reign endures:
Let all His praises sing.

PSALM CXLVI.

2nd VERSION, ANONYMOUS, 1846. See Preface, p. 20.

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul; while I live shall the Lord
For His mercies unnumber'd be praised and adored:
Yea, as long as my being endures will I raise
My voice to my God in thanksgiving and praise.
O! put not your trust in the princes of earth,
Nor in any frail thing that from man has its birth;
There is no help in them; their race quickly is sped,
And when once from the body the spirit is fled,

Turn'd again to their earth, in the grave they must lie,
And with them their thoughts and vain projects shall die.
They alone shall be blest and find peace at the last,
Who on Israel's God have their confidence cast;
In their Lord, the great God, their hope is not vain,
Who made heaven, earth, and ocean, with all they contain;
Whose promise is sure, and whose truth stands confess'd,
Who soothes the afflicted, and aids the oppress'd;
Who feedeth the hungry; whose words can unbind
The prisoners' bonds, and give sight to the blind;
Who uplifts such as fall, from the depths of despair,
While the righteous are still His peculiar care;
Who succours the stranger, the widow defends,
And His ear to the cry of the fatherless lends:
But the way of the wicked, though secret, he knows,
And to nought brings their schemes, and their counsel o'erthrows.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, then; His praise let me sing;
For the Lord God in Sion for ever is King.

PSALM CXLVII.

ALTERED FROM ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

Praise of God, for the wonders of the natural creation. Probably written after the return from captivity, and the rebuilding of Jerusalem.

Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts to God, and sing His praise;
The pleasing work to us belongs,
And praise sits comely on our tongues.

The Lord doth build up Salem's wall,
And Israel's outcast sons recall;
His mercy soothes the contrite soul,
Binds up its wounds, and makes it whole.

He counts the stars, those heavenly flames,
He tells them singly by their names:
Great is our Lord, and great His might,
His understanding infinite.

He lifteth up the meek on high,
And bids the wicked grovelling lie.
Sing to the Lord; thanksgivings raise,
With solemn harpings to His praise.

Sing to our God; 'tis He who shrouds
The face of heaven around with clouds,
And there prepares the rain, and stores
For earth His fertilizing showers.

He makes the waving grass to spread
Luxuriant o'er the mountain's head;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.

He cares not for the powerful horse,
Man's strength of limb, or active force;
In them alone is God's delight,
Who trust His love, and fear His might.

O! Salem, praise thy mighty God;
Thou, Sion, spread His fame abroad;
For He thy gates hath firmly barr'd,
And been in time of need their guard.

Thy sons He hath within thee blest,
And given thy peaceful borders rest:
He satisfies thy mouth with meat,
And fills Thee with the finest wheat:

Borne swiftly to earth's utmost ends,
Forth speeds the word of power He sends:—
His mandate spreads the flaky snow
Like wool upon the earth below.

Like ashes His hoar-frost is shed,
His ice, like morsels, scattered.
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy His piercing cold?

He speaks the word, His breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow.—
He made His word to Jacob known,
His laws He hath to Israel shown:

No nation else hath been so blest,
Of God's own laws, and will possest;
He hath not thus reveal'd His word
To every land—praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1637.

An invitation to the whole created universe to join in the praise of their Creator.

[a] YE who dwell above the sky,
Praise the Lord from heaven on high;
Angels, your clear voices raise,
Him ye heavenly armies praise;
Sun and moon, [b] by day, by night;
All ye sparkling [c] stars of light;
Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens His praise declare;
His deserved praise accord,
His who made you by His word,

Made you evermore to last,
Set your bounds not to be past.
Let the earth His praise resound;
[d] Monsters, from your seas profound,
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
Storms, which, when He bids [e] you, blow;
[f] Every hill, and mountain high,
Cedars [g] towering to the sky,
Trees that fruit in season yield,
All the cattle of the field,
Savage beasts, all creeping things,
All that cut the air with wings,
You that [h] kingly sceptres sway,
You enured to obey,
Princes, Judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Youths and virgins flourishing
In the beauty of your spring,
Ye, who bow with age's weight,
Ye who were but born of late,
Praise His name with one consent;
O! how great, how excellent!

Than the earth profounder far,
Higher than the highest star.
He will His to honour raise;
Ye His Saints, resound His praise!
[i] Ye of Jacob's favoured race,
Near unto Him by His grace.

PSALM CXLIX.

ANONYMOUS. C. F. AND E. C., 1838.

A triumphant thanksgiving to God for His love to Israel; probably after some victory.

Sing to the Lord a new made song,
Ye Saints, His praises sing;
Children of Zion, hither throng
Exulting in your King.
[a] Timbrel and harp, resound His praise;
In solemn dance, in sacred lays,
[b] The heart's best offering bring.
Let Israel [c] lift his loudest voice,
In Him that made him to rejoice.

[d] God loves His people; and the meek
With grace adorn'd sustains;
E'en on their beds their God they seek,
And chaunt aloud their strains.
Their hands shall wield a two-edged sword,
To smite Thine enemies, O Lord,
And bind their kings in chains:
[e] Such is the doom Thou didst decree;
Such honour theirs, who honour Thee.

PSALM CL.

GEORGE WITHER, 1632.

An exhortation to praise God, with every kind of instrumental music.

Come, praise the Lord, come praise Him
Within His holy seat;
In all His glories praise Him,
And His great acts repeat.

As He excelleth, praise Him,
With trumpet and with flute;
With harp and psaltery praise Him,
With viol, and with lute.

Upon the timbrel praise Him,
In song His praise advance,
Upon the organs praise Him,
And praise Him in the dance.
On tingling cymbals praise Him,
On cymbals loud that sound;
And let all creatures praise Him,
In whom life-breath is found.

APPENDIX

Of the original passages, of which alterations have been suggested, in such Psalms as are headed simply with the Names of their respective Authors.—See Preface, p. 19, 20.

PSALM

1. [a] He doth always freshly flourish.
 [b] dusty matter.
 [c] knows.

2. [a] Shall, vexing them, his mind in wrath declare :—
 Whoe'er, says He, repines ; this King of mine.
 [b] I purpose to unfold.
 [c] This day begot I thee ;
 Demand therefore of Me, and I will give.
 [d] Mace.
 [e] awful joy.

5. [a] Neither shall evil dwell with thee.

PSALM

5. [b] All, that ill-doers are, Thou hat'st ;
Cutt'st off, that liars be ;
The bloody and deceitful man
Abhorred is by Thee.
[c] Because of those mine enemies,
Lord, in Thy righteousness,
Do Thou me lead, do Thou Thy way
Make straight before my face !
[d] Their inward part is ill.
[e] Their tongue doth flatter still."
[f] But let them joy, that trust in Thee,
And still make shouting noise.

6. [a] To me, O do not roughly speak.
[b] Good God !
[c] Through inward griefs and foes' despites,
[d] But, sinners, now depart from me !
[e] Which let my foes with blushing see.

9. [a] My answering tongue Thy wond'rous works proclaim :
My beating heart shall bound,
With joy my tongue resound.
[b] By Thee o'erwhelm'd, no more to rise,
Their name in endless shade of dark oblivion lies.
[c] And sheer, with sweepy sway,
Their cities bore away.

PSALM

10. [a] Fearing neither falls nor sliding ;
From his mouth much cursing flows,
Underneath his tongue still hiding
Mischief, sin, and guileful shows.
[b] In blind paths.
[c] At the poor he darts his eyes.
[d] His drifts to further.
[e] denned lion.
[f] Lo, Thou see'st, yea see'st, them do
Spiteful wrongs ; and to reward it.
[g] Thou art poor men's hopeful stay.
[h] Arms. [i] Gentiles.

11. [a] By you be ta'en away.
[b] on high.
[c] and them his eyelids try.
[d] But lewd men, loving violence,
His soul doth much detest.
[e] On sinners He shall rain down snares,
Brimstone, and balls of fire ;
An horrid tempest He prepares,
To pay them home their hire.
[f] For God most just, without defect,
In justice doth delight ;
His countenance, with kind aspect.

13. [a] By fraud or force prevailing,
How long my foes bear sway?
[b] Dispel this heavy gloom.

PSALM

14. [a] Virtue's. [b] Heaven.

15. [a] Not stranger-like to visit them,
But to inhabit there.
[b] Whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves.
[c] generous tongue.
[d] Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags, &c.
[e] Treasure.
[f] When earth's foundation shakes.

17. [a] Lord, hear my cause, my suits, my cries.
[b] To rightful things decline Thine eyes.
[c] as for things by others done.
[d] *My* words—(apparently a misprint.)
[e] Lord hear, and my complaint attend.
[f] quite round. [g] brags.
[h] Lord, from those worldlings guard Thou me.
[i] Who full of wealth and children be.
[j] To wake from sin, and look on Thee.
In Thine own form contenteth me.

18. [a] And plunged in sorrow's waves.
[b] And my complaints did hear.
[c] His nostrils fumed, His mouth breathed fire.
[d] Then down He came, and Heaven He bowed.

PSALM

18. [e] And when that Great Almighty spake,
Both fire and hail appeared.

His darts on every side He threw,
Till they dispersed were ;
His burning lightnings flashing flew,
And caused them to fear.

When He did frown, a dreadful blast,
He from His nostrils blowed,
Which up the seas' low depths did cast,
And earth's foundations showed.

[f] He likewise guarded me.
[g] They in my cares did me prevent.
[h] The Lord my righteousness observed.
[i] And, as mine innocence deserved.
[j] For in God's ways my walkings were,
From Him I have not stepped ;
Still in my sight His judgments are,
And I His laws have kept.
[k] In Him.
[l] For to the meek the Lord is kind.
[m m] He will. God shall.
[n] My lamp enlight He shall.
[o] And overleaped a wall.
[p p p] His. He.
[q] My steps by Him enlarged be.
[r] He, to fit me for the war,
With power did me endue.
[s] he threw.

PSALM

18. [t] To conquer them who me envied,
Me strong enough He made.
[u] Replies, nor help they had.
[v] So small I did them beat,
And threw them forth as miry dross,
Which lies about the street.
[w w] His. Him.
[x] Which knows me not as yet.
[y] Themselves they shall submit.
[z] fear.
[a] Aloud God's praise declare.
[b] Among the Gentiles now therefore,
I'll thank Him for the same;
My song shall be for evermore
In honour of His Name.

19. [a] devious thought.

20. [a] or.
[b] Thine oblations reach the skies.
[c] Will our grateful trophies rear.
[d] Now I am assured the Lord
Will His servant shield;
Succour from the heavens afford.
[e] Scythed car.
[f] His mighty Name,
Who outspread the skies.
[g] We shall victors rise.
[h] Hear us in our fervent cry.

PSALM

23 [a] though I walk in vale of death.

24. [a] Whose meanings are upright.
[b] Who swear without deceit.
[c] And from their Saviour grace.

26. [a] Assay my reins and heart.
[b] I shun the spoiler's den.
[c] I wash.
[d] Rank not with men of blood my soul,
My life with impious tribes,
Whose hands of dark designs are full,
Whose right-hands teem with bribes.

28. [a] Shall be.
[b] Since they will not Thy choice renown,
But hate, whom Thou intend'st to crown,
O build not up, but pull them down!
[c] My strength secured on every side,
Since all my hope on Him relied.
[d] These seas of joy my tears devour,
My songs shall celebrate Thy power,
O Thou, that art to Thine a tower!

29. [a] Ascribe, ye mighty, to the Lord,
Ascribe all power and fame;
Let Him be in His House adored,
And honour ye His Name.
[b] greatest flood.

PSALM

29. [c] E'en Libanus, and Sirion too,
He makes to start through fear,
As unicorns and bullocks do,
That young and frightful are.
[d] The Lord likewise doth in the flood.

30. [a] Nor madest me a scorn to those,
Who were my life's professed foes.
[b] For but a moment lasts His wrath ;
His favour life restored hath.
[c] My bases are for ever laid.
[d] My mountain mad'st so strong.
[e] My comforts vanished hence apace.
[f] Or those, in earth who closed are,
From their low cells Thy truth declare ?
[g] My sackcloth Thou didst off me take,
And cheerful robes of gladness make.
[h] Incessant.

33. [a] Tabor.
[b] Just and true.
[c] Not the chief his serried lances.
[d] All in vain the war-horse prances.
[e] Rests our soul in expectation.

42. [a] As for the distant water pants the desert's fleet gazelle,
So longs my heart for Thee, O God, within Thy courts to dwell ;
Like her I thirst, but thirst for Thee.

PSALM

42. [b] Thy.

[c] My tears have been my drink, my solace, night and day.

[d] I think upon the happy days, and mourn the Sabbaths fled.

[e] Here beyond Jordan's fountains, amid Hermon's rocky hills.

[f] gathering. [g] glen to glen. [h] deeper.

[i] Once, in Thy loving-kindness blest, swift flew my days along,
Amid the watches of the night, Thy praise inspired my song,
But now I cry.

[k] To groan beneath oppression, and endure the impious scoff.

43. [a] Judge Thou my cause ; right me, O God, against a cruel race.

[b] To groan beneath oppression, and endure the impious scoff.

44. [a] Often made.

[b] By that succour Thou didst bring,
We their pride, that us assailed,
Down did tread, and back did fling,
In Thy name confused and quailed.

[c] was not reposed.

[d] nor my scabbard held enclosed.
That, whence should my safety flow.

PSALM

44. [e] In our camp.

[f] Right as sheep to be devoured,
Helpless here we lie alone ;
Scatteringly by Thee outpoured,
Slaves to dwell with lords unknown,
Sold we are, but silver none
Told for us.

[g] By them all that dwell about us,
Tost we flee as balls of scorn ;
All our neighbours laugh and flout us,
Men by Thee in shame forlorn:
Proverb-like our name is worn,
O how fast, in foreign places !
What head-shakings are forborne,
Wordless taunts, and dumb disgraces !

[h] as myself do daily go.

[i] wrathful spite, with outward blow.

[j] our feet have slidden,
Though us, down to dragons cast,
Thou in deadly shade hast hidden.

[k] Deeper sinks than deepest working.

[l] Sleep not ever, slack not ever !

[m] Why to hide Thy face persever ?

[n] Heavy grief our soul abaseth.

[o] Earth our body fast embraceth.

46. [a] world.

[b] the stars of morn.

[c] Burn before Him, quenched as tow.

PSALM

46. 2nd VERSION.

[a] and kings fire took;
He spake; the earth, as thunder-strook,
In a cold sweat did melt away.
[b] Causes tumultuous rage to cease,
And bids devouring war retire.

47. [a] cheerful song. [b] utmost.
[c] Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence
To adore the God of Abram came,
Found Him their constant, sure defence;
How great and glorious is His Name!

48. [a] The Lord is great, and great His fame
Should in His holy mountain be.
[b] Frame.
[c] doth hight.
[d] Tarsus.
[e] And in Thy judgments Sion shall
Rejoice with Judah's daughters all.
[f] Her bulwarks mark, her turrets heed.
[g] And tell her glories to your seed.
[h] In Life.
[i] And in our death.

50. [a] By holy compact bound.
And sacrificial rites.
[b] God of the earth and sky.

PSALM

50. [c] Nor steer of thine, nor goat,
From stall or crowded cote
I ask ;—the forest-broods belong to me ;
To me, &c.
[d] Each field-fed beast I see.
[e] Or on the blood of slaughtered goat carouse ?
Go ; on God's altar raise.
[f] Pay to the Lord the oblation of thy vows."
[g] But thou, say, why wilt thou
[h] Thy mouth did teem with ill,
With fraud thy tongue distil,
Malign thy friend, thy mother's son blaspheme.
[i] Lest hideous rout.

52. [a] deviseth subtilely.
[b] working deceitfully.
[c] So God shall thee destroy for aye,
Remove thee, pluck thee out
Quite from thy house, out of the land
Of life He shall thee root.
[d] And laugh at him they shall.
[e] And I for ever will Thee praise,
Because Thou hast done this ;
I on Thy name will wait ; for good
Before Thy saints it is.

54. [a] He upon the guilty head
Righteous recompense shall shed ;
Thou from earth their name shalt raze.

PSALM

55. [a] a sufferer's sorrows hear.
[b] In mercy lend a listening ear. [c] weak.
[d] Deep in distress engulphed I lie,
A raging sea of woes;
While o'er me peals the slanderer's cry,
And impious bands enclose.

To sink my soul with crimes unknown,
Perfidious snares they lay;
Hot with relentless rancour grown,
They seek my life to slay.
[e] Away from trouble far to fly.
[f] Lo in some mountain's desert breast,
A sheltering cave I'd find.
[g] to my sight
Appear, the city streets among.
[h] They guard her wall.
[i] Rebellion stalks abroad,
With woe, and proud disdain of right,
And treachery and fraud.
[j] 'Twas no fierce tongue of hate avowed
Essayed my fame to tear;
The malice of the vulgar crowd
My soul had learned to bear.

No haughty eye, untaught to spare,
Aspired to lay me low;
My soul had sought, with watchful care,
To screen me from the blow.

PSALM

55. [k] To whom my soul applied,
To bear in all her griefs a part.
[l] Death claims her due; they quick to hell's
Sepulchral gloom descend.
[m] And morn, and radiant noon.
[n] And He with peace shall crown,
My guardian in, &c.
[o] lifted hand.
[p] Who spurns of peace the sacred band.
[q] Yet smother show,
Than creamy store his words.
[r] Sheathless. [s] Lord, I trust.

57. [a] Till this outrageous storm is past.
[b] To Thy tribunal, Lord, I fly.
Thou, &c.
[c] From heaven protect me by thine arm,
And shame all those, who seek my harm;
To my relief Thy mercy send,
And truth, on which my hopes depend.
[d] savage men.
[e] So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.
(So the last verse).
[f] And had almost my soul ensnared;
But fell themselves by just decree.

59. [a] They brandish swords,
Yet say can these be known?

PSALM

59. [b] The empty terror of their pride.
[c] I and my strength are in Thy power,
In Thee I trust.
[d] close arts.
[e] As grinning dogs bark, but not bite.
[f] Like vagabonds howl they for bread.
[g] Living verse.

60 [a] Thy banner.
[b] And in this mercy verified
Thy so long promised aid.
[e] That David, Thy beloved, may be.
[d] My joys are now grown great.
[e] And Succoth's valley mete.
[f] My large dominion's spread.
[g] Subjected Palestine.
[h] Who shall to Rabbah lead us on,
Where Ammon proudly reigns?
Who our victorious march conduct
Through sandy Edom's plains?
[i] Cast off Thy people quite.
[j] Unto the doubtful fight.
[k] Valiant acts;
He shall our foes confound,
And beat their trampled flesh to dirt
O'er all the ignoble ground.

61. [a] When as my heart with sorrow's weight
Is overwhelmed, O lead me straight
Unto the rock, that's higher than I.

PSALM

61. [b] Under Thy wings' most secret place.
[c] And make his years like many an age.
[d] And I will sing due praise therefore
Unto thy name for evermore.

62. [a] (Thus my heart is self-reproved)
I shall not be greatly moved.
[b] Sudden, desperate, your fall.
[c] Ill their flattering tongues conceal
That deep malice which they feel.
[d] Wait for succour from His throne;
Hide beneath His Name of power,
My defence, and safety-tower.
[e] God for my salvation came,
I will glory in His Name.
[f] Strong hold.
[g] Weigh the rich and poor together,
Both are lighter than a feather.
Trust them not, nor trust in gain:
Fraud or force shall prove in vain.
Whether got by right or stealth,
Set not, &c.
[h] Mercy too belongs to Thee,
Mercy joined with equity.

64. Raging foes.
[b] When my foes in council meet,
Hide me in some safe retreat,
Where, beneath Thy gracious eye,
I may all their rage defy.

PSALM

64. c Like as.
d Mutually agreed they join.
e With what diligence and care,
They invent and lay the snare.
f Lo, they fall.
g All the curses of their tongue
Fall, &c.
Men behold their swift decay,
And with trembling haste away.
h In the ruin of their race.
i The grateful voice.

66. a The sea.
b Who puts, and holds, our souls in life,
And feet, &c.
c Into a net hast wound us fast,
Our loins hast straitly tied.
d Of freedom brought us hast.

With offerings I'll go to Thy house,
My vows I'll pay to Thee,
Which my lips uttered, and mouth spake,
When trouble was on me.
e O come, and hearken now to me,
All ye, who God revere.
f I'll gratefully declare.

66. 2nd Version.
a Happy sons of Israel,
Who in pleasant Canaan dwell,

PSALM

66. Sing the great Jehovah's praise,
Trophies to His glory raise.
[b] how wonderful.
[c] Conquest on Thy sword doth sit,
Trembling foes through fear submit.
Let the many-peopled earth,
All of high, and humble birth,
Worship our Eternal King,
Hymns unto His honour sing.
[d] driven into.
[e] Incense in perfumes shall rise:
Bullocks, shaggy goats, and rams,
Offered up in sacred flames.

67. [a] While distant lands their tribute pay,
And, &c.
[b] Let differing nations join.
[c] Dissolved in pious mirth.
[f] Plenty.

68. [a] as wax dissolves with scorching fire.
[b] The single.
[c] By Him we conquer; virgins sing
Our victories, and timbrels ring.
[d] in soot and smoke.
[e] his many heads.
[f] were.
[g] Thou captivat'st captivity.

PSALM

68. Deck'd with the trophies of His foes,
The gifts received on His bestows,
Reducing them that did rebel,
That both might in His Sion dwell.
[h] His.
[i] The controverse of life and death.
[j] That dogs may lap their enemies' blood.
[k] But Judah from his mountain throne,
And far-removed Zebulon,
And Naphthali, which borders on
Old Jordan, where his stream dilates,
Joined all their powers and potentates.
For us His winged soldiers fought,
Lord, &c.
[l] Far off, from sun-burnt Meroe,
From falling Nilus; from the sea,
Which beats on the Egyptian shore.
[m] He, who heaven's upper heaven bestrides,
And on her aged shoulders rides.
[n] terrible.

69. [a] gather round my soul.
[b] I call, I gaze,
My throat is parched, my sight decays.
[c] More than my countless locks are they;
Who unprovoked my soul would slay.
[d] A stranger while my friends in me,
My mother's sons an alien see.
[e] Reproaches aimed at Thee I feel

PSALM

69. Light on my head; does fasting wear
My frame? The stern rebuke I bear.
[f] Flood.
[g] Vain be the fury of the main,
And the pit ope her jaws in vain!
[h] Hear, nor Thy face, Jehovah, hide!
For large and deep Thy mercy's tide;
Hear, and benign Thine aspect show.
[i] woe.
[j] from hostile grasp.
[k] my meat was gall;
And, when I sank o'erspent with drought,
Sour juice of eager wine they brought.
[l] But them their board shall snare.
[m m] Thou wilt.
[n] Thou wilt a flood of fury pour,
And wrap them in the burning shower.
[o] Adds; nor Thy mercy shall they see.
[p] The portion of the righteous taste:
But me, all trampled though I lie.
[q] For God with strength will Zion crown,
And Judah plant with tower and town.

70. [a] With great disgrace.
[b] Let them, that make my grief their game,
Be turned back with utter shame.
[c] Whoever do.
[d] and undertrod;
Make haste to help me, O my God!

PSALM

71. [a] my sole help-giver.
[b] Since, imprisoned in my mother,
Thou me freed'st, whom have I other.
[c] Was my ditty, long the day.
[d] Courage, verdure, virtue faileth.
[e] Of their talk, and lo ! the sum.
[f] dismighted.
[g] resolved to tarry
In my trust, and not to vary.
[h] Still with mouth Thy truths recounting,
Still Thy aids, though much surmounting
Greatest sum that number lays.
[i] In my talk who just, but Thou ?
Who by Thee, from infant cradle,
Taught still more, as still more able.
[j] Now that age hath me attainted.
[k] painted. [l] dost. [m] this. [n] Jacob's. [o] wreaks.

73. [a] For more than heart can wish have they.
[b] To make the multitude their prey.
[c] Pleasure's full cups to them are wrung,
They reel in revelry and mirth.
[d] Who is the Lord, that we should fear,
Lest He our dark devices know ;
Who the Most High, that He should hear,
Or heed the works of men below ?

Thus cry the mockers, flushed with health,
Exulting while their joys increase ;

PSALM

73. These are the ungodly; men, whose wealth
Flows, like a river, ne'er to cease.
[e] And washed in innocence my hands.
[f] At night I mourn in straitening bands.
[g] Surely, in slippery places set.
[h] Snared in the toils of their own net.
[i] As, from a dream when one awakes,
The phantoms of the brain take flight;
So, when Thy wrath in thunder breaks,
Their image shall dissolve in night.
[j] O still uphold me.

74. [a] hast Thou abandoned.
[b] affected.
[c] accursed.
[d] Like lions, with sharp famine whet,
They in Thy sanctuary roar,
All purple in Thy people's gore;
And there their conquering ensigns set.

It was esteemed a great renown
With axe to square the mountain oaks;
Now they demolish with their strokes,
And hew the carved fabric down.

Who, lo, with, &c.
[e] devour,
Profanely prostrate on the floor.
[f] Now, said they, with a sudden hand,
Give we a general end to all.

PSALM

74. [g] There are no prophets to divine,
That might our miseries decline.
[h] Thy hand out of Thy bosom draw.
[i] the old
Amazed world Thy wonders saw.
[k] Thou struck'st the Erythræan waves.
[l] Brak'st the Egyptian dragon's head,
And mad'st the joining floods their graves.

That great leviathan of Nile
To beasts and serpents, which possess
The dry and foodless wilderness,
By Thee delivered for a spoil.

Thou clav'st the rock, from whose green wound
The thirst-expelling fountain brake.
[m] heady streams. [n] ground.
[o] The moon. [p] The raging sea.
[q] by Thee made.
[r] Thy cov'nant bound by oath maintain.
[s] Rape and slaughter. [t] return.
[u] But crown Thee with deserved applause:
O patronize Thy proper cause;
Remember, fools revile Thy Name.

O let their sorrows never cease,
Who blast Thee, &c.

75. [a] approacheth nigh.
[b] When I the people have assumed.

PSALM

75. [c] And when earth's dwellers are consumed.
[d] Mountains.
[e] From His full cup within His hand.
He, &c.
[f] And the ungodly of the land
Shall dregs, and all, devour.

76. [a] astonied.
[b] Have girt the last wrath on thee ;
Vow they to God, and pay their vow,
Who wait in course upon Thee.

77. [a] my moans.
[b] with never-ceasing groans.
[c] But fixed on Him my thought.
[d] With pain I lost my tongue.
[e] Hate.
[f] No, this my frailty is, quoth I ;
And these but changes are,
Wrought by the power of God Most High,
Which I in mind will bear.
[g] therefore.
[h] Thy walkings in Thy house declare,
That there's no God like Thee ;
And what Thy power and marvels are,
Thou mak'st all people see.
[i] The seas and floods, to view Thy face.
[j] vapours. [k] forth were shot,
[l] And earth a trembling got.

PSALM

77. [m] Thou went'st through seas. [n] Thy paths were.

80. [a] Give ear. [b] strength.
[c] Nor Ephraim call in vain for aid.
[d] With sorrow make our cup o'erflow,
And feed us, &c.
[e] Still shall, our foes.
[f] There, watered by Thy heavenly dew.
[g] Its shadow o'er the hills it threw,
And filled the land on all sides round.
[h] o'er the river spread,
And stretched them to the farthest main.
[i] Uproots the unprotected tree,
And beasts of prey, in search of food,
Strip her fair boughs with savage glee.

Oh, then, &c.
[j] Then let Thy hand fresh vigour give
To Him, whom first that hand did raise,
So shall he not go back, &c.

85. [a] Thy cloud.
[b] From Thine own Thy fury cease.

Wilt Thou ne'er the storm assuage
On the realm of Thy desire?
Lengthening out from age to age,
Thy consuming jealous ire?
[c] That the glory of our land.
As of old may dwell enshrined.

PSALM

85. Mercy now and justice meet,
Peace and truth for aye embrace ;
Truth from earth is springing sweet,
Justice looks from her high place.

87. [a] And all the pleasant seats excel. [b] Tents.
[c] Bright is Thy fame, and far abroad
[d] Diffused among my race.
Proud Babel's daughters I will place.
[e] Egypt.
[f] And Tyre. and they of Palestine.
[g] Yea, God Himself, the mighty Lord,
His works of wonder shall record,
And to the listening world declare.

91. [a] Closet.
[b] His highness.
[c] He will, no doubt.
[d] Traps.
[e] No secret plague offend thee shall,
Nor what in public wastes the land.
[f] Their hands will thee uprightly lead.
[g] For, seeing his delight I am,
I will, saith God, be still his guard ;
And, since he knows my holy name,
To honours high he shall be reared.

94. [a] Lord God of vengeance, light the skies
With judgment's fiery cloud ;

PSALM

94. O God of vengeance just, arise,
And, &c.
[b] They trample down the humble race,
And slay the seed opprest,
The widow in her child's embrace,
The orphan, and the guest.

They mock their victims as they bleed,
They mock their parting groans;
The Lord, they cry, shall never heed,
The Lord whom Jacob owns.
[c] Till justice sit on Judgment's throne,
While all the pure obey.
[d] Strong. [e] Song.
[f] Wilt Thou the unrighteous throne maintain,
That bids the lawless deed,
Against the good arrays its train,
And dooms, &c.
[g] shall wield.

95. [a] As Moses the fathers of old
Through the sea and the wilderness led;
His wonderful works we behold,
With manna from heaven are fed.
To-day let us hearken, to-day,
To the voice that yet speaks from above,
And all His commandments obey;
For all His commandments are love.

PSALM

95. His wrath let us fear to provoke,
To dwell in His favour unite :
His service is freedom, His yoke
Is easy, His burden is light.
But O of rebellion beware,
Rebellion that hardens the breast ;
Lest God in His anger should swear,
That we shall not enter His rest.

96. [a] Till that great day.
[b] For now is our redemption nigh :
E'en now, in might and majesty,
He comes, with glory round Him spread,
He comes to judge the quick and dead,
To heal our woes, our wrongs redress,
And judge the world in righteonsness.

97. [a] Deep cloud and darkness round Him fold ;
High righteousness, &c.
[b] to sweep—away.
[c] His bolts have pierced the mighty deep.
[d d] flow—flow. (So in 1st and 2nd Editions.)
[e] 'twas joy and glee
To Judah's loyal daughters.
[f] Enthroned o'er earth, and waters.

98. [a] have in public viewed.
[b] His mercies all the world have seen.
[c] With trump and flute this joy begin.

PSALM

98. [d] Before the Lord your joys express,
Ye floods and hills; for lo! He comes.
[e] with equalness.

100. 2nd VERSION.
[a] Enter His gates with songs of joy.

101. [a] When wilt Thou, Lord, fulfil Thy word?
And I shall do my part.
[b] no such persons know.
[c] I will cut off, be sure,
The stout in heart, &c.
[d] I'll look out then.
[e] I'll soon cut short the wicked sort,
And evil doers condemn;
And quite suppress, &c.

102. [a] For all my days away consume,
Like to the smoke or rising fume;
My bones like fired brands became,
Burnt up and scorched in sorrow's flame.
[b] That scarce my flesh cleaves to my bones.
[c] As sparrows their lost mates bemoan,
So do I watch, and sit alone.
[d] which mischiefs. [e] Thus. [f] dying flower.
[g] ruined. [h] Rubbish.
[i] When God shall Sion's buildings rear.
[j] The Lord from high His beams displayed.
[k] Earth surveyed. [l] That so, in Sion's blessed hill.

PSALM

102. m They may His name, and praise, declare.
When all the people gathered are.
n So that to God.
o They shall nor use, nor motion hold.
p Gloss and form.

103. a Let all within me join.
And aid my tongue to bless His Name,
Whose favours are divine.
b Young.
c When ransomed from the grave ;
He, that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign power to save.
d He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the opprest.

His wond'rous works and ways,
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world His truth and grace,
By His Beloved Son.
e And when His strokes are felt.
f And lighter than our guilt.
g He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
h Or as the morning flower,
i It withers in an hour.

PSALM

103. j And guard His churches, when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
k Thou, my soul,
Shalt sing His praises too.

104. a The oath of Jehovah.
b In smoke they ascend.
c All years of my being
With holy hymns blend.

107. a Behold them o'er the desert stray,
A helpless hopeless train ;
Some city where their steps to stay,
They seek but seek in vain.
Ah ! what shall cheer their fainting mind,
Or what their woes assuage ;
To thirst's afflictive pain consigned,
And famine's fiercest rage ?
b whose mercy.
c Such is the doom. d whose mercy.
e cleaves. f the impious band.
g Estranged from food, their languid soul
The needful meal foregoes ;
Life feels its current faintly roll,
And hastens to its close.
h whose mercy. i frequent lays.
j The gifts of commerce.
k By these His works are seen, His ways
By these are understood ;

PSALM

107. He speaks the word, the storm obeys,
And rising lifts the flood.

[l] gorged.

[m] Nor hope survives, their soul to raise
Nor reason, &c.

[n] The seas.

[o] whose mercy.

[p] That Salem in her sacred shrine
His praise with thankful tongue
Would utter, while her elders join
To swell the festal song.

[q] a burning waste.

[r] And touched by the descending blast.

[s] He bids and o'er the desert wide
The liquid lake is spread ;
New springs the thirsty earth divide,
And murmuring lift the head.

[t] And now they sow the foodful grain.

[u] Now waves the harvest o'er the plain,
And plenty crowns the year.

[v] Nor dares disease. [w] peopled fold.

[x] If civil rage, or conquering foe,
Their boasted strength devour.

[y] Their princes feel his rod.

[z] His hand affords the wished release
Collects their scattered train ;
And bids them like the flocks increase,
That fill the verdant plain.

[a] Such truths His servants shall attest.

PSALM

107. [b] While shame the impious shall invest,
And chain their speechless tongue.
[c] His works attentive while it sees,
The heaven instructed mind,
Shall own, how equal His decrees.

108. [a] warbling notes.
[b] To all the listening tribes.
[c] The aspiring clouds.
[d] Thy faithful truth.
[e] Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name.
[f] Gilead is mine, Manasseh too,
And Ephraim owns my cause,
Their strength my regal power supports. [g] gives.
[h] Moab I'll make my servile drudge,
On vanquished Edom tread,
And through the proud Philistine lands
My conquering banners spread. [i] their.
[j] If Thou Thy power disclose ;
For God it is, and God alone,
That treads down all our foes.

109. [a] But put my foes to shame.
[b] Are busy with my fame.
Dark Calumny doth weave her web
My footsteps to surround.

PSALM

109. [c] But I have given my soul to prayer,
And found a refuge from despair.
[d] My bosom friend.
[e] Caught in his own dark snare ;
And Satan at his right hand stand,
To bid his soul despair.
The wicked one shall o'er him reign,
And bind him with a triple chain.
[f] On his cold hearth his sons shall stand,
And stretch for bread the suppliant hand.
The stranger 'neath his vine shall sit,
The spoiler in his tent,
And ne'er for him the iron eye
With pity's dew relent.
[g] And, wanderers from their birth.
[h] No home be theirs on earth.
[i] Till He His wrath unbind.
[j] And as a garment.
[k] Be gracious unto me !
[l] All they that look on me, reproach.
[m] but Thou—O bless thy servant still.
[n] In number, as the sound of seas.
[o] Around the just He spreads His shield,
And all the powers of darkness yield.

110. [a] Array'd in Ephods ; not so few
As are those pearls of morning dew,
Which hang on fruit and flowers.

PSALM

110. [b] E'en while the sun dispersed his light,
While moons shall rule the alternate night,
Or stars their course maintain.
[c] the purple ground.
[d] the crystal spring.

115. [a] Gentiles.
[b] They gold and silver be.
[c] And eyes that cannot see.
[d] All they, who those adore.
[e] In God let Israel trust therefore. [f] their.
[f] On God preserving them.
[g] trust in Him.
[h] God will remember us,
And on us mercy show.
[i] He prospers great and small,
That fear of Him possess :
You and your seed likewise He shall
Still more and more encrease.
Of God you blessed be.
[j] The heaven of heavens inhabits He.
[k] Lord, none can Thee adore,
Who dead and silenced are ;
But I, both now and evermore,
Thy praises will declare.

116. [a] My soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.

PSALM

116. [a] But still in all the straits of life.
[c] With deadly sorrows compassed round.
[d] the harmless ; and to me
Doth, &c.
[e] Then free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest.
[f] Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to His name,
And in His service spend.

In God I trusted, and of Him
In sorest straits did boast ;
For, in my flight, all hopes of aid
From faithless men were lost.
[g] with glad zeal.
[h] By various ties, O Lord, must I.
[i] To Thee I'll offerings bring of praise.
[j] Thy house.

118. [a] Let all that flourish in His grace,
Confess that from, &c.
[b] Prayers. [c] their deadly snares.
[d] Assists my friends ; my enemies
Shall with their slaughter feast mine eyes.
[e] Far better. [f] much safer.
[g] I with their bodies strewed the ground.
[h] numerous.
[i] Mad men, his fall ye seek in vain !

PSALM

118. [j] By Him preserved from powerful wrong.
Our tents with public joy shall ring ;
The just of their deliverance sing.
[k] He. [l] Darts of death.
[m] That I may enter in His name,
And celebrate His glorious fame.
[n] His praise with hymns immortalize !
My Saviour, who hath heard my cries.
[o] Thy king.
[p] a Lamb,
New weaned from the bleating dam.
[q] And to the stars thy glory raise.

121. [a] On Him. [b] He. [c] His shield.
[d] Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
While He thy life defends,
Whose eyes thy every step discern,
Whose mercy never ends.

122. [a] O happy summons !
[b] Jerusalem, our feet shall tread
Within thy walls, O Thou the head
Of all the earth, and Judah's throne,
Three cities strongly joined in one.
[c] Fat offerings to His altar bring ;
And His immortal praises sing.
[d] There shall He.
[e] Your joys shall with your days increase.
[f] Peace.

PSALM

126. [a] As floods to sea-ward flow.
[b] Who, outward-bound.
[c] back again. [d] bring home.

127. [a] so gives—He his beloved sleep.
[b] Lo, children are God's heritage,
The womb's fruit His reward ;
The sons of youth as arrows are
For strong men's hands prepared.
[c] filled with those. [d] their foes.

130. [a] and quite. [b b b] For Thee. Thy. Thy.
[c] eternal succour.
[d] Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our sins away.

132. [a] my loved pavilion tread ;
Ne'er shall my limbs ascend my lofty bed.
[b] be closed in pleasing sleep.
[c] The spot where Jacob's God will fix His dwelling place.
We heard at Ephrata the tidings sound,
In Jear's field the wished-for prize we found ;
Come let us seek Jehovah's favourite seat,
And prostrate fall in worship at His feet.
[d] Throne.

PSALM

132. e My will and word obey ;
Their race for ever shall Thy sceptre sway.
f will streams of plenty pour :
I for her poor will swell the harvest's store.
g her saints.
h and cause her saints to sing ;
Still shall fresh branches spring from David's horn,
Still shall fresh oil my servant's lamp adorn.
i An amaranthine crown.

133. a liquid fragrance.

136. a King of kings.
b The sun supplies the day with light.
c Adorn.
d the swelling sea.
e Great monarchs fell beneath his hand.
f He saw the nations dead in sin.
g How sad a state the world was in !
h He sent to save us from our woe.
i From death, and hell, and every foe,
And still, &c.
j The heavenly King.

137. a Babel streams.
b Just as.
c And that man, who, in thy slaughter,
On the stones thy children brains,
Shall be blessed for his pains.

PSALM

138. [a] Up to Thy temple in the skies
Shall soar my heart's glad sacrifice.
[b] Thou far above, &c.
[c] The work Thy grace did undertake,
O Lord, Thou never wilt forsake.

139. [a] Power,
In every place, at every hour,
I own Thy sway ; when down I lie,
And when I rise, Thou still art nigh.
[b] soaring.
[c] In lonely isle or desert plain.
[d] would.
[e] My body, fashioned with such art,
Such nice design in every part,
The work of thine Almighty hand,
Exceeds my skill to understand ;
How to such knowledge may I soar ?
I can but wonder and adore.

When in the womb, like unformed clay,
My yet imperfect substance lay ;
From thee my bones were not concealed,
But every member was revealed.
E'en then, through nature's hidden plan,
Thine eye beheld the future man.
[f] Heaped by the billows.

140. [a] On mischief hang.

PSALM

140. [b] War, daily war.
[c] brandished tongue.
[d] The asp's envenomed fang.
[e] With lawless might and impious art,
They plot my footsteps to subvert.
[f] Eternal King!
Thou dost Thy shield about me spread;
My helmet Thou, when on my head
The shafts of battle ring.
[g] nor.
[h] The mischief, which their lips devise,
In mantling shame.
[i] Descending flames, [j] shall burn.
[k] the prey.

141. [a] if I err,
Rebuke me; they shall find,
To richest perfumes I prefer
A friend severely kind.
[b] Their chieftains.
[c] Its music.

142. [a] oppress with grief and care;
And all unseen, except by Him.
[b] twined their snare.
[c] I looked around for earthly aid.
[d] Look down upon my woe.
[e] And learn, whatever ills assail,
Like me, thine aid to claim.

PSALM

143. [a] Thee I seek with due submission,
And my soul for Thy fruition
Longeth, as the thirsty lands.
[b] And Thy face divert not from me.
[c] Guide my feet by Thy direction,
For thou hast my heart's affection ;
Me from all my foes release.
Lord, my God, my safe abiding !

145. [a] They shall talk.
[b] Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
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[c c] Works.
[d] Ever through eternal ages.
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[h] All the wicked.

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PSALM

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[d] Monstrous whales, and seas profound.
[e] them. [f] Flowery hills, and mountains high.
[g] Neighbours to the sky.
[h] awful sceptres.
[i] You, who are of Jacob's race,
And united to his grace.

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[c] lift the echoing voice,
And in her Maker's praise rejoice.
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In those o'er whom He reigns;
The praises of the God they seek
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